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BEST THINGS

FROM

BEST AUTHORS

VOLUME III

COMPRISING

NUMBERS SEVEN, EIGHT, AND NINE

OF

SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS

PHILADELPHIA
The Penn Publishing Company
1911

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PREFACE.

THE third volume of the series entitled BEST THINGS FROM BEST AUTHORS is composed of Numbers Seven, Eight and Nine of BEST SELECTIONS.

In the preface to Number One of that series, the author remarked that there was hidden beneath every selection a reason for its insertion: that two motives governed him in the choice—*Vocal Drill* and *Variety of Adaptation.* As the same motives have governed the selections for all the subsequent issues of BEST SELECTIONS, those features will mark the present volumes.

Its characteristics are the same as those of Volume One, in the preface to which they have been defined as follows:—

"1. *Literary Character.* The "best things from the best authors," has been a conscientious thought in

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maki[illegible] all the numbers. If we have seemed to dep[illegible] standard in a few instances, it has been to represent a character or a phase of life, at the sacrifice of literary merit. The accompanying index of authors is our guaranty for the corresponding part of the title.

"2. *Elocutionary Opportunity.* Each number is designed to represent, as far as possible, every phase of voice and expression, thus giving to the teacher and student of Elocution the widest opportunity for the purposes of drill and training.

"To secure this end a list of subjects is arranged, beginning with conversation, and covering every division of vocal quality, articulation, modulation, and gesture, extending into dialects, special characters, conditions of life, etc., and one or more selections chosen to represent each subject.

"3. *Adaptation to Occasion.* By a similar method the selections are systematically varied in adaptation to time and occasion. The family and home, school exhibitions, festivals, church gatherings, social gatherings, temperance and patriotic occasions, anniversaries, harvest

homes, and the who[illegible]ve all been arranged before us and assigned their appropriate parts.

"4. *The Fireside.* We feel that we have been somewhat partial to the home, especially the country home. We know something of its wants, and we are sure there will be much found in these pages to give joy and cheer to the fireside.

"5. *Indexes.* An index, both of subjects and authors, has been carefully arranged, and will be found convenient for ready reference. In the former, selections have been *intentionally* repeated under the *several* titles by which they are familiarly known."

We tender our sincere thanks to authors, students, and friends who have in any way contributed to this work.

MRS. J. W. SHOEMAKER.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 1*st*, 1881.

CONTENTS.

		NUMBER	PAGE
After Death	*Edwin Arnold*	VIII.	9
Aged Stranger, The	*Bret Harte*	IX.	89
American Specimen, The	*Mark Twain*	VIII.	126
American War, The	*Lord Chatham*	VII.	11
Arrow and the Song, The	*Longfellow*	VIII.	91
Auld Lang Syne	*Robt. Burns*	VII.	73
Awfully Lovely Philosophy		IX.	160
Baby's Visitor	*Atlanta Constitution*	IX.	90
Baby's Kiss, The	*G. R. Emerson*	IX.	113
Bald Headed Man, The	*Little Rock Gazette*	VIII.	86
Bay Billy	*Frank H. Gassaway*	VIII.	67
Beecher on Eggs	*Henry Ward Beecher*	VIII.	117
Better in the Morning	*Rev. Leander S. Coan*	VIII.	61
Bertha in the Lane	*Mrs. Browning*	IX.	15
Bessie Kendrick's Journey	*Mrs. A. A. Preston*	VIII.	53
"Births—Mrs. Meeks, of a Son"	*Chas. Dickens*	IX.	76
Blue Sky Somewhere	*Vara*	VIII.	76
Books	*Henry Ward Beecher*	VII.	155
Brier Rose	*Hjalmer H. Boyenson*	IX.	41
Bumboat Woman's Story, The	*Wm. S. Gilbert*	IX.	104
Builders, The	*Longfellow*	VII.	105
Care of God, The		VII.	59
Carl		VIII.	94
Character of Washington, The	*Lebulon B. Vance*	VIII.	109
Child in the Judgment Seat, The		IX.	69

EXPLANATION.—"BEST THINGS FROM BEST AUTHORS," No. 3, being composed of Numbers seven, eight and nine, of the *Elocutionist's Annual*, it is necessary to indicate the number as well as the page, each number being paged independently of the others.

		NUMBER	PAGE
Child Musician, The	*Austin Dobson*	VIII.	88
Christmas Ballad, A	*Mary A. Denison*	IX	49
Christmas Carol, A	*Rev. A. J. Ryan*	VIII.	38
Christmas Morning, Early	*Mary B. Peck*	VII.	119
Combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*J. Hughes*	IX.	189
Coney Island Down der Pay	*Henry Firth Wood*	VIII.	78
Connor		IX.	115
Cotter's Saturday Night, Tableaux from		VII.	197
Crescent and the Cross, The	*T. B. Aldrich*	VII.	33
Cuddle Doou	*Alexander Anderson*	VII.	51
Daisy's Faith	*Joanna H. Mathews*	VII.	42
Death of Minnehaha		IX.	195
Death of the Old Year, The	*Tennyson*	VII.	9
Death of Nelson, The	*Robt. Southey*	VII.	23
Death of the Owd Squire, The		VII.	53
Defence of Lucknow, The	*Tennyson*	VIII.	13
Early Christmas Morning	*Mary B. Peck*	VII.	119
Emigrant's Story	*J. T. Trowbridge*	VIII.	21
English Words, Potency of	*Jno. S. MacIntosh*, D.D.	IX.	100
Enoch Arden	*Tennyson*	VIII.	97
Everlasting Memorials	*Horatius Bonar*	VIII.	46
Fair Play For Women	*Geo. W. Curtis*	VII.	99
Farmer's Life, The	*Geo. P. Beard*	VII.	98
Fire Bell's Story, The	*Geo. L. Catlin.*	VIII.	64
First Quarrel, The	*Alfred Tennyson*	VIII.	146
Fisherman's Wife, The	*Alice Cary*	IX.	82
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*J. Hughes*	IX.	189
First Party, The	*Josephine Pollard*	IX.	167
Garret, In The	*Knickerbocker*	VIII.	140
Glove and the Lions, The	*Leigh Hunt*	VII.	71
Gran'ma Al'as Does	*A. H. Poe*	VIII.	51
Gray Houors the Blue, The	*H. W. Watterson*	VII.	151
Gypsy Fortuue Teller		IX.	196
Hamlet, Act III, Scene 4	*Shakspeare*	IX.	169
Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2	*Shakspeare*	VII.	176
Hannah Binding Shoes	*Lucy Larcom*	VII.	148
Harvesters, The	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	198
Hayne, Reply to	*Daniel Webster*	VIII.	142
Henry Fifth at Harfleur	*Shakspeare*	VII.	150
Henry Fifth's Wooing	*Shakspeare*	IX.	184
Her Letter	*Bret Harte*	VIII.	156
Hired Girl, That		VII.	141

		NUMBER	PAGE
Horatius	*Macaulay*	IX.	57
How "Ruby" Played		VIII.	135
How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed His Fence	*Mark Twain*	VII.	46
Ideal, The	*Hall's Journal*	IX.	96
In the Garret	*Knickerbocker*	VIII.	140
International Episode, An	*Eliza C. Hall*	VIII.	90
I Was With Grant	*Bret Harte*	IX.	89
Katrina, Mine	*Chas. F. Adams*	VII.	62
King's Missive, 1661. The	*Jno. G. Whittier*	VIII.	71
King Olaf, The Sailing of	*Alice W. Brotherton*	IX.	72
Lady of Lyons, Scene from The		IX.	179
Last Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots	*Willis Gaylord Clark*	IX.	163
Laughter, Philosophy of	*Mrs. C. M. Peet*	VIII.	66
Leah, the Forsaken, Scene from		VIII.	48
Leap Year in the Village with One Gentleman	*Class '80*	VIII.	159
Leper, The	*N. P. Willis*	VII.	137
Lesson, The	*Mary B. Dodge*	VIII.	108
Light House May	*E. Faxton*	VII.	114
Little Feet	*Florence Percy*	VIII.	130
Locheil's Warning	*Campbell*	VII.	178
Longing	*Jas. Russell Lowell*	VII.	113
Lookout Mountain	*Geo. L. Catlin*	IX.	66
Masters of the Situation	*Jas. T. Fields*	VII.	110
Master's Touch, The	*Horatius Bonar*	VII.	140
Marco Bozzaris	*Fitz Green Halleck*	VII.	96
Mary, Queen of Scots, Last Prayer of	*Willis Gaylord Clark*	IX.	163
Master Johnny's Next Door Neighbor	*Bret Harte*	IX.	108
Maud Muller		IX.	200
Milking Time	*Philip Morse*	VII.	109
Minister's Sermon, Our		VII.	153
Mine Katrina	*Chas. F. Adams*	VII.	62
Mine Vamily	*Yawcob Strauss*	IX.	95
Model Discourse, A		VII.	120
Monk in His Cell, A	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	197
Mont Blanc before Sunrise	*S. T. Coleridge*	VII.	68
Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning	*Mark Twain*	VIII.	30
"Mrs. Meeks, of a Son"	*Chas. Dickens*	IX.	76
Mrs. Walker's Betsy	*H. B. Bostwick*	IX.	9
Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince	*Mary W. Janvirn*	IX.	23
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is	*Wm. Byrd*	VII.	94
National Ensign, The		IX.	54
Nations and Humanity	*Geo. W. Curtis*	VIII.	19

		NUMBER	PAGE
Nebuchadnezzar	*Irwin Russell*	VIII.	57
Nelson, The Death of	*Robt. Southey*	VII.	23
New Year, Thoughts for a	*Theodore Parker*	IX.	102
Next Door Neighbor, Master Johnny's	*Bret Harte*	IX.	108
"N" for Nannie, and "B" for Ben		VIII.	56
Night After Christmas, The		VII.	30
Night Before Christmas, The	*Clement C. Moore*	VII.	29
Nun at Her Devotions	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	193
Old Folks		VIII.	81
Old Grimes	*A. G. Green*	VII.	60
Old Robin	*J. T. Trowbridge*	VII.	143
Old Year, Reckoning with the	*Mary E. Foxwell*	VIII.	11
Old Year, Death of the	*Tennyson*	VII.	9
Only		IX.	91
Ophelia	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	197
Order for a Picture	*Alice Cary*	VIII.	131
Our Minister's Sermon		VII.	153
Our Traveled Parson	*Will Carleton*	VII.	36
Over the Hill from the Poorhouse	*Will Carleton*	VIII.	111
Owd Squire, Death of the		VII.	53
Owl Critic, The	*Jas. T. Fields*	VII.	134
Palace O'The King, The	*Wm. Mitchell*	IX.	86
Parody, A		VII.	33
Paradise		VII.	157
Paul at Athens	*Bible*	IX.	88
Paul before King Agrippa	*Bible*	VII.	132
Peace in God	*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*	VIII.	116
Philosophy of Laughter	*Mrs. C. M. Peat*	VIII.	66
Potency of English Words	*Jno. S. MacIntosh, D D.*	IX.	100
Practical Young Woman, A	*Irwin Russell*	VIII.	110
Psalm XC	*Bible*	VIII.	115
Pwize Spwing Poem	*San Fran. News Letter*	IX.	99
Queen Mary, Act V, Scene 5	*Tennyson*	IX.	174
Reckoning with the Old Year	*Mary E. Foxwell*	VIII.	11
Reflections on Westminster Abbey	*Irving*	VII.	34
Reply to Hayne	*Daniel Webster*	VIII.	142
Rest	*Geo. MacDonald*	VIII.	92
River, The	*Mrs. Southey*	IX.	94
Rover's Petition	*Jas. T. Fields*	IX.	97
Royal Princess, The	*Christiana Rossetti*	VII.	14
Sailing of King Olaf, The	*Alice W. Brotherton*	IX.	72
Sam's Letter		IX.	144

		NUMBER	PAGE
Saving Mission of Infancy, The	*Mrs. H. W. Hodson*	VII.	123
Scene from Leah the Forsaken		VIII.	48
Scene from The Lady of Lyons		IX.	179
School Begins To-day	*Jno H. Yates*	IX.	148
Selling the Farm		VII.	157
Selling the Farm	*Beth Day*	IX.	32
Setting a Hen		VIII.	44
Sheriff Thorne	*J. T. Trowbridge*	VII.	106
Ship of Faith, The		VII.	66
Sioux Chief's Daughter	*Joaquin Miller*	VIII.	82
Sister and I		VII.	19
Slander		VIII.	91
Sometime	*F. A. F. W. W.*	IX.	93
Song of Steam, The	*Geo. W. Cutter*	VIII.	42
Song of the Camp, The	*Bayard Taylor*	IX.	124
South Wind, The	*Longfellow*	VII.	127
Stage Struck		VIII.	177
Statue in Clay, The		VIII.	88
St. George and the Dragon	*Mrs. E. W. Latimar*	IX.	129
Surly Tims' Trouble	*Fannie E. Hodgson*	VII.	74
Tableaux	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	196
Tableaux from Cotter's Saturday Night		VII.	197
Tale of the Yorkshire Coast, A		VIII.	120
Temperance Question, The	*Wendell Phillips*	VIII.	59
Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters	*Scribner's Monthly*	IX.	152
Then and Now	*Viola Valentine*	IX.	55
The Rivals	*Sheridan*	VIII.	192
There's No Rose Without a Thorn	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	200
Thoughts for a New Year	*Theodore Parker*	IX.	102
Tired Mothers		VII.	45
Tom Sawyer, How he Whitewashed his Fence	*Mark Twain*	VII.	46
Tom's Little Star		VII.	88
Traveled Parson, Our	*Will Carleton*	VII.	36
Tribute to Washington	*Col. J. A. Price*	IX.	126
Truth of Truths, The	*Ruskin*	IX.	150
Undine	*Scribner's Monthly*	VIII.	196
Unnoticed and Unhonored Heroes	*Channing*	IX.	147
Vashti	*Julia C. R. Dorr*	VIII.	151
Village Blacksmith, The	*Longfellow*	VII.	86
Village With One Gentleman, Leap Year in the	*Class '80*	VIII.	159
Visit to the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Ward's	*Mary W. Janvirn*	IX.	23
Voice in the Twilight, The	*Mrs. Herrick Johnson*	VII.	64

		NUMBER	PAGE
Washington, The Character of	*Lebulon B. Vance*	VIII.	109
Westminster Abbey, Reflections on	*Irving*	VII.	34
White Squall, The	*W. M. Thackeray*	IX.	37
Widow and Her Son, The	*Irving*	IX.	153
Widow Brown's Christmas,		VII.	159
William Goetz	*Henry Reeves*	IX.	110
Woman's Rights		VII.	188
Wooing of Henry V	*Shakspeare*	IX.	184
World, The		IX.	92
Words of Strength	*Schiller*	IX.	93
Wounded Soldier, The		VII.	129
Yorkshire Cobbler, The	*Tennyson*	IX.	137

LIST OF AUTHORS.

Adams, Chas. F., No. VII, page 62.
Aldrich, T. B., No. VII, 33.
Anderson, Alexander, No. VII, 51.
Antis, Geo. William, No. VII, 99.
Arnold, Edwin, No. VIII, 9.

Beard, Geo. P., No. VII, 98.
Beecher, Henry Ward, No. VII, 155; No. VIII, 117.
Bonar, Horatius, No. VII, 140; No. VIII, 46.
Bostwick, H. B., No. IX, 9.
Boyenson, Hjalmer Hjorth, No. IX, 41.
Brotherton, Alice Williams, No. IX, 72.
Browning, Mrs., No. IX, 15.
Burns, Robt., No. VII, 73; No. VII, 198.
Byrd, William, No. VII, 94.

Campbell, Thomas, No. VII, 178.
Carleton, Will, No. VII, 36; No. VIII, 111.
Cary, Alice, No. VIII, 131; No. IX, 82.
Catlin, Geo. L., No. VIII, 64; No. IX, 66.
Channing, No. IX, 147.
Chatham, Lord, No. VII, 11.
Clark, Willis Gaylord, No. IX, 163.
Coan, Rev. Leander S., No. VIII, 61.
Coleridge, S. T., No. VII, 68.
Cutter, Geo. W., No. VIII, 42.

Day, Beth, No. IX, 32.
Dennison, Mary A., No. IX, 49.
Dickens, Chas., No. IX, 76.
Dobson, Austin, No. VIII, 88.
Dodge, Mary B., No. VIII, 108.
Dorr, Julia, C. R., No. VIII, 151.

Emerson, G. R., No. IX, 113.

Faxton, E., No. VII, 114.
Field, Jas. T., No. VII, 110; No. VII, 134; No. IX, 97.
Foxwell, Mary E., No. VIII, 11.

Gassaway, Frank H., No. VIII, 67.
Gilbert, William S., No. IX, 104.
Green, A. G., No. VII, 61.

Hall, Eliza C., No. VIII, 90.
Halleck, Fitz Green, No. VII, 96.
Harte, Bret, No. VIII, 156; No. IX, 89; No. IX, 108.
Hodgson, Fannie E., No. VII, 74.
Hodson, Mrs. H. W., No. VII, 123.
Hughes, J., No. IX, 189.
Hunt, Leigh, No. VII, 71.

Irving, Washington, No. VII, 34; No. VIII, 140; No. IX, 153.

Johnson, Mrs. Herrick, No. VII, 64.
Janvirn, Mary W., No. IX, 23

Latimer, Mrs. E. W., No. IX, 129.
Larcom, Lucy, No. VII, 148.
Longfellow, H. W., No. VII, 86; No. VII, 105; No. VII, 127; No. VIII; 91.
Lowell, Jas. Russell, No. VII, 113.

Macaulay, T. B., No. IX, 57.
MacDonald, Geo., No. VIII, 92.
MacIntosh, Jno. S., No. IX, 100.
Mathews, Joanna, No. VII, 42.
Miller, Joaquin, No. VIII, 82.
Mitchell, William, No. IX, 86.
Moore, Clement C., No. VII, 29.
Morse, Philip, No. VII, 109,

Parker, Theodore, No. IX, 102.
Peet, Mrs. C. M., No. VIII, 66.
Peck, Mary B., No. VII, 119.
Percy, Florence, No. VIII, 130.
Phillips, Wendell, No. VIII, 59.
Poe, A. H., No. VIII, 51.
Pollard, Josephine, No. IX, 167.
Preston. Mrs. Annie A., No VIII, 53.
Price, Col. J. A., No. IX, 126.

Reeves, Henry, No. IX, 110.
Rossetti, Christiana, No. VII, 14.
Ruskin, Jno., No. IX, 150.
Russell. Irwin, No.VIII, 57; No. VIII; 110.
Ryan, Rev. A. J., No. VIII, 38.

Schiller, Fred'k, No. IX, 93.
Shakspeare, William, No. VII, 150, No. VII, 160; No. IX, 169; No. IX, 184.
Sheridan, R. B., No. VIII, 192.
Southey, Robt., No. VII, 23.
Southey, Mrs , No. IX, 94.
Stowe, Mrs. H B., No. VIII, 116.
Strauss, Yawcob, No. IX, 95.

Taylor, Bayard, No. IX, 124.
Tennyson, Alfred, No. VII, 9; No. VIII, 13, No. VIII, 97; No. VIII, 146, No. IX, 174.
Thackeray, W. M., No. IX, 37.
Trowbridge, J. T., No. VII, 106; No VII, 143, No VIII, 21.
Twain, Mark, No. VII, 46; No. VIII, 30; No. VIII, 126.

Valentine, Viola, No. IX, 55.
Vance, Lèbulon B., No. VIII, 109.
Vara, No. VIII, 76.

Watterson, H. W., No. VII, 151.
Webster, Daniel, No. VIII, 142.
Whittier, Jno. G., No. VIII, 71.
Willis, N. P., No. VII, 137.
Wood, Henry Firth, No. VIII, 78.

Yates, Jno. H., No. IX, 148.

PART FIRST.

BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 7.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take them away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

MY LORDS: I can not concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery can not now avail—can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our Parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction.

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we can not act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English

troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.* You can not, I venture to say it, *you can not conquer America!*

You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot, yet your efforts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms—*never—never—never!*

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means that God and Nature have put into our hands."

I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, we are called

upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty.

"*That God and Nature put into our hands?*" I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and Nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of that learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country.

I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.—LORD CHATHAM.

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, A PRINCESS, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant, and lull my babe to rest,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo—eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne,
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasurers, search and spend—
O my father! O my mother! have you ne'er a friend?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtilties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarreled with his neighbors; he has scourged
his foes;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows.

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in
state
To break the strength of armies and topple down the
great:
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my
mate.

My father, counting up his strength, sets down with
equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men;
These for slaughter, these for breeding, with the how
and when.

Some to work on roads, canals; some to man his ships;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter
nips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh and
blood;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden
down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not
gay;
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of
gray,
My father, frowning at the fare, seemed every dish to
weigh.

I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place,
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais:
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is known,
They laugh by day, they sleep by night; ah me, what is a throne?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall—
A melancholy windy fall, as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept;
My ladies loosed my golden chain; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains, whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on,
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said:
"Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread."

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,
Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear;
[illegible] cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark:
There are families out grazing like cattle in the park,
A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an ark.

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day:
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp;
Voices said: "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and stamp."

"Howl and stamp?" one answered: "They made free to hurl a stone
At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown."
"There's work, then, for soldiers, for this rank crop must be mown."

"One I saw, a poor old fool, with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread:
Then he dropped; when some one raised him, it turned out he was dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh:
"If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff."
"While I've a loaf, they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. The king: stand up. Said my father
with a smile:
"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you
a while,
She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can
beguile?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I
wait—
(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace
gate)
Or shall I work the last gold stitch in my veil of state;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned
scene,
There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause
between:
Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the
queen?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of
command,
"Charge!" a clash of steel: "Charge again, the rebels
stand,
Smite and spare not, hand to hand; smite and spare not,
hand to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing
higher;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire,
I heard a cry for fagots, then I heard a yell for fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there
with your bread,
You who sat to see us starve!" one shrieking woman said:
"Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon
your head!"

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give:
I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live;
I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive:

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
I, if I perish, perish; in the name of God I go.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

SISTER AND I.

WE were hunting for wintergreen berries,
One May day, long gone by,
Out on the rocky cliff's edge,
Little sister and I.
Sister had hair like the sunbeams;
Black as a crow's wing, mine;
Sister had blue, dove's eyes;
Wicked, black eyes are mine.

Why, see how my eyes are faded—
  And my hair, it is white as snow!
And thin, too! don't you see it is?
  I tear it sometimes; so!
There, don't hold my hands, Maggie,
  I don't feel like tearing it now;
But—where was I in my story?
  Oh, I was telling you how
We were looking for wintergreen berries;
  'T was one bright morning in May,
And the moss-grown rocks were slippery
  With the rains of yesterday.
But I was cross that morning,
  Though the sun shone ever so bright—
And when sister found the most berries,
  I was angry enough to fight!
And when she laughed at my pouting—
  We were little things, you know—
I clinched my little fist up tight,
  And struck her the biggest blow!
I struck her—I tell you—I struck her,
  And she fell right over below—
There, there, Maggie, I won't rave now;
  You need n't hold me so—
She went right over, I tell you,
  Down, down to the depths below!
'T is deep and dark and horrid
  There, where the waters flow!
She fell right over, moaning,
  "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sad,
That, when I looked down affrighted,
  It drove me *mad—mad!*
Only her golden hair streaming
  Out on the rippling wave,

Only her little hand reaching
  Up, for some one to save;
And she sank down in the darkness,
  I never saw her again,
And this world is a chaos of blackness
  And darkness and grief since then.
No more playing together
  Down on the pebbly strand;
Nor building our doll's stone castles
  With halls and parlors grand;
No more fishing with bent pins,
  In the little brook's clear waves;
No more holding funerals
  O'er dead canaries' graves;
No more walking together
  To the log school-house each morn;
No more vexing the master
  With putting his rules to scorn;
No more feeding of white lambs
  With milk from the foaming pail;
No more playing "see-saw"
  Over the fence of rail;
No more telling of stories
  After we've gone to bed;
Nor talking of ghosts and goblins
  Till we fairly shiver with dread;
No more whispering fearfully
  And hugging each other tight,
When the shutters shake and the dogs howl
  In the middle of the night;
No more saying "Our Father,"
  Kneeling by mother's knee—
For, Maggie, I *struck* sister!
  And mother is dead, you see;

Maggie, sister's an angel,
  Is n't she? Is n't it true?
For angels have golden tresses
  And eyes like sister's, blue?
Now *my* hair is n't golden,
  My eyes are n't blue, you see—
Now tell me, Maggie, if I were to die,
  Could they make an angel of me?
You say, "Oh, yes;" you think so?
  Well, then, when I come to die,
We 'll play up there, in God's garden—
  We 'll play there, sister and I.
Now, Maggie, you need n't eye me,
  Because I 'm talking so queer;
Because I 'm talking so strangely;
  You need n't have the least fear.
I 'm feeling to-night, Maggie,
  As I never felt before—
I 'm sure, I 'm sure of it, Maggie,
  I never shall rave any more.
Maggie, you know how these long years
  I 've heard her calling, so sad,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so mournful?
  It always drives me *mad!*
How the winter wind shrieks down the chimney,
  "Bessie, oh, Bessie, oh! oh!"
How the south wind wails at the casement,
  "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so low.
But most of all, when the May days
  Come back, with the flowers and the sun,
How the night bird, singing, all lonely,
  "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" doth moan;
You know how it sets me raving—
  For *she* moaned, "*Oh, Bessie!*" just so.

That time I *struck* little sister,
  On the May day long ago!
Now Maggie, I've something to tell you—
  You know May day is here—
Well, this very morning, at sunrise,
  The robins chirped "Bessie!" so clear—
All day long the wee birds, singing,
  Perched on the garden wall,
Called "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sweetly,
  I could n't feel sorry at all.
Now Maggie, I've something to tell you—
  Let me lean up to you close—
Do you see how the sunset has flooded
  The heavens with yellow and rose?
Do you see o'er the gilded cloud mountains
  Sister's golden hair streaming out?
Do you see her little hand beckoning?
  Do you hear her little voice calling out
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so gladly,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie! Come, haste?"

Yes, sister, I'm coming; I'm coming,
To play in God's garden at last!

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

NELSON, having despatched his business at Portsmouth, endeavored to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love

of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England.

. . . . . .

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the "Redoubtable," supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there were no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. It was soon perceived, upon

examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the "Victory" hurrahed; and at every "hurrah!" a visible expression of joy beamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the 'Victory.' I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me."

Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied: "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly

he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise, and then said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—forever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of

seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from their chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died.

He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry—
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

CLEMENT C. MOORE

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'TWAS the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Every soul was a-bed and as still as a mouse;

The stockings (so lately St. Nicholas' care)
Were emptied of all that was eatable there;
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes,
While the light of a candle served clearly to show
The piteous plight of the objects below;
For what to the father's fond eye should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,
For each pet that had crammed itself as full as a tick
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;
What their stomachs rejected I 'll mention by name:
Now turkey, now stuffing, plum-pudding of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce.
Before outraged Nature all went to the wall—
Yes; lollypops, flapdoodle, dinner and all.
Like pellets which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jams, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus, too.
I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked "Pure Ipecac,"
When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
"Don't you think you had better, love, go for the doctor?"
I went, and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old "Jalap's" hoof;

I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very best suit;
He hardly had time to put *that* on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half-fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like *Port* and his breath smelt like *Sherry;*
He had n't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And his beard nor his skin was n't as "white as the snow;"
But inspecting their tongues, in spite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt each pulse, saying, "Each little fellow
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned, when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He did n't prescribe, but he went straight to his work,
And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions, while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose.
Then jumped in his gig, gave old "Jalap" a whistle,
And "Jalap" dashed off as though pricked by a thistle;
But the doctor exclaimed, as he drove out of sight,
"They 'll be all well to-morrow. Good-night, Jones! Good-night!"

A PARODY.

THE boy stood on the back-yard fence, whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat,
With piteous accents loud he cried, "I never thought of that!"
A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied;
The dog in anguish sought the barn, and 'mid its ruins died.
The sparks flew wide and red and hot, they lit upon that brat;
They fired the crackers in his hand, and e'en those in his hat.
Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone?
Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone,
And scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops, and nails, and hooks, and yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy that burned his father's barn.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

KIND was my friend who, in the Eastern land,
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,
And sent this Moorish Crescent, which has been
Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises in unrest
To the soft music of her heathen breast;
No barbarous chief shall bow before it more,
No turban'd slave shall envy and adore.

I place beside this relic of the Sun
A Cross of cedar brought from Lebanon,
Once borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod
The desert to Jerusalem—and his God!

Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,
Each meaning something to our human needs;
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,
By tears and prayers, and martyrdom and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me!
The waning Crescent lacks divinity:
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes
Of women shut in dim seraglios.

But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom—
The patient Christ, and Mary at the tomb.

T. B. ALDRICH.

REFLECTIONS ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE last beams of day were faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze

crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors."

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand, and

their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What, then, is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

OUR TRAVELED PARSON.

I.

FOR twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling
To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good from spoiling;
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket money in it—what we thought would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,
And told him 't was decided that his flock and he should sever.
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;
And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures,
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

II.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'T was a feast to all believers, 't was a blight on contradiction,
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;
'T was a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,
To have a man who 'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul, maybe, beat our pastor in the Bible knots unraveling
And establishing new churches, but he could n't touch him traveling,
Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information;
But then he had n't the railroads and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the way he scampered through it!
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it;
There was n't any subject to explain in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;
'T was a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united;
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, "That ere ticket was a very good investment."

III.

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so 's to live more staid and steady,
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson would n't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he 'd call us,
Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute haul us;
He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,
Till we at last got homesick like, and seasick altogether;
And "I wish to all that 's peaceful," said one free-expressioned brother,
"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he 'd take us into sweet, familiar places,
And pull along quite steady in the good old gospel traces;

But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had
got her,
Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he 's a-takin
to the water!"

And it was n't the same old comfort when he called
around to see us;
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to
tree us;
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

IV.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'lly galled
and stung us
To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down
among us?
Did n't he think that more home-produce would improve
our souls' digestions?
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the
questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian
weather;
How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant
hearts caressing,
Upon my benefactors I invoked the heavenly blessing!"

V.

I went and told the brothers, "No, I can not bear to
grieve him;
He 's so happy in his exile, it 's the proper place to leave
him.

I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I can not take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to infold him,
And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had told him.
Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;
But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.
'T was a grief to see him hedge it, 't was a pain to hear him word it;
"When I was in —" was, may-be, half a dozen times repeated,
But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally brighten,
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;
He would look off to the eastward with a listful, weary sighing,
And 't was whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us:

Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,
In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

Oh, tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half-parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.—WILL CARLETON.

DAISY'S FAITH.

DOWN in de b'ight deen meadow
De pitty daisies' home—
Daisies dat are my namesakes,
Mamma has let me tome.
S'e said dat s'e tould see me
From her yoom window dere;
Besides, I know our Fader
Will teep me in His tare.

Oh! see how many daisies—
Daisies so white an' fair—
I'll make a weat' for mamma,
To wear upon her hair;
An' den s'e'll loot so pity—
My darlin' own mamma!—
An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy,
An' s'ow it to papa.

One, two, fee, sits, an' 'leven,
  Hundred an' eight an' nine;
I b'ieve dat 's mos' enough now,
  To make it pitty fine.
I would n't be af'aid here,
  Mamma and Dod tan see,
I know dey would let nossin'
  Tome near dat tould hurt me.

De bweeze is soft an' toolin',
  An' tosses up my turls;
I dess it tomes from heaven
  To play wis 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly;
  To me dey seem to say:
"Do n't be af'aid, dear Daisy,
  Dod teeps oo all de day."

I 'll make a ball for baby
  Soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I 'll fow it at her—
  Oh, my! my fead 's all don'!
Well, den, I 'll tate dis wibbon
  Off of my old st'aw hat;
I sint mamma would let me;
  I 'll—oh, dear me! what 's dat?

I sought I did hear somesin
  Move in dat bus' tose by:
I 'm not at all af'aid, dough;
  Oh! no, indeed; not I!
Mamma—why? s'e 's not lookin',
  S'e 's f'om de window don;
Den may be Dod is tired, too,
  'Tause I 'taid here so lon'.

I dess I 'll yun a 'ittle,
  I b'ieve Dod wants me to;
He tant tate too much t'ouble,
  I sint I 'd better do,
An' tate my pitty f'owers,
  An' 'tay wis mamma dear,
Dod is 'way up in heaven—
  I would like some one near.

My daisies! dey are fallin';
  My han's are s'atin' so;
Oh, dear! de weaf is boten!
  Do n't tare! I want to do.
I know dere 's somesin' live dere:
  See, now! dere's two bid eyes
A lootin yight stwaight at me—
  Dod 's 'way up in de sties.

Tan He tate tare of Daisy?
  I see a deat, blat head
A tomin' foo de bus'es;
  But den I 'm not af'aid:
Only—I want my mamma—
  I dess dat is a bear;
Bears eat up 'ittle chillens!
  I wis' dat Dod was here!

Ow! ow! I tant help steamin';
  Oh, dear! I so af'aid!
Tome, mamma! Oh! tome twitly
  To help oor ittle maid.
Dod has fordot oor Daisy;
  Dat bear is tomin' fast—
Why! 't is our dear old Yover
  Tome home f'om town at last.

O Yover! dear ole dordy,
  What made oo f'wight—well, no,
I'm not af'aid—for, Yover,
  Dod tares for me, oo know;
He would let nossin' hurt me—
  Dere 's mamma lootin', too.
We 'll mend dat weaf now, Yover,
  Mamma will lite it so.

JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
  Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
  From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
  Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
  You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
  I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
  To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
  That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
  The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
  You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
  This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED HIS FENCE.

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and

existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operatiou; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching contiuent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box, discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for haviug to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth aud examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; euough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificeut inspiration.

He took up his brush aud went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew uear he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his owu hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line. *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! Sh't! Sh't!*" (trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-*yi! you're* a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I war n't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Do n't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, would n't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order

to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do, and this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.—MARK TWAIN.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
  Wi' mickle faucht an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rougues,
  Your faither 's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
  I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly head—
  He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
  The rascal starts them a'.

I rin' an' fetch them pieces, drinks;
  They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries out frae' neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
  He 's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
  He 'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit.
  An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
  While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
  As he pits off his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
  An' lang since cuddle doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel's,
  We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
  An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
  An' as I straik each croon
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht.
  Wi' mirth that 's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
  Will quaten doon their glee.

Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May he who sits aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE DEATH OF THE OWD SQUIRE.

This poem will be remembered as one of the master-pieces of Charlotte Cushman

'TWAS a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit,
The wind was howling away like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing the window-glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass.
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give o'er.

Lor' how the winders rattled! you 'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters; while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a practising for the choir;
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor'd said, do what he would, "Squire's breaking up at last."

The Death watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We could n't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near;
And the chill rain, and the wind and cold made us all shake with fear;
We listened to the clock up-stairs, 't was breathing soft and low,
For the nurse said at the turn of night the old squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Did n't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon town, I heard in twenty-nine,
When every pail in market place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty years
or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did
afore;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
It made him fret, the doctor said, as it might do any one.

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign
his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going
to kill;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed
to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill
wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the
room
Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide
shall come:
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke
down;
Moreover, the town hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton
town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite
asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I awake, sat watch and ward to
keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer
fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret
bell

That had n't been heard for twenty year, not since the
Luddite days;
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house
ablaze
Had sure not scared us half as much, and out we ran like
mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper-in, and th' little stable lad.

"He 's killed himself," that 's the idea that came into my
head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead;
When at once a door flew back, and he met us face to
face;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the
old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a
child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce
and wild;
"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men," that 's what he
said to me;
"The moon is up, we 're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I 'm well to-night, and young again
and sound;
I 'll have a run once more before they put me under-
ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall
be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his
bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there;"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip; though he was old and weak,
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne;
I buckled Lightning's throat-latch fast; the Squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself, so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard gate open, man; and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;

I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn
him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave
old pack.

'T was like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free
and fast;
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be
past,
For it was swollen with the rain; but ah, 't was not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad
breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got
her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down
side:
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood
us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from
the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry, the hounds went out
of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon, and something
dimmed our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under
breath;
And that 's the way I saw th' owd squire ride boldly to
his death.

THE CARE OF GOD.

"DO you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what is it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it—a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child, four years old, with long, curly locks which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending splinters in all directions at every stroke. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound

which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending upon my head."

That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes my unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:
His hair was some inclined to gray;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'r he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all,
  He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
  His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
  In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
  His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
  He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
  For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
  In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
  In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturb'd by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.—A. G. GREENE

MINE KATRINE.

YOU vould n't dink mine *frau*,
  If you shust look at her now,
Vhere der wrinkles on her prow
    Long haf been;
Vas der *fraulein* blump und fair,
Mit der vafy flaxen hair,
Who did vonce mine heart enshnare;
    Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
Siuce ve game acrosd der sea,
To der gountry off der free
    Ve 'd nefer seen;
But ve hear de beople say
Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
So I shtarted righd away
    Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
Vhen dot goot oldt Tocter Krauss
Brought us "Leedle Yawcob Strauss,"
    Shveet und clean;

Vhy, I do n'd pelief mine eyes
Vhen I look, now, mit surbrise,
On dot feller, shust der size
Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
He vas grown so tall und fine—
Shust so sdrait as any pine
You efer seen;
Und der beoples all agree
Sooch fine poys dey nefer see
(Dey looks mooch more like me
As Katrine).

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
Und dhere 's naught our lofe destroys,
Bud I miss dose leedle poys
Dot used to been;
Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
Und I feels so sick at heart,
Ven I dinks I soon musd part
From Katrine.

Oldt Time vill soon pe here,
Mit his sickle und his shpear,
Und vill vhisper in mine ear
Mit sober mien:
"You must coom along mit me,
For id vas der Lord's decree;
Und von day dose poys you 'll see
Und Katrine."—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won!

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said: "It will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I am sure when He sees such building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined

My heart grew suddenly tender,
  And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
  That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
  I knew 't was the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
  The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
  With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
  I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
  And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
  Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
  So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
  Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
  Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
  And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
  He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
  And how far it all is from right—

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur,

"And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'T was the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto Him.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

A CERTAIN colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever fruitful topic of *Faith*, and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat

away, my bruddren, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere wan't no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship ob Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board, de ole granfaders, an' de ole granmudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller; he said he's gwine to swim, *he* was. "W'y!" dey said, "you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!" He said, "I kin swim anywhar, I kin. I git 'board no boat, no, 'deed!" Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man dey could n't git him on board de Ship ob Faith, so dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right, de sun shinin', and ev'ryt'ing b'utiful; an' dis big feller he pull off his close an' plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': "What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun? you better come down here in de water, nice an' cool down here." But dey said: "Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance." But he said: "No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water." Well, bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful shark*, my bruddren; mouf wide open; teef more 'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark, he begin to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: "Take me on board, take me on board quick!" But dey said: "No, indeed; you would n't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim, now.'

He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a-comin', an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man, an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man agin, dat away, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land.* Dat am de blessed troof I 'm a-tellin' you dis minute. But what do you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? *A horrible, awful lion,* my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat poor nigger de minit he git on de shore. Well, he *war* powerful scared den, he did n't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you live an' breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion.* But, my bruddren, do n't you put your trust in no sich circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for ebery nigger!*

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it

As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it—
Thou, the meanwhile wast blending with my thought
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald—wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud
To rise before me—rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love; then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"—LEIGH HUNT.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!—ROBERT BURNS.

SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

THE factory was situated on the outskirts of a thriving country town near Manchester, and at the end of the lane that led from it to the more thickly populated part there was a path crossing a field to the pretty church and church-yard, and this path was a short cut homeward for me.

It so happened that in passing here one night, and glancing in among the graves and marble monuments as usual, I caught sight of a dark figure, sitting upon a little mound under a tree, and resting its head upon its hands, and in this sad-looking figure I recognized the muscular outline of the man, called by his fellow-workmen Surly Tim.

He did not see me at first, and I was almost inclined to think it best to leave him alone; but as I half turned away, he stirred with something like a faint moan, and then lifted his head, and saw me standing in the bright, clear moonlight.

"Who 's theer?" he said. "Dost ta want owt?"

"It is only Doncaster, Hibblethwaite," I returned, as I sprang over the low stone wall to join him. "What is the matter, old fellow? I thought I heard you groan just now."

"Yo mought ha done, Mester," he answered, heavily. "Happen tha did. I dunnot know mysen. Nowts th' matter though, as I knows on, on'y I 'm a bit out o' soarts."

He turned his head aside slightly, and began to pull at the blades of grass on the mound, and all at once, I saw that his hand was trembling nervously.

It was almost three minutes before he spoke again.

"That un belongs to me," he said, suddenly, at last, pointing to a longer mound at his feet. "An' this little un," signifying with an indescribable gesture the small one upon which he sat.

"Poor fellow," I said, "I see now."

"A little lad o' mine," he said, slowly and tremulously. "A little lad o' mine an'—an' his mother."

"What!" I exclaimed, "I never knew that you were a married man, Tim."

He dropped his head upon his hand again, still pulling nervously at the grass with the other.

"Th' law says I beant, Mester," he answered, in a painful strained fashion. "I canna tell mysen what God-a'-moughty 'ud say about it."

"I don't understand," I faltered; "you don't mean to say the poor girl never was your wife, Hibblethwaite."

"That 's what th' law says," slowly; "I thowt different mysen, an' so did th' poor lass. That's what's the matter, Mester; that 's th' trouble.

"It wor welly about six year ago I cum'n here," he said, "more or less, welly about six year. I wor a quiet chap then, Mester, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wor better nater'd, but just as loike I wor loighter-hearted—but that 's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young woman, bein' pretty an' modest, takes my fancy. She wor na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' and slattern i' her ways, she wor just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at 's seed trouble;' an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to my-

sen, 'There's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur in her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester—an' it wur in her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seed even i' her dress. If she 'd been born a lady, she'd ha' been one o' th' foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory-lass she wur one o' th' foine soart still. So I took to watchin' her an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed her afore fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respectful, so as she would na be feart, I says:

"'Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thysen. Tak' my coat, an' wrop thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.'

"She looks up right straight forrad i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell yo, Mester, I wur glad I wur an honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'ud ha fun me out before I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

"'Thaank yo kindly, Mester Hibblethwaite,' she says, 'but dunnot tak' off tha' coat fur me; I'm doin' pretty nicely. It is Mester Hibblethwaite, beant it?'

"'Aye, lass,' I answers, 'it's him. Mought I ax yo're name?'

"'Aye, to be sure,' said she. 'My name's Rosanna—'Sanna Brent th' folk at th' mill allus ca's me. I work at th' loom i' th' next room to thine. I've seed thee often an' often.'

"So we walks home to her lodgings, an' on th' way we talks together friendly an' quiet loike, an' th' more we talks th' more I sees she's had trouble, an' by an' by—

bein' on'y common workin' folk, we're straightforrad to each other in our plain way—it comes out what her trouble has been.

"'Yo p'raps wouldn't think I've been a married woman, Mester,' she says; 'but I ha', an' I wedded an' rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an' it wur th' worst thing as ever I did i' aw my days. He wur one o' yo're handsome fastish chaps, an' he tired o' me as men o' his stripe allers do tire o' poor lasses, an' then he ill-treated me. He went to th' Crimea after we'd been wed a year, an' left me to shift fur mysen. An' I heard six month after he wur dead. He'd never writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th' letter comn. He wur killed th' first month he wur out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha mercy on him!'

"That wur how I found out about her trouble, an' somehow it seemed to draw me to her, an' make me feel kindly to'ards her. 'T wur so pitiful to hear her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful, an' gentle, an' not gi' him a real hard word for a' he'd done. She wurna more than twenty-two then, an' she must ha been nowt but a slip o' a lass when they wur wed.

"Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I wur a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin' home along wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss th' Good Book.

"'Sanna,' I says; 'bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?'

"'I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim,' she answers back, soft an' gentle after a manner. 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time.'

"I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"'God bless thee, lass,' I says. 'Does that mean yes?'

"She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

"'Aye, lad, she answers. 'It means yes, an' I'll bide by it.'

"'An' tha shalt never rue it, lass,' said I. 'Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure and true.'

"So we wur axed i' th' church t' next Sunday, an' a month fra then we were wed, an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me and Rosanna—an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer beant no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur His blessing every day, an' every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'ats worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens. Yo see, Mester, an' we aw see sometime He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha thysen seen times when

tha stopt short an' axed thysen, 'Wheer's God-a'-moighty 'at he disna straighten things out a bit? Th' world 's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken 'n his seed 's beggin' bread. An' th' devil 's topmost again.' I 've talked to my lass about it sometimes, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she 'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"'Tim,' she 'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo', an' we're th' scholars, an' He 's teachin' us His way. Th' teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th' scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it 's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', Th' Lord-a'-moighty, He knows.'

"At th' eend o' th' year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand. "'Wee Wattie,' his mother ca'd him, and he wur a fine lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too sometime.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddiu' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin, like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but hows'ever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wor aw, but I knew what it meant, though t' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows, strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as the sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Sithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I 've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wor nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hissen; an' I suppose that 's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I 'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed.

"But the day comn when we could bear to talk about him and moind things he 'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I 'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I 'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' th' lass had followed me out to see th' moonshine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft and thoughtful:

"'Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?'

"'I 'd loike to know, dear lass,' I answers back. An' then she speaks again:

"'Tim, I wonder if he 'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he 'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow.'

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back.

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

"My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word, for I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice come back.

"'Good evenin', Mester,' I says to him; 'I hope yo ha' not broughten ill-news? What ails thee, dear lass?'

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"'Tim,' she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, and oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her, an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive au' well. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"'Tha canna want me now, Phil,' she said. 'Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi' me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax

thee to let me aloan. I 'll go fur enough off an' never see him more.'

"But the villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he 'd ha' me up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done, if it hadna been for th' poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we 'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her; at least, th' law might ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer was on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"'Well,' says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, 'I 'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I 'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world.'

"Then she turned round to me.

"'Tim,' she says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time.' She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. 'Come, Tim,' she said, 'he canna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went, an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

"'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee? Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!

"I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. 'Lord God-a'-moighty,' she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee, I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. An', Lord, if tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' an' cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quoite loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had, fur when she getten up, her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, 'an' hold my hand a minnit.' I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"'Tim,' she said, 'this wur why th' little chap deed. Dost na tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?'

"'Yes, lass,' I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"'Hush, dear lad,' she whispers, 'we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?'

"'Yes, wife,' I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at 's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I 'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer 'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—ef theer dunuot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha 'lt moind him o' me, an' watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, an' I 'll promise thee that if I see him first, I 'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon au' wife.

"'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I 'm gone. Good-bye, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

. . . . . .

"Theer is na much more to tell, Mester—th' eend 's comin' now. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business, an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime, when th' daisies were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It

wur a short letter, wi' prent on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she 'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started aw'most afore I 'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I 'd been an hour later I would na ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

"But I knelt down by th' bedside an' I plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world agin fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw at onct, an' she seed me an' smiled, aw her dear face quiverin' i' death.

"'Dear lad,' she whispered, 'th' path was na so long after aw. Th' Lord knew—He trod it hissen onct, yo know. I knowed tha 'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend, now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I 'll look out—for thee—for thee—at th' gate.'

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, for theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again. It wur heart-disease as killed her, the medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That 's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I 'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass—an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she come to me aw at onct just as she

used to look, on'y wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'.

"That's why I comn here to-neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend, I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an' surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."—FANNIE E. HODGSON.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TOM'S LITTLE STAR.

SWEET MARY, pledged to Tom, was fair,
And graceful, young and slim.
Tom loved her truly, and one dare
Be sworn that she loved him;
For, twisting bashfully the ring
That sealed the happy fiat,
She cooed: "When married in the spring,
Dear Tom, let 's live *so* quiet!

"Let 's have our pleasant little place,
Our books, a friend or two;
No noise, no crowd, but just your face
For me, and mine for you.
Won't that be nice?" "It is my own
Idea," said Tom, "so chary,
So deep and true, my love has grown,
I worship you, my Mary."

She was a tender, nestling thing,
A girl that loved her home,
A sort of dove with folded wing,
A bird not made to roam,
But gently rest her little claw
(The simile to carry)
Within a husband's stronger paw—
The very girl to marry.

Their courtship was a summer sea,
So smooth, so bright, so calm,
Till one day Mary, restlessly,
Endured Tom's circling arm,

And looked as if she thought or planned,
  Her satin forehead wrinkled.
She beat a tattoo on his hand,
  Her eyes were strange and twinkled.

She never heard Tom's fond remarks,
  His "sweety-tweety dear,"
Or noticed once the little larks
  He played to make her hear.
"What ails," he begged, "my petsy pet?
  What ails my love, I wonder?"
"Do not be trifling, Tom. I've met
  Professor Shakspeare Thunder."

"Thunder!" said Tom; "and who is he?"
  "You goose! why, don't you know?"
"I don't. She never frowned at me,
  Or called me 'goose.' And though,"
Thought Tom, "it may be playfulness,
  It racks my constitution."
"Why, Thunder teaches with success
  Dramatic elocution."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! and what is that?
  My notion is but faint."
"It's art," said Mary, brisk and pat.
  Tom thought that "art" meant *paint.*
"You blundering boy! why, art is just
  What makes one stare and wonder.
To understand *high* art you must
  Hear Shakspeare read by Thunder."

Tom started at the turn of phrase;
  It sounded like a swear.
Then Mary said, to his amaze,
  With nasal groan and glare,

"'To be or-r—not to be?'" And fain
To act discreet yet gallant,
He asked, "Dear, have you any—pain?"
"Oh, no, Tom; I have *talent*.

"Professor Thunder told me so;
He sees it in my eye;
He says my tones and gestures show
My destiny is high."
Said Tom, for Mary's health afraid,
His ignorance revealing,
"Is talent, dear, that noise you made?"
"Why, no; that's Hamlet's feeling."

"He must have felt most dreadful bad."
"The character is mystic,"
Mary explained, "and very sad,
And very high artistic.
And you are not; you're commonplace;
These things are far above you."
"I'm only," spoke Tom's honest face,
"Artist enough—to love you."

From that time forth was Mary changed;
Her eyes stretched open wide;
Her smooth fair hair in *friz* arranged,
And parted on the side.
More and more strange she grew, and quite
Incapable of taking
The slightest notice how each night
She set Tom's poor heart aching.

As once he left her at the door,
"A thousand times good-night,"

Sighed Mary, sweet as ne'er before.
Poor Tom revived, looked bright.
"Mary," he said, "you love me so?
We have not grown asunder?"
"Do not be silly, Tom; you know
I'm studying with Thunder."

"That's from the famous Juliet scene.
I'll do another bit."
Quoth Tom: "I do n't know what you mean."
"Then listen; this is it:
'Dear love, adieu.
Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.'
Now, Tom, say 'Blessèd, blessèd night!'"
Said Tom, with hesitation,
"B-blessèd night." "Pshaw! that's not right
You've no appreciation."

At Tom's next call he heard up-stairs
A laugh most loud and coarse;
Then Mary, knocking down the chairs,
Came prancing like a horse.
"'Ha! ha! ha! Well, Governor, how are ye? I've been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes.'
That's comedy," she said. "You're mad,"
Said Tom. "'Mad!' Ha! Ophelia!
'They bore him barefaced on his bier,
And on his grave rained many a tear,'"
She chanted, very wild and sad;
Then whisked off on Emilia:
"'You told a lie—an odious damnèd lie.
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.'"

She glared and howled two murder scenes,
  And mouthed a new French *rôle*,
Where luckily the graceful miens
  Hid the disgraceful soul.
She wept, she danced, she sang, she swore—
  From Shakspeare—classic swearing;
A wild, abstracted look she wore,
  And round the room went tearing.

And every word and every pause
  Made Mary "quote a speech."
If Tom was sad (and he had cause),
  She 'd say, in sobbing screech,
"'Clifford, why do n't you speak to me?'"
  At flowers for a present
She leered, and sang, coquettishly,
"'When daisies pied and violets blue.'"
  Tom blurted, "That 's not pleasant."

But Mary took offense at this.
  "You have no soul," said she,
"For art, and do not know the bliss
  Of notoriety.
The 'sacred fire' they talk about
  Lights all the way before me;
It 's quite my duty to 'come out,'
  And all my friends implore me.

"Three months of Thunder I have found
  A thorough course," she said;
"I 'll clear Parnassus with a bound."
  (Tom softly shook his head.)
"I can not fail to be the rage."
  (Tom looked a thousand pities.)
"And so I 'm going on the stage
  To star in Western cities."

And Mary went; but Mary came
  To grief within a week;
And in a month she came to Tom,
  Quite gentle, sweet, and meek.
Tom was rejoiced: his heart was none
  The hardest or the sternest.
"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "it looked like fun,
  But art is dreadful earnest.

"Why, art means work and slave, and bear
  All sorts of scandal, too;
To dread the critics so you dare
  Not look a paper through;
Oh, 'art is long' and hard." "And you
  Are short and—soft, my darling."
"My money, Tom, is gone—it *flew*."
  "That's natural with a starling."

"I love you more than words can say,
  Dear Tom." He gave a start.
"Mary, is that from any play?"
  "No, Tom; it's from my heart."
He took the tired, sunny head,
  With all its spent ambitions,
So gently to his breast, she said
  No word but sweet permissions.

"Can you forgive me, Tom, for —" "Life,"
  He finished out the phrase.
"My love, you're patterned for a wife.
  The crowded public ways
Are hard for even the strongest heart;
  Yours beats too softly human.
However woman choose her art,
  Yet art must choose its woman."

HARPER'S MONTHLY

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my minde supplies
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye—
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
  I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my minde can tosse;
  I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
  I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
  I feare not fortune's fatal law;
My minde is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
  I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
  In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
  I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
  I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—
  Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
  Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus wille I die;
  Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden-bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He awoke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vain.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine:
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And, in its hollow tones, are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
  We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

THERE 'S freedom in the farmer's life,
  Not found in gilded rank or station;
The mission of the farmer's wife,
  Is in the home and for the nation;
Their homestead is a kingdom grand;
  Where love bears scepter, life is duty,
And heaven will bless that happy land
  Whose homes are thrones of love and beauty.

The sovereign farmer owns the sod,
  Believes his country worth defending,
Her flag, the sacred pledge of God,
  A bow of promise o'er him bending;
The stars look down from heaven's blue dome,
  To tell his country's radiant story,
And proud is he of land and home,
  His loyal heart, our country's glory.

There 's health and happiness complete,
  In country air and crystal fountains;
There 's peace where man and Maker meet,
  In forest, field, and vale and mountains;

The golden glow of summer's sun
  Brings golden wealth of autumn's treasure,
That honest industry has won,
  And honest hearts alone can measure.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
  And bring to him all kinds of weather,
The cold blast bites, the rough winds blow,
  The toiling farmer falters never;
There 's wealth and health in wind and sun,
  True happiness in toil and trial,
Nobility in duty done,
  And calm delight in self-denial.

The maple groves their bounty bring,
  And apple-orchard blooms in beauty,
All nature's forces blessings bring,
  To crown his toil with brimming plenty;
Not Ophir's wondrous wealth of gold,
  Golconda's gems, nor India's treasure,
Though multiplied a thousand-fold,
  Could make or mar the farmer's pleasure.

GEORGE P. BEARD.

FAIR PLAY FOR WOMEN.

WHENEVER a free and intelligent people asks any question, involving human rights, or liberty, or development, it will ask louder and louder, until it is answered. It asks to-day: "Do women have fair play in this country?" A sneer or a smile of derision may ripple from one end of the land to the other; but that question will swell louder and louder, until it is answered by the ballot in the hands of every citizen, and by the perfect vindication of the American fundamental prin-

ciple, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This reform hides no menace. It lies wholly in the sphere of reason. It is a demand for justice, as the best political policy; an appeal for equality of rights among citizens as the best security of the common welfare. It is a plea for the introductiou of all the mental and moral forces of society into the work of government. It is an assertion that, iu the regulation of society, no class and no iuterest cau be safely spared from a direct responsibility. It encounters, indeed, the most ancient traditions, the most subtle sophistry of meu's passions and prejudices. But there was never any great wrong righted that was not entrenched in sophistry —that did not plead an immemorial antiquity, and what it called the universal consent and "iustinct" of maukind.

The movement is a plea for justice, and I assert that the equal rights of women, not as citizens, but as human beings, have never been acknowledged. Edward Lear, the artist, traveling in Greece, says that he was one day jogging along with an Albanian peasant, who said to him, "Women are really better than donkeys for carrying burdens, but not so good as mules." This was the honest opinion of barbarism—the honest feeling of Greece to-day.

You say that the peasant was uncivilized. Very well. Go back to the age of Pericles. It is the high noon of Greek civilization. It is Athens—"the eye of Greece —mother of arts." There stands the orator—himself incaruate Greece—speaking the oration over the Peloponnesian dead. "The greatest glory of woman," he says, "is to be the least talked of among men." So said Pericles when he lived. Had Pericles lived to-day he would have agreed that to be talked of among men as

Miss Martineau and Florence Nightingale are, as Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are, is as great a glory as to be the mother of the Gracchi.

These were the old Greeks. Will you have Rome? The chief monument of Roman civilization is its law—which underlies our own; and Buckle quotes the great commentator on that law as saying that it was the distinction of the Roman law that it treated women not as persons, but as things. Or go to the most ancient civilization; to China, which was old when Greece and Rome were young. The famous French Jesuit missionary, Abbé Huc, mentions one of the most tragical facts recorded—that there is in China a class of women who hold that if they are only true to certain vows during this life, they shall, as a reward, change their form after death and return to earth as men.

In this audience, I have no doubt there is many a man who is exclaiming with fervor—"Home, the heaven-appointed sphere of Woman." Very well. I do n't deny it, but how do you know it? How can you know it? There is but one law by which any sphere can be determined, and that is perfect liberty of development. If a man says to me that it is the nature of molten lead to run into bullets, and I know nothing about lead, I may believe him until I suddenly detect a bullet-mould in his pocket. Then I see that it is the interest of that man that molten lead should run into bullets; and what he calls the nature of lead is merely his own advantage. So I look into history and into the society around me, and I see that the position of women which is most agreeable upon the whole to men is that which they call the "heaven-appointed sphere" of Woman. It may or may not be so; all that I can see thus far is that men choose to have it so. Or another gentleman remarks

that it is a beautiful ordinance of Providence that pear trees should grow like vines. And when I say, "Is it so?" he takes me into his garden, and shows me a poor, tortured pear tree, trained upon a trellis. Then I see that it is the beautiful design of Providence that pear trees should grow like vines, precisely as Providence ordains that Chinese women shall have small feet; and that the powdered sugar we buy at the grocer's shall be half ground rice. These philosophers might as wisely inform us that Providence ordains Christian saints to be chops and steaks: and then point us to St. Lawrence upon his gridiron.

We claim that the same opportunity and liberty that a man has in civilized society shall be extended to the woman who stands at his side—equal or unequal in special powers, but an equal member of society. She must prove her power as he proves his. When Rosa Bonheur paints a vigorous and admirable picture of Normandy horses, she proves that she has a hundred-fold more right to do it than scores of botchers and bunglers in color, who wear coats and trousers, and whose right, therefore, nobody questions. When the Misses Blackwell, or Miss Zachyzewska, or Miss Hunt, or Miss Preston, or Miss Avery, accomplishing themselves in medicine, with a firm hand and a clear brain, carry the balm of life to suffering men, women and children, it is as much their right to do it—as much their sphere—as it is that of any long-haired, sallow, dissipated boy in spectacles, who hisses them as they go upon their holy mission.

And so when Joan of Arc follows God and leads the army; when the Maid of Saragossa loads and fires the cannon; when Mrs. Stowe makes her pen the heaven-appealing tongue of an outraged race; when Grace

Darling and Ida Lewis, pulling their boats through the pitiless waves, save fellow-creatures from drowning; when Mrs. Patten, the captain's wife, at sea—her husband lying helplessly ill in his cabin—puts everybody aside, and herself steers the ship to port, do you ask me whether these are not exceptional women? I am a man and you are women; but Florence Nightingale, demanding supplies for the sick soldiers in the Crimea, and when they are delayed by red tape, ordering a file of soldiers to break down the doors and bring them, which they do —for the brave love bravery—seems to me quite as womanly as the loveliest girl in the land, dancing at the gayest ball, in a dress of which the embroidery is the pinched lines of starvation in another girl's face, and whose pearls are the tears of despair in her eyes.

But have women, then, no sphere as women? Undoubtedly they have, as men have a sphere as men. If a woman is a mother, God gives her certain affections and cares springing from them, which we may be very sure she will not forget, and to which, just in the degree that she is a true woman, she will be fondly faithful. We need not think that it is necessary to fence her in, nor to suppose that she would try to evade these duties and responsibilities, if perfect liberty were given her. As Sydney Smith said of education, we need not fear that if girls study Greek and mathematics, mothers will desert their infants for quadratic equations.

But the sphere of the family is not the sole sphere either of men or women. They are not only parents, they are human beings, with genius, talents, aspirations, ambition.

I know, as every man knows, many a woman of the noblest character, of the highest intelligence, of the purest purpose, the owner of property, the mother of

children, devoted to her family and to all her duties, and for that reason profoundly interested in public affairs. And when this woman says to me, "You are one of the governing class, your government is founded upon the principle of expressed consent of all, as the best security of all. I have as much stake in it as you, perhaps more than you, because I am a parent, and wish, more than many of my neighbors, to express my opinion and assert my influence by a ballot. I am a better judge than you or any man can be of my own responsibilities and powers. I am willing to bear my equal share of every burden of the government, in such manner as we shall all equally decide to be best. By what right, then, except that of mere force, do you deny me a voice in the laws which I am forced to obey?" What shall I say? What can I say? Shall I tell her that she is "owned" by some living man, or is some dead man's "relict," as the old phrase was? Shall I tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for wishing to be unsexed; that God has given her the nursery, the ball-room, the opera, and that if these fail, he has graciously provided the kitchen, the wash-tub, and the needle? Or shall I tell her that she is a lute, a moonbeam, a rosebud? and touch my guitar, and weave flowers in her hair.

We can be patient. Our fathers won their independence of England by the logic of English ideas. We will persuade America by the eloquence of American principles. In one of the fierce Western battles among the mountains, General Thomas was watching a body of his troops painfully pushing their way up a steep hill against a withering fire. Victory seemed impossible, and the General—even he, a rock of valor and of patriotism, exclaimed—"They can't do it! They'll never reach the top!" His chief of staff, watching the

struggle with equal earnestness, placed his hand on his commander's arm, and said, softly: "Time, time, General; give them time;" and presently the moist eyes of the brave leader saw his soldiers victorious upon the summit. They were American soldiers—so are we. They were fighting an American battle—so are we. They were climbing a precipice—so are we. The great heart of their General gave them time, and they conquered. The great heart of our country will give us time, and we shall triumph.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of fate,
  Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
  Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
  Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
  Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
  Such things will remain unseen.

LONGFELLOW.

SHERIFF THORNE.

From "The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems."

THAT I should be sheriff, and keep the jail,
And that yonder stately old fellow, you see
Marching across the yard, should be
My prisoner—well, 't is a curious tale,
As you 'll agree.

For it happens we 've been here once before
Together, and served our time, although
Not just as you see us now, you know;
When we were younger both by a score
Of years or so.

When I was a wild colt, two-thirds grown,
Too wild for ever a curb or rein,
Playing my tricks till—I need n't explain—
I got three months at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

The fodder was mean and the work was hard,
And work and I could never agree;
And the discipline—well, in short, you see,
'T was rather a roughish kind of card
That curried me.

A stout steel bracelet about my leg,
A cannon-shot and chain at my feet,
I pounded the stones in the public street,
With a heart crammed full of hate as an egg
Is full of meat.

The school-boys jeered at my prison-rig;
And me, if I moved, they used to call
(For I went with a jerk, if I went at all)
"A gentleman dancing the jail-bird jig—
At a county ball."

But once, as I sat in the usual place,
  On a heap of stones, and hammered away
  At the rocks, with a heart as hard as they,
And cursed Macadam and all his race,
        There chanced that way,

Sir, the loveliest girl! I don't mean pretty;
  But there was that in her troubled eye,
  In her sweet, sad glance, as she passed me by,
That seemed like an angel's gentle pity
        For such as I.

And, sir, to my soul that pure look gave
  Such a thrill as a summer morning brings,
  With its twitter and flutter of songs and wings,
To one crouched all night long in a cave
        Of venomous things.

Down the broad green streets she passed from sight;
  But all that day I was under a spell,
  And all that night—I remember well—
A pair of eyes made a kind of light
        That filled my cell.

Women can do with us what they will.
  'T was only a village girl; but she,
  With a flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was and the self I still
        Might strive to be.

And if in my misery I began
  To feel fresh hope and courage stir—
  To turn my back upon things that were
And my face to the future of a man—
        'T was all for her.

And that is *my* story. And as for the lady?
I saw her—oh! yes—when I was free,
And thanked her, and—well, come with me;
As likely as not, when supper is ready,
She 'll pour your tea.

She keeps my house, and I keep the jail;
And the stately old fellow who passed just now
And tipped me that very peculiar bow—
But that is the wonderful part of the tale,
As you 'll allow.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me as I guard him!
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb.)
Just one of your high-flown, straight-laced men,
Pompous and grim—

The Great Mogul of our little town!
But, while I was struggling to redeem
My youth, he sank in the world's esteem.
My stock went up; while his went down,
Like the ends of a beam.

What fault? 'T was not one fault alone
That brought him low; but a treacherous train
Of vices, sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

It seemed, I admit, a sort of treason,
To clip him and give him the cap and ball,
And that I was his keeper seemed worst of all.
And now, in a word, if you ask the reason
Of this man's fall,

'T was a woman again, is my reply.
And so I said, and I say it still,
That women can do with us what they will.
Strong men they turn with the twirl of an eye,
For good or ill.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

MILKING-TIME.

"I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And is n't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you 're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good-evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I could n't, sir,
I 've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You 've took a shine to her.

"She 's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it 's cheap I 'll let her go;
She 's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You 'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;
You need n't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you 've owned her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"'Taint her I want—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be blessed!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You 've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more:
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best
To jest le' down the bars."—PHILIP MORSE.

MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.

A GREAT mastery—like that of Wellington or Bismarck—is not so common in the world as to excite no surprise. True mastery is compact of supreme qualities. It is heroism; it is culture; it is enthusiasm; it is faith; it is intelligence; it is endurance; it is unconquerable will. There are men of conviction whose very faces will light up an era. And there are noble women in whose eyes you may almost read the whole plan of salvation.

Insight, foresight, and knowledge are what the world demands of a great leader—men who have power to transmute calamity into greatness. To a real commander

nothing exists which cannot be overcome. "Sir," said Mirabeau's secretary, "what you require is impossible." "Impossible!" cried Mirabeau, "never name to me again that blockhead of a word."

If any man was ever master of the situation, from his boundless knowledge, abundant language, instantaneous apprehension, and undaunted speech, it was Edmund Burke. The vastness of his attainments and the immensity of his varied powers startled his great contemporaries into admiration. Goldsmith, Windham, Pitt, and others have left on record eloquent testimony to the superiority of Burke's genius, and the striking fact that he was the best-informed man of his time. Did this great statesman lounge carelessly into all this reputation? Did he rely solely upon his genius to bring him into parliament, to continue that long and brilliant career which is part of English history? Never for a moment did he trust to his genius. See him at the top of his high fame, elaborating every speech, every sentence he wrote, with the most studious care—studious and exhaustive care.

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten failure is born of unfaith. There is a faith so expansive and a hope so elastic that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till all danger is past and victory is sure. Such a man was Cyrus Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country. It was a long, hard struggle. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil were his. Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic. And when everything looked darkest for his enterprise, his courage never flagged for an instant. Think of him in those gloomy periods pacing the

decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn. Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious workings of those flashing wires. And when the first cable ceased to throb, the reaction was intense. Stockholders and the public grew exasperated and suspicious; unbelievers sneered at the whole project and called the telegraph a stupendous hoax. At last day dawned again, and another cable was paid out. Twelve hundred miles of it were laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off and plunged into the sea. Field returned to England defeated. But his energy was even greater than before. In five months, by the blessing of heaven, another cable was stretched from continent to continent.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search in four ships for the lost cable. In the bow of one of these ships stood Cyrus Field day and night, in storm and fog, in squall and calm, intently watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep. The spirit of this brave man was rewarded. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to see, feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then they carried it along to the electrician's room, to see if the long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Some turned away and wept, others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from ship to ship, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea.

With thankful hearts they turned their faces again to the west; but soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours they were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale a flash of light, which having crossed to Ireland returned to them in mid-ocean, telling them that the friends whom they had left behind on the banks of the Hudson were well, and following them with their wishes and their prayers. This was like the whisper of God from the sea, bidding them keep heart and hope.

And now after all those thirteen years of almost superhuman struggle, and that one moment of almost superhuman victory, we may safely include Cyrus W. Field among the masters of the situation.

JAMES T. FIELD.

LONGING.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
  That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
  So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
  For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
  Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
  Glows down the wished ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
  Carves in the marble real.

To let the new life in, we know,
  Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
  Helps make the soul immortal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LIGHT-HOUSE MAY.

THE light-house flashed from the rocky isle,
  That looks far over the sea;
And this was the tale that the wild winds told
  In the fisherman's boat to me.

The light-house keeper was bent and gray;
  His daughter was fair and young:
She was light of foot, and deft of hand,
  And merry and sweet of tongue.

The old man sat in his old arm-chair,
  With hands that held his brow;
Singing, down from her bower in the rocky tower,
  She came like a bird from a bough.

She paused at the door, then o'er the floor
  She darted and lit on his knee;
Mid kisses, she cried, "Now what doth betide?
  My father will tell me.

"Hath the bitter wind, that howled all night,
  Blown back to thy bones their ache?
Or yearn'st thou with men thy dwelling again
  On the mainland thy dwelling to make?"

He bared his eyes to look into hers;
  And therein big tears she saw
Like icicles, hung on an ice-bound ship,
  That weep in an Arctic thaw.

"Might but its strength to my arm come back,
  Then would I laugh at its pain.
This rock is my home; let the young man roam:
  The old in his nook remain.

"Since my silver crown of hair was brown,
  And first to these crags I came,
Nor in summer night warm, nor in winter storm,
  Has the sailor missed their flame.

"Low runs the oil in the lantern's bowl,
  The oil in the cask runs dry;
In such a gale there's none but a whale
  Would bring me a fresh supply!

"To-day no gleam on the water's rim,
  West, north, or east or south;
And look! how the seas, like maddened curs,
  Are foaming all at the mouth!

"To-night will be a night of dread,
  That only will turn to doom,
On the yawning deck of the sinking wreck,
  That roofeth the briny tomb!"

She hung on his neck a moment, stilled;
  Then, smiling, before him stood;
"O light doth float my own little boat
  At play with the chafing flood.

"The blast blows straight at the sandy strand,
  And strong is my arm to steer;
And haply, before it is lighting-time,
  Shall the oil and I be here."

Her mother chid, and prayed, and wept
  In vain; for her sire could hark
To naught but the thought of seamen lost,
  Going down to drown in the dark.

Till out of hearing he called her back,
  For the spray broke o'er the hull,
And her tiny sail flickered about in the flaws,
  As flickers the wild sea-gull.

The waves came up, and the clouds came down;
  They could see her skiff no more,
But the fishermen shouted, with staring eyes,
  As they threw her a rope from shore.

"Wert thou washed away, oh Light-house May,
  A waif and unwilling guest?
Or hither hath flown the isle's eaglet lone
  Through air from her blast-beat nest?

"In sooth, the sea may give up its dead,
  If it giveth thee up alive.
Come in with the women, come in and speak,
  So fierce these rains they drive!"

They bore her in, and they crowded round.
  She panted, and then could say,
"Oh, we were forgotten! The oil! Who ships
  For my voyage home to-day?"

"To-day is too stormy, Light-house May;
  Sit safe by the chimney's blaze."
She said, "This life is scarce long enough
  To spare out its stormy days."

"This is no day for maids, or men,
  With winds or waves to fight."
She said, "The sorer the toil to-day,
  The sweeter the rest to-night."

She pleaded the need till the hearers cried,
  "Your doom on your own rash head!"
"Then God be my aid," she, turning, sighed,
  "For I go, alive or dead.

"But the sailors shall not look this night
  In vain for our wonted spark
To point them aright, with its finger of light,
  Through the wide and wasteful dark."

No more the torn sail could face the gale;
  With the oars the waves she beat;
The waves, in their rage, beat the oars again;
  The rain was changed to sleet.

The sleet was changed, ere the twilight fell,
  Into lashing and blinding snow;
And which was the snow, and which the spray,
  No more could she see or know,

Till she struck on the reef that since then doth bear
  The name of the Maiden's Doom,
Just as the light-house's golden spear
  Ran through the murderous gloom:

Struck and rebounded, then crashed amain;
  But amid the wild turmoil,
The tangle of timbers, and sails and waves,
  She seized on the cask of oil.

"The tide is running outward bound,
  To help me swim to the isle;
And if I can keep by my wits so long—
  'Tis not more than half a mile."

She swam, and the cask before her swam,
  And the billows swam beside:
And eye and brain, and mind and soul
  Were swimming all with tide.

She rose on the swelling surge, and saw
  How the light-house lamp burned red.
"Oh, bring me safe home with the oil in time,
  Oh God! my God!" she said.

She sank in the emptying trough and saw—
  Saw, as she sank adown
And the growing islet towards her swam,
  How the light-house lamp burned brown.

She thought, "In His name who trod down the waves,
  And made the dear calm return,
If the spark of my life must go out in this strife,
  Still let but yon lantern burn!"

The wind had torn, into rents and rags,
  The clouds and the wide-flung sea;
And the moon climbed up and peered over the crags,
  Wide-mouthed, the waves to see;

And showed, from the rocks, to the two old folks
  On the watch, a weltering form,
That half rose to the wave as if to save
  Some treasure from the storm.

"Lay hold on the sea-weeds on the peaks!"
  They shouted and screamed o'erhead;
"Bind thee fast to this cable, May, oh May!"
  It drew up the oil instead.

Again they lowered, in haste and fear.
  The cable burdened, swung;
Then, oh, 't was lightened! It leaped up bare!
  Again, and again they flung,

Leaned headlong, and strained their sight in vain
  O'er the sea-swept landing-place.
They wailed; but again the lamp shone out.
  Did it shine in a dying face?

Good-night, brave swimmer! True heart, sleep well
  While thy lamp shines o'er thy grave,
Content, though one must go down, go down
  A many to light and save.

E. Faxton.

EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING.

FOUR little feet pattering on the floor,
  Two tangled curly heads peeping at the door,
Hear the merry laughter, happy childish roar,
  Early Christmas morning.

Two little stockings full of sweets and toys,
Everything charming for little girls and boys.
How could they help, then, making such a noise?
Early Christmas morning.

Down beside the stockings many gifts were spread,
Dollies, drums, a cradle and a brand new sled.
"Have n't we too many?" little Nellie said,
Early Christmas morning.

Four little bare feet on the sidewalk cold,
Two little faces with want and hunger old
Peeping through the window where those gifts unrolled
Early Christmas morning.

"Yes," says John to Nellie, as he spied the two,
"We 've so many presents, tell you what we 'll do.
I 'll give half of mine away. Now, dear Nell, will you?"
Early Christmas morning.

Two little famished ones in the house were called,
Favors heaped upon them till they stood enthralled.
Was not this the angel's song, "Peace, good-will to all?"
Early Christmas morning.—MARY B. PECK.

A MODEL DISCOURSE.

The following is a satire on a class of sermons now less frequently heard than formerly:

"BRETHREN, the words of my text are:

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone—a widow, a friendless, solitary old widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard. We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see she was poor. For, mark, the words are, '*the* cupboard,' not 'one of the cupboards,' or 'the right-hand cupboard,' or 'the left-hand cupboard,' or 'the one above,' or 'the one below,' or 'the one under the floor,' but just '*the* cupboard,'—the one humble little cupboard the widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes to wealth? It was 'to get her poor dog a bone.' Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor also. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard in hope, in expectation, may-be, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half-open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

> "'But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
> And so the poor dog had none.'

"When she got there! You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in

doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told 'she got there.' And how was her noble effort rewarded? 'The cupboard was bare.' It was bare! There were to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren—bare as a bald head. Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing by the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog, still drooping his disappointed tail on the floor, the sought-for

bone remaining somewhere else? Ah, no! my brethren, we are not so permitted to try and read the future. Suffice it for us to try and glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them, as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patronymic of Hubbard, and have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs. They are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do; if fate has ordained we should do anything of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text: 'And so the poor dog had none.'"

THE SAVING MISSION OF INFANCY.

"And a little child shall lead them."

THE mail has just brought me my letters—a baker's dozen or more—
And I find myself laughing and crying while reading them quietly o'er:
Some are from friends not far distant, others from far, far away,
Yet they all contain the same message, though told in a different way.

Number one's from a fond, loving sister, beginning,
"My dear sister Hat:
We have a most beautiful baby, a sweet little daughter, at that;
And all that have ever beheld her, declare she'll mature good and true,
For her dear little presence looks holy, out of eyes of celestial blue;

"And husband and I are more trusting, more inclined to look up from the sod,
More willing to trust in the mercy and dwell on the goodness of God;
And although we always have loved Him in a kind of general way,
Yet now for each specified mercy we rejoice and give thanks every day."

Number two's from a votary of fashion: "My dear Mrs. H.," it begins,
"Why is it that God is so gracious, forgiving our manifold sins?
For, in spite of all our transgressions, and all the wrongs we have done,
He has given us a dear, precious baby, a sweet, a dear little son.

"I am very much changed since you saw me, and husband's by no means the same;
Not a change in looks, but in feelings, since our darling, our little one, came;
You know we were thoughtless and giddy, for pleasure were ever in search,
But now we've had the babe christened, we're going to unite with the church;

"Not to try and hoodwink Jehovah, or bribe Him that baby may stay,
Or think we can curry His favor to keep dreaded death far away,
But because we love and adore Him: and if baby should leave us to-night,
Hand-in-hand, though in tears, we would follow to the world of celestial light."

Number three 's from a crusty old bachelor, or was so before he was wed—
Voted children a pestilent nuisance, and wished the whole tribe of them dead;
Wondered why Nature brought them so helpless, why not as well fully grown,
And vowed, should he ever get married, he 'd never have one of his own.

But one day a dear little creature was laid on his strong manly breast,
And, instead of repulsion and anger, he tried to hush it to rest;
And a postscript from Annie informs me, "Tom thinks the baby divine,
And for it has changed his old habits, and given up horses and wine.

'And each morning he reads me a lecture on the value of motherly love—
Says 't was given to guide helpless childhood to the loving Father above.
When it worries he tries hard to soothe it with a prayer that is half lullaby:
'God keep thee, my darling,' he murmurs, while the servants laugh and look sly."

Number four I take up with reluctance, with a deep and
inward-drawn breath,
For I dread the great outburst of sorrow, overlaid by
the black bands of death;
And although I find I am weeping as I read every
sobbing word o'er,
Yet it is with sweet satisfaction as I never read letter
before.

It begins—how can I rehearse it, the scene when the
little one died?
When "it seemed as if heaven descended, and the pearly
gates were thrown wide,
And a high and holy anointing to our glorified darling
was given
As she held by the hand her dear father, and begged
him to meet her in heaven.

"Oh, the wonderful change in our household since that
sorrowful hallowed night,
When the cold, proud, skeptical father looked down on
his child, still and white;
When he who had once defied heaven, denying that God
reigned above,
Was brought to believe in His goodness, through the
power of infinite love!

"He who sneered at all forms of religion stood abashed
at the logic and power,
The unanswerable wisdom and knowledge of a child in
death's trying hour;
And he said, 'Such intelligent goodness could never
have sprung from the sod—'
And now he believes in the Bible, and trusts in the one
and true God."

Number five—but why proceed farther? it's the very
same thing o'er and o'er—
How a dear little hand leads or beckons to the beautiful
evergreen shore;
How the wonderful power of goodness, to innocent child-
hood that's given,
Is designed by a merciful Father to turn us to Him and
to heaven.—MRS. HARRIET WARD HODSON.

THE SOUTH WIND.

(EXTRACT FROM HIAWATHA.)

SHAWONDASEE, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
"Ah! my brother from the North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the South-wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight forever;
Nevermore did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
'T was no woman that you gazed at,
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

STEADY, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Do n't let me be taken—
I 'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where,
Than lie in that foul prison-hole—over there.

Step slowly!
Speak lowly!
The rocks may have life;
Lay me down in the hollow;
We are out of the strife.
By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood,
No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 't is a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—but yet I 'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand!
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
Did you mind the loud cry,
When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them determined to die—
Oh, *wasn't* it grand?
God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight;
No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.
Huzza!
Great heaven! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave;
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!

Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray! Pray!

Our Father! our Father! why do n't you proceed?
Can 't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
Ebbing away!
Ebbing away! The light of the day is turning to gray.
Pray! Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
There 's something about the forgiveness of sin;
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I 'll follow your words and say an *amen*.
Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! was n't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
Where 's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head,
Can 't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye;
Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
And take him pleading to thine arms;
Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path now my sight has grown dim—

I am dying—bend down—till I touch you once more;
Do n't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself:

I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice

against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: That Christ should suffer, and that he should be

the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.—BIBLE.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Do n't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 't is!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you 'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl can not roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'T is against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,

An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him do n't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,

Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELD.

THE LEPER.

DAY was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain;
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod;—
Depart, O leper! and forget not God."

And he went forth alone. Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way—
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His statue modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God

Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart was moved; and stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIO BONAR.

THAT HIRED GIRL.

WHEN she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture-sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she 'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah was n't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—!"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we do n't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You 're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Do n't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!"

she snapped; "and now I do n't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I 'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I 'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we do n't want any, and you 'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can 't stand here all day."

"Did n't you know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I do n't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I do n't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don t want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he 'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

OLD ROBIN.

From "A Home Idyl and Other Poems."

SELL old Robin, do you say? Well, I reckon not to-day!
I have let you have your way with the land,
With the meadows and the fallows, draining swamps and filling hollows,
And you're mighty deep, Dan Alvord! but the sea itself has shallows,
And there *are* things that you *don't* understand.

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse,
Out of pity or remorse, very long!
But as sure as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture,
Not for all the wealth, I warn you, of a Vanderbilt or Astor,
Will I do old Robin there such a wrong.

He *is* old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!
Let him lie there on the grass, while he may,
And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.
Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together:
It was I who rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in first pantaloons and cap,
And I left my mother's lap, at the door;
And the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle—
For my father walked beside me with his hand upon the bridle:
Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more!

See him start and prick his ears! see how knowingly he leers!
I believe he overhears every word;
And once more, it may be, fancies that he carries me and prances,
While my mother from the door-way follows us with happy glances.
You may laugh, but—well, of course, it's absurd!

Poor old Robin! does he know how I used to cling and crow,
As I rode him to and fro and around?
Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,
Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,
I could vault into my seat at a bound.

Ah, the nag you so disdain, with his scanty tail and mane,
And that ridge-pole to shed rain, called a back,
Then was taper-limbed and glossy—so superb a creature was he!
And he arched his neck, so graceful, and he tossed his tail, so saucy,
Like a proudly waving plume, long and black!

He was light of hoof and fleet, I was supple, firm in seat,
And no sort of thing with feet, anywhere
In the country, could come nigh us; scarce the swallows could outfly us;
But the planet spun beneath us, and the sky went whizzing by us,
In the hurricane we made of the air.

Then I rode away to school in the mornings fresh and cool;
Till, one day, beside the pool where he drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water
To the judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the judge's daughter,
In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Looking down on horse and boy, smiling down, so sweet and coy,
That I thrilled with bashful joy, when she said—
Voice as sweet as a canary's—"Would you like to get some cherries?—
You are welcome as the birds are;—there are nice ones on this terrace;
These are white-hearts in the tree overhead."

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye
As she saw us prancing by? half, I fear!
Off she ran, but not a great way: white-hearts, black-hearts, sweethearts straightway!
Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gate-way,
And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled
Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
What is there in honest horses that should lead to vicious courses?
Racing, betting, idling, tippling, wasted soon my best resources:
Small beginnings led to more—and to worse.

Father? happy in his grave! Praying mothers cannot save;—
Mine? a flatterer and a slave to her son!
Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good judge interceded,
Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all unheeded,
And I answered him in wrath: it was done!

Vainly Mary sobbed and clung; in a fury, out I flung,
To old Robin's back I sprung, and away!
No repentance, no compassion; on I plunged in headlong fashion,
In a night of rain and tempest, with a fierce, despairing passion—
Through the blind and raving gusts, mad as they.

Bad to worse was now my game: my poor mother, still the same,
Tried to shield me, to reclaim—did her best.
Creditors began to clamor; I could only lie and stammer,
All we had was pledged for payment, all was sold beneath the hammer,
My old Robin there, along with the rest.

Laughing, jeering, I stood by, with a devil in my eye
Watching those who came to buy: what was done
I had then no power to alter; I looked on and would not falter,
Till the last man had departed, leading Robin by the halter;
Then I flew into the loft for my gun.

I would shoot him! no, I said, I would kill myself instead!
To a lonely wood I fled, on a hill.

Hating Heaven and all its mercies for my follies and reverses,
There I plunged in self-abasement, there I burrowed in self-curses;
But the dying I put off—as men will.

As I wandered back at night, something, far off, caught my sight,
Dark against the western light, in the lane;
Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me!
No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinnying to greet me!
With a small white billet sewed to his mane.

The small missive I unstrung—on old Robin's neck I hung,
There I cried and there I clung! while I read,
In a hand I knew was Mary's—"One whose kindness never varies
Sends this gift:" no name was written, but a painted bunch of cherries,
On the dainty little note, smiled instead.

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of frame,
But to her and me the same dear old boy!
Never steed, I think, was fairer! still I see him the proud bearer
Of my pardon and salvation; and he yet shall be a sharer—
As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

It is strange that by the time, I, a man, am in my prime,
He is guilty of the crime of old age!
But no sort of circumvention can deprive him of his pension:
He shall have his rack and pasture, with a little kind attention,
And some years of comfort yet, I'll engage.

By long service and good-will he has earned them, and he still
Has a humble place to fill, as you know.
Now *my* little shavers ride him, sometimes two or three astride him;
Mary watches from the door-way while I lead or walk beside him;—
But his dancing all was done long ago.

See that merry, toddling lass tripping to and fro, to pass
Little handfuls of green grass, which he chews,
And the two small urchins trying to climb up and ride him lying;
And, hard-hearted as you are, Dan—eh? you don't say! you are crying?
Well, an old horse, after all, has his use!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.

Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart 's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

'T is November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose.

Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shores she views.
Twenty seasons:
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

HENRY THE FIFTH AT HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews—summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Be copy now for men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eye:
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England and St. George!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE GRAY HONORS THE BLUE.

THE war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We are all countrymen, fellow-citizens; and it is no mawkish sentiment or idle rhapsody which seeks to bring us nearer together. The day of the Sectionalist is over. The day of the Nationalist has come. It has come, and it will grow brighter and brighter, dotting the land, not with battle-fields, but with school-houses, in which our children, instructed better than ourselves, will learn to discern the shallow arts of the self-seeking demagogue, who would thrive by playing upon men's ignorance and passion. We have seen, within the last few weeks, how

a little generosity in the fountains of our political existence has warmed the hearts of men and elevated the tone of public affairs. This tells us simply, but truly, that party lines are not, and ought not to be, lines of battle, separating men committed to deadly strife. That which I plead for, which I have pleaded for all my life, is that we shall be governed in our public interests by the same fair-minded and self-respecting principles of conduct which good men bring to their private walks and ways.

Fellow-soldiers of the Union! I cannot close without thanking you for the opportunity your generosity has given me to speak in this place, and on my native soil, for your country and my country, for your flag and my flag. The Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that flag down come willingly, and with full hearts, to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by God and Nature to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of manhood, freedom to all the world, the emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down. I had it in my mind to say that it is for us, the living, to decide whether the hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides during the battle were blessed martyrs to an end, shaped by a wisdom greater than ours, or whether they died in vain. I shall not admit the thought. They did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which furrowed the land with battle-fields, sowing it deep and broadcast with sorrow, will reap

thence for us and for the ages a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of freemen; where tolerance shall walk hand-in-hand with religion, whilst civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.—H. W. WATTERSON.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

THE minister sed last night, sed he:
"Do n't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why wot 's the use of livin'?"
And that 's wot I sed to my wife, sez I:
"There 's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He 'd sooner a beggar 'd starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' his dinner."

I tell you our minister 's prime; he is—
But I could n't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there could n't be no mistake
When he talked about long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At ev'ry word he wuz sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say:
"There 's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion 's as good for ev'ry day
As it is to bring to meetin';
I do n't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the follerin' week
In cheatin' an' over-reachin'."

I guess that dose wuz bitter enough
  For a man like Jones to swaller,
But I noticed he did n't open his mouth
  Not once after that to holler.
"Hurrah!" sez I, "for the minister"
  (Of course I sez it quiet),
"Give us some more of this open talk,
  It 's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em ev'ry time,
  And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things
  As woman's rulin' passion,
And goin' to church to see the styles,
  I could n't help a winkin',
And nudgin' my wife, an' sez I, "That 's you,"
  I guess it sot her thinkin'!

Sez I to myself, "That sermon 's pat,
  But man is a queer creation,
And I 'm much afraid that most of the folks
  Won't take the application.
Now if he 'd said a word about
  My particular mode of sinnin',
I 'd gone right to work to right myself
  And not sot there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister sez, sez he,
  "And now I 've come to the fellers
Who 've lost this shower by usin' their friends
  As a sort of moral umbrellers.
Go home!" sez he, "and find your faults
  Instead of huntin' your brother's,
Go home," sez he, "and wear the coats
  You 're tryin' to fit on others!"

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
  And there wuz lots of smilin',
And lots of lookin' at our pew—
  It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Sez I to myself, "Our minister
  Is gettin' a little bitter,
I 'll tell him when the meetin 's out
  That I ain't that kind of a critter."

BOOKS.

A BOOK is not merely so much printed paper and the binding. Right books are the epitomes of men's lives. They are the grain; straw and chaff driven away. The best moods, the final learning, the inspiration of the noblest hours of men with whom the world has dealt as a furnace deals with ore, they are the treasury in which men have heaped the golden ingots seven times refined. Books outlive empires. They fly without wings, walk without feet; houses of supply are they, that without money or price feed men suffering from soul hunger. They feed thousands without diminishing the supply; they give and yet keep. Loaves that increase as they are broken, and after feeding thousands are ready for thousands more.

Among the eminent joys of which the world knows little is the exhilaration of collecting books. For the sake of a precious volume one willingly sleeps on hard beds, eats coarse food, wears threadbare clothes, refrains from social delights, and watches eagerly the slow savings until the price is reached. Then he brings home the volume as one brings home his bride. It is a bride that never disappoints—it is always Rachel, never Leah.

Books have no moods. They do not cry nor strive, and yet silently the world, as in a magic glass, exhibits the turmoil of history, the garments rolled in blood of war, the scenes of peace, the ecstasy of love, the anguish and agony of grief. Silent, they sound again all the notes of time; motionless, they repeat the strife of ages; without heart, they throb with all the emotions that have filled the noblest and the meanest souls! They redeem the past from death, and give to evanescent thought an earthly immortality!

When, one by one, a loving student has gathered from all departments of human learning a multitude of books, they are not alabaster vases filled with the sweetest perfume of the human soul, they are living creatures; they are companions; they have received the homage of our best hours. We have hung our hearts upon them, and as they sprang from the noblest parts of their authors, they are clothed with the noblest associations of our own lives.

But this transfiguration refuses itself to those who do not love books, or use them, or live with them. It is the scholar, almost too poor to buy the candle to light his midnight communion, that enters into this airy commonwealth of the souls of departed men. But a time comes often when the student must leave his books; that is easy. A time comes when his books must leave him; that is bitter indeed. Take the scanty furniture, leave only bread and water on the table, but spare the books. Alas! the destruction of the poor is their poverty.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PARADISE.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

A HINDOO died—a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married." And he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the Garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No—what then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the God reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married? 'T is well; for I 've been married twice!"
"Begone! We 'll have no fools in Paradise!"

SELLING THE FARM.

I B'LIEVE I 'll sell the farm, Jane Ann, and buy a house in town;
Jones made an offer yesterday—he 'll pay the money down.
He said he was n't anxious, but he had the cash to spare,
And reminded me that now-a-days cash sales are very rare.

The farm aint worth much anyway; the soil is mighty thin
And the crops it yields are hardly worth the puttin' of them in;
Besides, that pesky railroad that they 're puttin' through this way
Will cut the old place right in two—Jones told me so to-day.

I aint afeard of work, you know—my daddy allus said,
"There aint a single lazy hair in Nehemiah's head."
There was n't no lazy hairs, I know, in that old head of his,
For he did the work of three hired men, in spite of rheumatiz.

No, no, I 'm not afeard of work—of that I do n't complain—
I 've tried to work with willin' hands in sunshine and in rain;
And I 've allus wore a cheerful face, except at times, maybe,
When them giddy, headstrong steers o' mine would "haw" when I yelled "gee!"

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal to find fault
With toiling hard both day and night, if he only makes his salt;
But I thought while cradlin' rain-lodged oats on the side-hill over there
That my lot was most too hefty for a small-boned man to bear.

It 's allus been my custom, when a-plowing stumpy soil,
To hum some good old-fashioned tune—it sorter eased my toil;

But I tell you what, 't was pretty hard to smother words of sin
Whene'er a springy root 'ud break and whack me on the shin.

So now, if you 're agreed, Jane Ann, I 'll sell the farm to Jones—
He 'll find that what it lacks in soil is well made up in stones—
And we 'll move into the town next week—what 's that you 're sayin', wife?
You 'll never leave the good old place as long as you have life?

Well, there it goes again, I vow! Go on and have your say—
You 're bound to boss the shop, I see—it always was your way;
But you 'll find I 'll have my will this time, old girl, as well as you,
So, if you 're bound to stay right here, by gracious, I 'll stay, too.

WIDOW BROWN'S CHRISTMAS.

HIS window is over the factory flume;
And Elkanah, there in his counting-room,
Sits hugging a little table;
His beard is white as the foam, and his cheek
Is weather-beaten, and withered and bleak
As the old brown factory gable.

Christmas is near; and he, it is clear,
Is squaring accounts with the parting year;
Setting forth, in column and row,
Whatever a penny of gain can show—
Mortgages, dividends, and rents,
City bonds, and gover'ments,
A factory here and a tannery there,
Good bank stock and railroad share—
As fast as his busy brain can count,
Or his busy pen indite 'em,
Figuring profit and gross amount,
And adding item to item.

Thinks he: "It's a good round sum I make;
Don't seem much like I was goin' to break!"
And he looked again, as he poised his pen
To fillip the drop of ink off.
But just as he gave the pen a shake,
He said "Ho! ho!" at a strange mistake
He found himself on the brink of;
He said "Ha! ha!" and his lips drew in
With a hard, dry, leathery kind of grin,
As much like the smile of a crocodile
As anything you can think of.

"I declare! there's Widder Brown
In the cottage over in Tannery Town!
The family had the house rent free
As long as her husband worked for me.
A good, smart, faithful chap was Jim—
Wish I had forty as good as him!
But he died one day, and left her there:
And I put the place in the parson's care—

For the only man in the town I dare
To trust is Parson Emery—
To see that the house don't run away,
And collect the rent she agreed to pay.
I'll write a letter this very day,
To jog the good man's memory."

The letter was straightway penned and sent;
And it preached hard times to a dreary extent;
"For money is tight at ten per cent.;
Often no sooner got than spent;
The poor man finds it a heavy stent
To earn his mess of pottage;
And so," concluded the argument,
"You may, if you please, remit the rent
Jim's widder owes for the cottage."

In two days' time the answer came.
"The parson is prompt—but what in the name!"
He cried, as he opened and read the same;
How extremely odd it sounded!
"Dear, noble, generous, honored friend—"
Were terms he couldn't well comprehend;
And when he had struggled on to the end,
He was utterly astounded.

He gasped and gurgled, and then burst out:
"What 'n thunder's the ol' fool ravin' about?
He's crazy, without a shadder o' doubt!
A-writin' to me as if I was a saint!
Wa'al, mabby I be, and then mabby I aint.
An' what's his argyment? Why, to be sure,
That I'm a marciful man to the poor,
An' feel for the sufferin' brother,

An' stay the widder whose staff is gone;
And so he continners a-layin' it on,
An' he aint sarcastical, 'nuther.

"Blamed ol' blunderhead! couldn't he see
'T the poor I was marciful tu meant me?
But here he goes on in a gushin' mood,
To tell o' the woman's gratitude,
Because I've been so exceedingly good
As to pity her sad condition,
An' give him the blessed authority tu
Remit—remit—the rent that is due.
Why don't he remit then? wish I knew!
'Stid o' that, here's more of his hullabalew,
To thank me for the remission!

"Remission—remit! Oh! drat the dunce,"
And he rushed for a dictionary;
It having occurred to him all at once
That the meanings sometimes vary
Of even the simplest words we write;
And that a prosy old parson might
Use one, and a man of business quite
Another, vocabulary.

Finger and eye ran down the page:
"RA, RE"—he was flushed with rage:
"Remember—REMIND—REMIT!"—at last
The terrible talon had it fast,
With the definition against it set:
"Send back," he read; but, lower yet,
"To release, to forgive, as a sin or a debt!"
Ah! through that mesh in the treacherous net
Had slipped the widow's pittance!

'Twas so! 'twas strange! 'twas very absurd,
That thus from a phrase, or a single word,
With equal reason could be inferred
Collection of debt, or quittance!
Words have their forks, like highways, whence
To left and right run the roads of sense;
And, taking the wrong derivative,
The heedless old parson had come to give
Remission instead of remittance.

Elkanah glared for a moment, and then,
With a snort at the book, and a scoff at the men
Who invented the language, seized his pen,
Tore one letter, and wrote again,
Protruding his chin, while the hard, dry grin
Grew terribly savage and sinister;
Till, too impatient to brook delay,
He quite forgot it was Christmas Day,
Swung on his Ulster, and swooped away
Toward Tannery Town and the Widow Brown
And the good old blundering minister.

As out by the forenoon train he went,
He had ample time to consider:
"To be soft-soaped to sich an extent—
Cracked up like a spavined hoss that's meant
To be sold to the highest bidder—
It's pooty dumbed rough on a plain old gent
That never was known to give a cent,
Say nothin' o' seventy dollars rent,
To anybody's widder!
An' I aint one o' the kind that cares
To be boosted up in a woman's prayers
For a favor I never did her.

"Yet she might pray for me all her days,
An' I wouldn't object to the parson's praise,
Which he spreads so thick in his letter;
But though he believes it himself, and though
Other folks may think it's all jes' so,
The plague is, I know better!
He'll wonder what sort of a beast I be,
When I tell him square out how it seemed to me,
What a blamed, ridickelous, fool's idee
That I should forgive a debtor!"

Quick moist flushes, strange hot streaks,
Shot down to his shins and up to his cheeks.
He loosened his collar and wondered what
In time made 'em keep the cars so hot.
Still, as he thought of the interview
He was going to seek, the warmer he grew.
And he said to himself, with a leer, "Must be
I'm fond of parsons' s'ciety!
For what else under the canopy
I'm makin' the trip for I can't see,
Sence a letter or tu would as soon undu'
The snarl he's got me inter,
Save railroad fare, an' the wear an' tear
Of a journey in midwinter.

"It's an awk'ard mess, I du declare!
The widder she'll cry, an' the parson he'll stare,
An' like enough somebody else will swear—
Wish I was back in my office chair!
For why should I go twelve mile or so
An' lose my time an' my dinner,
To prove to their face, beyond a doubt,

'T I aint no saint, as they make out,
But a hardened sort of a sinner?"

Some such thoughts perplexed his brain,
As up to the station rolled the train,
With slackened speed and brakes screwed down,
And the brakeman bawled out "Tannery Town!"
"Wa'al, here I be!" With gathering frown
And firm-set teeth, old Elkanah straight
Took his way to the parson's gate;
No longer inclined to turn about,
In a flurry of confusion,
And like a coward retrace his route,
But grimly resolved to carry out
His original resolution.

Though, after all, he approached the spot,
Outwardly cold and inwardly hot,
As a brave man goes to be hanged or shot,
Or whatever else he thinks is not
The thing for his constitution.
And when this answer he received,
"Parson aint to hum"—will it be believed?
He felt like the very same man reprieved
At the moment of execution.

Wa'al, no, he wouldn't go in and wait:
He stood in the snow at the parsonage gate:
No train back till half-past one,
And the village bells had just begun
To ring for noon: for a minute or two
He stood, uncertain what to do,

Looking doubtfully up and down
The dreary streets of Tannery Town,
And thought of his money and Mrs. Brown:
Then this is what he did do—
He turned his feet up the snowy street,
And went to call on the widow

'Twas Christmas-time, as I said before;
And when, arrived at the cottage door,
He reached for the old bell handle,
He paused a moment, amazed and grim,
For he heard such a racket as seemed to him,
In the home of the late lamented Jim,
Sufficient cause for scandal.

A short, sharp ring, then a hurried noise
Of whispering, scampering girls and boys,
And the door was opened a little space
Through which peered out with a bashful grace,
A surprisingly pretty-looking,
Timidly smiling, bright young blonde;
And Elkanah caught from the room beyond,
A savory sniff, a wonderful whiff,
Of most delicious cooking.

He sees a table, with neat cloth spread,
Steaming dishes, and cream white bread,
Cranberry sauce, and thick squash pies,
And the curly brown pates and wondering eyes
Of the imps that had made the clatter;
Then the mother, just bringing in, to crown
Her banquet, a beautiful, golden-brown,
Great roasted goose on a platter.

A crabbed old man, to whom the sight
Of happy children gave small delight;
A hungry man, who had come so far
To a feast his presence could only mar;
An iron-fisted miser,
Who would seldom afford himself a fat,
Delectable Christmas goose like that,
Or indulge in anything half so good—
Confronting the widow, there he stood,
Glowering under his visor;
And it certainly seemed that his presence would—
To say the least—surprise her.

For he said to himself, "Her means are spent,
An' she hasn't a penny to pay her rent,
While this is the way she gorges
Her ravenous tribe on the fat of the land!
I'll let her know that I understand
Whose money pays for the orgies!"

But, seeing the old man standing there,
The widow, seemingly unaware
Of his brow's severe contraction,
Perceiving only his thin white hair,
And his almost venerable air,
Wiped her fingers, and placed a chair,
With a charmingly natural action;
Welcoming him with never a trace
Of guile in her smiling and grateful face;
Accounting this visit the crowning grace
Of his noble benefaction.

"O sir!" she began, "I am glad you are here"—
With a quivering lip and a starting tear—

"To see what happiness" (this was gall
To the stingy old wretch) "you have given us all!
Since you were so good—" "Not I," he cried;
"I never was good!" But she replied,
With gentle, sweet insistence:
"It seems but a trifle to you, no doubt:
Such kindness as yours—" Here he burst out,
"I tell ye, woman, ye're talkin' about
A thing that has no existence."

"Ah! you may say that, since you have shown
A goodness which you are too good to own!
But I could never, with what I know,
Permit another to wrong you so."
Then up spoke one of the younger crew:
"Ye may bet yer dollars on that! it's true;
For only yesterday, I tell you,
Wasn't she in high dudgeon,
Just hearing you called by Deacon Shaw
The keenest old skinflint ever he saw!
He said he would sooner have hoped to draw
Sap from a hatchet, or blood from a straw
Than money that wasn't allowed by law
From such an old curmudgeon.

"Well, what have I said?" "Hush, Jamie, hush!"
Cries the mother, in consternation;
While Elkanah starts, with an angry flush
And a vigorous exclamation.
"Did he say that?—say that of me?
He's tighter himself than the bark of a tree."
"He has more heart than he lets folks see,

A little like you in that," says she.
"Ho! ho! wa'al, wa'al! that's a queer idee!
That's a cur's ca'calation!"

"But he, when at last he understood
What a friend you had been, how exceedingly good
To my poor orphans," she went on,
"And me—for the sake of him that is gone—
He was humbled; he took it quite to heart;
Declared you had acted a noble part,
And expressed sincere repentance
For having misjudged you so till now.
But your example—" "Example! I vow,
Mis' Brown," snarls Elkanah; but somehow
He couldn't complete the sentence.

"Your Christian example!" the widow cries,
"Who wants proof of it, there it lies"—
With a glance of pride at the great squash pies,
And the goose superbly basted.
"The Deacon was here at half-past one;
And at half-past two the proof had begun:
The goose was brought by the Deacon's son,
And then it seemed as if every one
Must do as the Deacon and you had done."

"Yes, sir," says Jamie, "and wasn't it fun!
It was ring, ring, ring! it was run, run, run!
Squashes that weighed pretty nigh a ton!
Such apples you never tasted!"
"It came to us in our sorest need,"
The widow resumed; "and all are agreed

'Twas a harvest of which you sowed the seed.
You see your charity was, indeed,
An example that wasn't wasted."
"My charity!" Elkanah groaned. "Well, well!"
"'Twas more of a blessing than I can tell"—
She choked a little and wiped a tear—
"For we have been dreadfully poor this year.
'Tis a hard, hard struggle to provide
For my five little ones since he died.
Faithfully, every day I meant
To save a little to pay my rent;
I stinted and planned, but still I found,
As often as Saturday night came round,
I had spared, when they were patched and fed,
Hardly enough for Sunday's bread.
Such constant weariness, want, and care
Seemed often more than a life could bear.
Then came, O sir! your gracious gift,
Which all of a sudden seemed to lift
The burden which weighed me to the ground;
And all these other good friends came round;
And, so, in our joy and thankfulness,
It seemed to me I could do no less
Than make a feast," she said with a smile.
"Be patient! be quiet!" For all the while
The hungry children clamored,
And climbed the chairs, and peeped at the pies,
And ogled the goose with wistful eyes.
"'Tis a favor," said she, "I should greatly prize,
If you would sit by, and not despise
The bounty which Heaven through you supplies."
"Hem! wa'al! you take me by surprise.
Don't know," the old man stammered.

She smilingly reached for his coat and hat,
And the goose was fragrant, the goose was fat.
"I think you will stay." "Wa'al, as to that.
I don't dine out very often;
I called to explain—but never mind.
Fact is, Mis' Brown, I haven't dined;
And if you insist—since you air so kind—"
He was rather surprised himself to find
His heart beginning to soften.

"Don't care 'f I du." And down he sat.
The goose was fragrant, the goose was fat.
The old man did the carving;
The sauce was dished, the gravy poured,
And the plates all round that little board
Were filled in a manner that didn't afford
The slightest hint of starving.

Not in all that dreary year
Had her cottage known such cheer.
With hope, and her happy children near,
The widow smiled contented.
Even old Elkanah ceased to be
Greatly scandalized to see
Cheerful faces and childish glee
In the home of the late lamented.

Nature's ways are wise and kind:
Clouds pass, dawn breaks, and ever behind
Each dark sea hollow swells a wave;
And fresh grass grows on the new-made grave;
And softly over the broken heart,
And its sorrowful recollections,

The leaves of another hope will start,
And tender new affections.

The widow talked and told her plans;
What a dutiful child was Nance!
The parson had got her boys a chance
To blow the organ the coming year:
"So there will be twenty dollars clear!
The girls will help me more and more;
I'll sew; and often, as heretofore,
Earn bread for the morrow while they sleep;
And so I have hopes that I yet may keep
My little flock together—
With Heaven so kind and friends so good—
Send them to school and provide them food
And shelter them from the weather.

"But, oh! what a change for them and me!
How different now it all would be,
If my dear husband—" Mrs Brown
Here, for some reason, quite broke down;
And even old Elkanah's sight grew weak;
You might have observed in his withered cheek
Some unaccustomed twitches,
And in his voice, when he tried to speak,
Some very unusual hitches;
For, seeing how long she yet must strain
Her utmost energies, just to gain
Bread for her babes—perhaps in vain—
He had some twinges of shame and pain,
And a curious feeling I can't explain
At the thought of his hoarded riches.

"Hem! wa'al, Mis' Brown! it's a pooty tough case!"
He made a motion as if to place
His hand it his pocket, but drew it back.
"Though I must say, you've got a knack!
You're gittin' along, an' I'm dreffle glad!
No more, no, thank'ee, ma'am! I haint had
Sich a dinner as this, I don't know when!"
Down went the uncertain hand again.
"Your children are well, an' growin';
Few years, your boys 'll be rich men—
Mabby they will, no knowin'."
He merely pushed back his empty plate,
Then tugged at his watch. "Ha! is it so late?
I'd no idee on't! train won't wait;
Guess I'll haf ter be goin'!"

"Must you, indeed! How the time has flown!"
The lonely old man had never known
So grateful a soul, a look and tone
So gentle and so caressing;
And while she handed his hat and coat,
Arranged the collar about his throat,
Smoothed the creases, and brushed his arm,
He felt a strange, bewildering charm,
The very touch of her hand shed such
Unconscious love and blessing!

"I thought there was something he came to say,
To explain!" cries Jamie. "Ah! yes, by-the-way!"
Says Elkanah, slightly flurried;
"A leetle mistake—but that's all right!
The parson, he didn't take in, not quite,

My full intent regardin' the rent:
Don't be the least mite worried
'Bout that for sartin another year.
Bless me! I b'lieve it's the train I hear!
Good-day!" And off he hurried.

He seemed surrounded and pursued
By spirits of joy and gratitude!
And he said to himself, "I must conclude,
Although the ol' parson wa'n't very shrewd,
'Twas a lucky mistake o' his'n!"
And he felt some most surprising things,
Strange perturbations and flutterings,
As of something within him spreading wings—
The angel within new-risen!

"I'm beat if there aint the parson now!"
With eager stride and radiant brow
The minister crossed a steep by-street,
Through ridges of snow leg-deep, to greet
The friend of the widow and fatherless,
Who growled to himself, "Good thing, I guess,
For some of the fatherless folks we know,
Me and him didn't meet an hour ago—
Good thing all round, shouldn't wonder!"
The parson came panting up the hill,
Hands out, with a greeting of warm good-will;
All smiles; serenely unconscious still
Of his most amazing blunder.

A soul as simple as rills that run
Joyous and clear in the summer sun!
Not one who had chosen his work, but one
The Lord Himself had chosen;

A child of faith, and a shepherd indeed!
Not one of those whose formal creed
Has the tinkling sound and the hollow look
Of ice left over a shrunken brook—
Shrunken away from the living day,
Leaving its surface frozen.

Under the leafless village elms
The parson waylays and overwhelms
With more felicitation,
Of the late epistolary sort,
The impatient old man, who cuts him short
With a quaint gesticulation.

"No more o' that, please understand!
I've seen Jim's widder." This time the hand
Dives into the pocket, and brings out
A bright bank-note: "Guess the' aint no doubt
But what we'd orter give her a lift;
An' here's a trifle, a Christmas gift,
I was pooty nigh forgittin'.
Remit her rent the comin' year;
And I'd like to remit to her now this 'ere.
By-the-way!" drawls he, with a sidelong leer,
"Did j'ever notice—it's kind o' queer—
There's tew ways o' remittin'?"

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

HAMLET.

ACT II., SCENE II.

A room in the Castle. Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

KING—Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen—Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,

Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros.—Both your majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil.—But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King—Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern
Queen—And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol.—I now do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King—O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol.—My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.
Queen—More matter, with less art.
Pol.—Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 't is true, 't is pity;
And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
OPHELIA—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:—
[*Reads.*]

Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King—But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol.—What do you think of me?
King—As of a man faithful and honorable

Pol.—I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness: and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.
King—Do you think 't is this?
Queen—It may be, very likely.
Pol.—Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, '*T is* so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King—Not that I know.
Pol.—Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*]
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King—How may we try it further?

Pol.—You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen—So he does, indeed.

Pol.—At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King—We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen—But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol.—Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN *and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham.—Excellent well.

Pol.—Do you know me, my lord?

Ham.—Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol.—Not I, my lord.

Ham.—Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol.—Honest, my lord?

Ham.—Ay, sir; to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol.—That 's very true, my lord.

Ham.—For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol.—[*Aside.*]—Still harping on my daughter—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love: very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham.—Words, words, words!

Pol.—What is the matter, my lord?

Ham.—Between who?

Pol.—I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham.—Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol.—[*Aside.*]—Though this be madness, yet there 's method in it.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham.—Into my grave?

Pol.—Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*]—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham.—You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol.—Fare you well, my lord.

Ham.—These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol.—You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros.—[*To* POLONIUS.] Heaven save you, sir!

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Guil.—My honor'd lord!—

Ham.—My excellent good friends! How dost thou,

Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros.—None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham.—Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros.—To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham.—Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil.—What should we say, my lord?

Ham.—Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros.—To what end, my lord?

Ham.—That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros.—[*Aside to* GUILDENSTERN.]—What say you?

Ham.—[*Aside.*]—Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

Guil.—My lord, we were sent for.

Ham.—I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a

sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman either; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros.—My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham.—Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros.—To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive for you: we met them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham.—He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros.—Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham.—How chances it they travel? Their residence both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros.—I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham.—Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros.—No, indeed, they are not.

Ham.—It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil.—There are the players.

Ham.—Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil.—In what, my dear lord?

Ham.—I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol.—Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham.—Hark you, Guildenstern—and you, too—at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clothes.

Ros.—Happily, he 's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham.—I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was then, indeed.

Pol.—My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham.—My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol.—The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham.—Buz, buz!

Pol.—Upon my honor. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem

unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham.—*O Jephthah, judge of Israel*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol.—What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham.—Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol.—[*Aside.*]—Still on my daughter.

Ham.—Am not I i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol.—If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham.—Nay, that follows not.

Pol.—What follows then, my lord?

Ham.—Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgement comes.

The Players enter, and, at HAMLET'S *request, the first player recites a speech.*

Ham.—'T is well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham.—Much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honor and dignity: The less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol.—Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS *with some of the Players.*]

Ham.—Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1*st Play.*—Ay, my lord.

Ham.—We 'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1*st Play.*—Ay, my lord.

Ham.—Very well—follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends [*To* Ros. *and* Guil.], I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros.—Good, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.]

Ham.—Ay, so, heaven be wi' you.—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear, with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be.
But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
Fye upon 't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have
heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

ADAPTED FROM "MY OPINIONS AND BETSEY BOBBITT'S."

SCENE—*A New England kitchen.* JOSIAH ALLEN *blacking his boots.* SAMANTHA, *his wife, darning socks. Enter* BETSEY BOBBITT, *an elderly spinster, dressed in very youthful style. She shakes hands with both.*

BETSEY—I saw you was at the lecture last night Samantha.

Samantha—Yes; considerin' your sentiments, I hardly expected to see you there.

Betsey—Well, I was overpersuaded to go; but I didn't like it any better than I expected. I don't believe in women's having any right to vote; it aint their spear, as I said to our young preacher when he was walking home with me.

Saman.—Yes, I see him tryin' to unhitch your shawl-fringe, which had hold of his button.

Betsey—But he didn't struggle long, and I didn't struggle at all; I thought it wasn't my place. So we walked home together, and says I to him, "Don't you think, with me, that it is not woman's spear to vote? Don't you think it is her nature to be clinging?" "Heaven knows I do!" said he, and he felt it, too, for he tugged so hard at the shawl-fringe in the ardor of his feelings that I had to beg him not to tear it.

Saman.—That was the time I saw the look of stern despair on his classic features.

Josiah—Well, now, I agree with Betsey there. Woman aint got no business voting. She is too fraguile; she aint got the rekisite strength. Samantha, I see the boy

has come for the cans of milk. I've got my shoes off—would you jist go and put 'em on the wagon for me?

Saman.—If I am too fraguile to handle a paper vote, I am too fraguile to lift one hundred and fifty pounds of milk.

[JOSIAH *puts on his shoes and silently goes out.*]

Betsey—It 's so revolting to female delicacy to go to the poles and vote. Most all the female aristocracy of Jonesville agree with me in this.

Saman.—Female delicacy! is female delicacy a plant that withers in the shadow of the poles and flourishes in every other condition?

Enter JOSIAH.

Josiah—Do n't get so excited, Samantha!

Saman.—You jist go on blacking your boots, Josiah Allen, I aint talking to you. Betsey, is it any more indelicate for a female woman to dress herself in a modest and Christian manner, with a *braige* veil over her face, and go to the pole and decently and quietly lay her vote on to it, than to be introduced to a man who, for all she knows, is a retired pirate, and let him hug her by the hour to the tune of a fiddle or a base violin?

Betsey—It would devour too much of her time. She could n't vote and attend to the other duties which are *incumbient* upon her.

Saman.—Women find plenty of time for their everlasting croshain' and tattin', for their mats and their tidies, their flirtations, their feather flowers and their bead flowers, and hair flowers, and burr flowers, and Oriental paintings, and Grecian paintings, and face paintings. Why, they spend more time frizzling their front hair than it would take 'em to learn the Constitution of the United States by heart; and if they get a

new dress, they find plenty of time to cut it all up into strips, jist to pucker it up and set it on again. They have plenty of time to dress up in their very best and patrol the streets as regular as a watchman, and to go to all the shows, and parties, and concerts, and centennials and the like, and to flirt with every man they can lay holt of and ketch 'em with their fringes. They find plenty of time for all this, but when it comes to an act as simple as putting a letter in the post-office, they are dreadful short for time.

Betsey—The study it would take to make a woman vote intelligably would be too wearing on her.

Saman.—Too wearing! Do you think it would be any more exhausting to her to read a little about the nation she lives in, and the laws what protects her, than to pour over novels all day long? These very women who thinks the President's bureau is a chest of drawers where he keeps his best clothes, and the tariff is a wild horse the Senators keep to ride on—jest let 'em get on the track of a love-sick hero and a swoonin' heroine, and they will wade through half a dozen volumes, but what they will follow 'em clean to Finis to see 'em married there. Let there be a young woman hid in a certain hole, guarded by one hundred and ten pirates, and a young man trying to get at her, though at present laying chained in an underground dungeon with his rival setting on his back; what does a woman care for time or treasure till she sees the pirates all killed with one double revolver, and the young woman lifted out, swoonin' but happy, by the brave hero. If there had been a woman hid on the island of Patmos, and Paul's letters to the churches had only been love-letters to her, there would n't be such a thick coat of dust on Bibles as there is. And s'pose women do n't read about the laws,

they would still know as much as some men voters I know—(*she looks sternly at* JOSIAH). I have seen men voters whose study into national affairs didn't wear on 'em enough to kill 'em at all. I have seen voters who didn't know as much as their wives did. I have seen Irish voters whose intellects wasn't tiresome to carry round, and whose knowledge concerning public affairs wasn't so good as it was about rum, who would sell their votes for a drink of whiskey, and keep it up all day, drinking and voting, and voting and drinking, and I guess women wouldn't be any worse.

Betsey—But how awful and revolting it would sound to hear the fair and softer *sect* talking about tariffs and *corkusses!*

Saman.—I don't know but I had as liver hear 'em talkin' about *corkusses* as to hear 'em backbitin' their neighbors and tearin' the charicters of other women into bits, and talkin' about such little things as women will sometimes. Why, in a small place a woman can't buy a calico apron without the neighborhood holdin' an inquest over it. Some think she ought to have it; some think it is extravagant in her; some think the flower on it is too young for her, and then they will quarrel whether she ought to make it with a bib or not. The very reason why men's talk is, very often, a nobler thing than a woman's, is because they have nobler things to talk about. Betsey Bobbitt, when did you ever know a passel of men sit down and spend a whole afternoon talkin' about each other's vest, and mistrustin' such a feller painted? Fill a woman's mind with big noble-sized thoughts, and she wont want to talk such little backbitin' gossip as she does now.

Betsey—Well, Samantha, all I have to say is, it is not woman's spear to vote.

Josiah—No, it haint! Women would always vote for the hansomest men.

Saman.—Then, Josiah, you would stand a small chance.

Josiah—Women would vote for them what praised their babies most; they would n't stand up to principal like men do, and then how they would clog up the roads 'lection day, tryin' to get all the news they could—women have got such itchin' ears.

Saman.—Itchin' ears! talk about itchin' ears, Josiah Allen! Here you have sot all the mornin' blackin' your boots; you have rubbed holes thro' 'em just for an excuse to hear me and Betsey Bobbitt talk. And it aint the first time, nuther, for I have known you, Josiah Allen, when I have had female visitors, to leave your work and come in and lay on that lounge behind the stove till you was most sweltered, pretendin' you was readin'.

Josiah—(*drawing on his boots*)—I was a-readin'.

Saman.—I have ketched you laughin' over a funeral sermon and a President's message. What is there highlarious in a funeral sermon, Josiah Allen? What is there exileratin' in a President's message?

Josiah—Well, I guess I had better go and water the steers.

Saman.—I think you had as well. [*Exit* JOSIAH.]

Betsey—But, Samantha, men do admire clingin' women, like a vine to a stately tree; it is a beautiful sight.

Saman.—It may be so. I never was much of a clinger myself. Still, if females want to cling, I haint no objections; but this I do say, if men think that women are obleeged to be vines, they ought to feel obleeged to make trees of themselves for 'em to run on—but they wont. Some of 'em seem sot against bein' trees. And as I have said, if a vine aint got no tree convenient to run on, or

if the tree she is clingin' to falls, through inherent rottenness at the core, or if the string should break, what is to become of the clinger ef she can't do nothin' but cling?

Betsey—Woman's spear—

Saman.—Woman's spear! I'm wore out! Woman's spear is where she can do most good. If God had meant women to be men's shadows, he would have made ghosts and *fantoms* of 'em at first. All this talk about women's votin' makin' 'em have to fight, and men to wash dishes, is sheer nonsense. You may shet up a lion for years in a room full of cambric needles and tattin' shettles, and you can't get him to do anything but roar at 'em; it aint a lion's nature to do fine sewin'. You may tie up a old hen as long as you please, and you can't break her of wantin' to make a nest and scratch for her chickens. You may plant a acorn and a rose-bush to shade your house, but all the legislators in creation can't make the acorn tree blow out red poseys, no more thun they can make the rose-bush stand up straight as a giant. And their being planted beside of each other and watered out of the same waterin'-jug do n't alter their natural turn They will both help to shade your window, but they will do it in their own way, which is different. And men and women voting side by side would no more alter their natural dispositions than singing Watts' hymns together would; one will sing base and the other treble so long as the world stands. Mebby, Betsey, ef you was a clerk, or a teacher, or a telegraph operator, that was starving on a third of the salary they pays men in the same condition, you would go some for women's rights.

Betsey—Well, Samantha, I must go. You and me will never think alike.

Saman.—Never while the world stands. Good-bye, Betsey. [*Exit* BETSEY.]

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally!—they bleed!—for their kingdom and crown:
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glanullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel.—Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer,
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard.—Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' hight,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely!—return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel.—False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled; and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel.—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale,
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

READING AND TABLEAUX FROM "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

(Arranged by ELLEN A. FOLGER.)

I.—READING.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
  This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
  Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.
  The expecting wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

TABLEAU.

Central figure, a man in common clothes, with little one on his shoulder, holding it on with one hand. The other hand clasps a small girl, looking up into her father's face. On the other side of the man is a larger boy dragging a spade and carrying a hoe, etc., over his shoulder. A happy expression on all the faces.

II.—READING.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in
  At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
  A canny errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jennie, woman-grown,
  In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a bran new gown,
  Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

. . . . . .

The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
  Gars auld claes look amaist as well 's the new.
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

TABLEAU.

Mother, with needle and shears, is making over old clothes. The three small children who were in the tableau sit playing together. The three boys at service wear coarse clothes. Jenny, "woman-grown," is showing her mother a "bran new gown." Father, with infant on his knee, is apparently advising the boys. All seem to be enjoying themselves.

III.—READING.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
  Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,
  To do some errands, and convoy her hame;
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
  Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek.
  . . . . . .
Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
  A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye.

TABLEAU.

Same as second, only Jenny brings in a strapping youth, bashful and grave. Mother looks rather pleased. All eyes are fastened on "youth." The three little ones, half hiding behind each other, hit one another, and laugh unseen by elders.

IV.—READING.

But now the supper crowns their simple board.
  The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sonpe their only hawkie does afford,
  That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.

TABLEAU.

All seated round a table on which is a huge dish of porridge, a big pitcher of milk, and some cheese. Each has a bowl and spoon. Father sits opposite mother, Jenny side of mother, and "youth" side of Jenny. A cheerful supper-scene. Mother is pressing "youth" to have some cheese.

V.—READING.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, auce his father's pride;
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim,
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyr's," worthy of the name.

[If thought best, read the rest of this stanza and the next two of the poem. It is found complete in any collection of Burns' poems.]

TABLEAU.

All sit in a wide circle, father, with a large Bible, others listen attentively. It will add to the impressiveness for a stanza of "Dundee" to be sung.

VI.—READING.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;—
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
Compared with this, how poor religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
Where men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart.

TABLEAU.

All are kneeling; father, with clasped hands and uplifted head, prays; the heads of the rest are bowed.

[Much of the beauty of these tableaux depends on the grouping. If possible, have all dressed in Scotch costume. Red light thrown on the first four tableaux, and red, white, and blue on the last two, add much to the effect.]

BURNS.

PART SECOND.

BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 8.

AFTER DEATH.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

FAITHFUL friends! *It* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not 'I.'"

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed;
Love the inmate, not the room;
The weaver, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see,
Of unfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise—
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;

Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!
He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

RECKONING WITH THE OLD YEAR.

CLOSE up the ledger, Time!
Slowly and sadly, but let it be,
Mournfully passeth by the year.
What are the records for you and me,
Left by Failing's fingers here?
What for passion, and what for love?
What for avarice, and crime?
What for hope of heaven above?—
What of the ledger, Time?

Close up the ledger, Time!
Many a name, for good or ill,

Fills to the margin your blotted scroll;
  Many a high and haughty will,
Many a low but humble soul.
  Yet one page to each is given,
Marking the changing path we climb,
  Holding the balance of hell or heaven,—
What of the ledger, Time?

Close up the ledger, Time!
  Say, are we creditors for aught?
Have we a store of noble deeds,
  Springing from high and generous thought,
Such as our fallen brother needs?
  Have we laid up for coming years
Words to weave in a funeral rhyme—
  Names that will call up grateful tears?—
What of the ledger, Time?

Close up the ledger, Time!
  Say what promises hope has drawn;
Say what drafts stern truth has paid;
  Say what bankrupt hopes have gone,
In the grave with memory laid:
  Say if the heart has kept its own,
Gathering beauty with lure and line;
  Say what fabrics are overthrown,—
What of the ledger, Time?

Close up the ledger, Time!
  Hark the knell of the year gone by!
Have I run out my golden sand?
  Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
  Naught beyond but guilt and crime?

Listen! I hear the New Year's bell!
Shut up the ledger, Time!

MRS. MARY E. FOXWELL.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege at Lucknow—
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hailed on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their cannon balls,

Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell.
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round;
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep through the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be through!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day,
Soon as the blast of that underground thunder-clap echoed away,
Dark through the smoke and the sulphur, like so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemies fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapped with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that passed:
"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines, by the enemy sprung,
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusilades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter, we drive them with hand grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.
Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out, "Follow me, follow me!"—
Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings, and raftings, and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew—
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms;
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled or beaten, or butchered, for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shattered walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark! cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! saved! we are saved! is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew. TENNYSON.

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

IT was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek, it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought

fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best man he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crimes, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. The man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice.

Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the Old World are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the Right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so, with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

GEO. W. CURTIS.

THE EMIGRANT'S STORY.

From "The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems."

AFTER supper the little ones said their prayers to their mother,
Kneeling under the great gaunt trees, in the gleam of the firelight.
Molly then (she is one of the pious sort, did I tell you?)
Prayed for us all—a short prayer that we might be kept until morning.
Little the poor girl knew where the morning would find us!

After making our bed—that is, just spreading our blankets

On the dry ground—we stood, the mother and I, for a long while
Hand in hand, that night, and looked at our six little shavers,
All asleep in their nests, either in or under the wagon—
Robbie, and Johnny, and Jane, and Tommy, and Bess, and the baby—
None of your puny sort—cheeks brown and handsome as russets:
Here in the great still woods we watched them, with curious feelings,
Asking ourselves again and again if we had done wisely
Making this journey, and wasn't it all a fool-hardy adventure?
Each knew well enough what the other was thinking: then Molly—
"God will take care of them and of us," says she, "if we trust Him."
'Twasn't for me to dispute her; but somehow I have a notion,
Praying our best is doing our best for ourselves and each other;
Trust in God is believing that, after we have done our part,
He will look out for the rest; anyhow, it is useless to worry.

I had been maybe three hours asleep, when the crow of our cooped up
Rooster, along about midnight, awoke me; and well I remember
What a strange night it was—how quiet and ghostly and lonesome!
Dark as Egypt all round our little traveling household,

In the small, shadowy space half lit by our flickering night-fire.
Not a leaf rustled; no breath, no sound, except the incessant,
Teasing noise of the vixenish katydids contradicting.
Then there was all at once a commotion: the branches above us
Swayed and clashed, and all the woods seemed to rock for a moment.
Then it passed off in a roar like the sea, and again there was silence;
Even the katydids had stopped their scolding to listen.
Nature seemed to be holding her breath and waiting for something.

"Can't you sleep, Thomas?" says Molly. "Are you awake, too?" I said. "Yes, dear.
I haven't slept for an hour; my mind is full of forebodings.
What can it mean? I feel there's something dreadful impending!
Twice to-night I have dreamed that a limb from one of the trees fell
Right where we are! Each time I woke with a scream —did you hear me?
Just as 'twas falling on you. Sleep again I cannot and dare not,
For if I do I am sure I shall dream the same dream for a third time.
Hark!" said she; "what is that?"

A singular noise in the southwest;
Not like the roar we had heard when the wind died away in the distance—

Sharper and stronger than that; and, instead of dying, increasing,
Coming toward us—a terrible rushing and howling and crashing
Louder and louder, as if all the trees in the forest were falling;
Nearer and nearer, a deafening, thundering roar! Then I started;
"Molly!" I shrieked, "the tornado!" and made a dash at the children,
Snatched them out of their beds, all dazed and frightened and stupid,
Half in the dark, in the awfulest din and confusion.

Poor Molly
Didn't know which way to turn, but flung herself on them, to shield them.
"Run!" I yelled; "to the creek!" In a moment the crash would be on us.
"Run! for your lives! Oh Heavens! not that way." Nobody heard me.
Catching my arms full—one by the wrist—the mother beside me
Bearing her part—Heaven only knows how, we carried, we dragged them
Down the dark slope, in the roar of a hundred Niagaras plunging,
Blackness ahead, and the big trees screeching and breaking and crashing
Close at our heels, all about us—the tops of one whipped us in falling!
Then the wind took us, and—

Well, the next minute I found myself lying
Down in the grass there, clinging, and holding on to the small fry,

In a mad storm of leaves and broken branches and hailstones—
Howling darkness, and jaws of lightning that showed us the world all
Rushing and streaming one way. I can't say how long it lasted,
Maybe ten minutes, not more; then all of a sudden the lull came.

Counting heads, I found that three of the children were with me,
Cuddled close; but where all the while were the rest, and their mother?
Never a one to be seen, as I looked by the quivering flashes—
Only the grass blown flat, ironed down, all along by the creek shore.
Soon as the wind would permit, I rose to my feet, braced against it,
Shouted, and listened; when out of the dire confusion of noises
Came a long, dismal bellow from one of my poor frightened oxen.
Then a child cried near by. Then *her* voice, "Are you all safe there?"
"Yes; where are you?" I cried. "Here! under the bank by the water,
Tommy and Jennie—nobody hurt—just where the wind dropped us.
O what a merciful Providence! Did you say—did you say *all* safe?
Baby and all?"

"The baby!" I said. "Haven't you got the baby?"

That brought her up from the creek with a shriek—shall I ever forget it?
That, or the look she gave, as she rushed out before me, her long black
Hair flying wild in the wind, face white, in a sheet of white lightning!
"Oh, my baby!" she said; "you had it—I felt its bed empty!"
"Yes, I remember—I took it, I gave it to some one—to Jennie!
Then I put both in your arms."

"Oh, father!" says Jennie, "you gave me
Something wrapped up in a blanket. I hugged it tight, but it squirmed so—
I was so frightened—it scratched and jumped from my arms—and, oh, father!
'Twasn't the baby, I know!" And that was the way of it. I had
Thrust my hand into the wagon, and caught up something I found there
Under the blanket. Consider the horrible uproar and hubbub,
Darkness and fright, and then maybe you'll understand how a man can
Make such a blunder: the baby had rolled from its place, and the blanket
Dropped on the cat, I suppose, when I took up the last of the children.

Well, there we were, and it's easy to think of pleasanter places
One might prefer to be in, if he had his choice in the matter:

Young ones shivering, crying, mother almost distracted,
None of us more than half dressed, just the clothes on which we had slept in;
Dark as Egypt again, not even the lightning to guide us
Into the terrible windfall in search of our camp and the baby;
Weather grown suddenly cold, and five hours yet until daylight!

All was quiet again, very much as if nothing had happened—
Only occasional flurries of wind and spatters of cold rain;
Then I looked up, and, behold! the stars were shining; I saw them
Glance through flying clouds, and the twisted and intricate branches,
Where I was struggling so fiercely to find a way back to the wagon.
I had paused for the twentieth time to hear if a child cried,
Hoping still against fate, when they shone out, oh, so serenely!
Over my head, those stars, looking down on my rage and impatience.
Something entered my soul with their beams—I could never explain it;
But from that time I was calm, under all my outward excitement;
Calm deep down in my heart, and prepared for whatever might happen.

Still it was frightful business—tearing my way through the tree-tops,

Climbing about on the huge cross trunks and limbs, till a glimmer
Caught my eye through the brush—a blinking brand of our camp-fire,
Scattered, but not quite extinguished, for all the rain and the whirlwind.
All this time I had kept up a frequent hallooing to Molly,
Brooding her half-naked young ones just outside of the windfall,
Waiting in terror and cold to hear the worst. Only Robbie,
Stout little fellow, was with me; wherever I clambered, he followed.
"Father!" he cried, "see the light!" and forward we scrambled to reach it—
Scraped together what sticks and leaves we could feel with our fingers.
Everything, though, was so damp that, with all our puffing and blowing,
Never a blaze would start (our matches were left in the wagon)—
Till, all at once, a flash! I looked, and there was the rogue, Sir,
Tearing his shirt into strips of cotton to kindle the fire with!
"Mother won't care, says he." "What's a shirt, if we only find baby?"

On went branches and bark. There, in the still light, all around us
Lay the tremendous tangle—timber scattered like jack-straws;
Shaggy and shadowy masses starting out of the darkness;

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What *can* you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and—What on *earth* are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in *that?*"

"*Harm?* There's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it *tight*—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what *are* you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a—it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped a while, and then forced my way out. My wife called out—

"Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out—

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that I

should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got Kitty cooped up, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:—

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers [*Fzt! boom!—bang!—smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know.

Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it—in silence—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes Blitz anziehen könnten.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording"—

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer, dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!'

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm

houses are in our neighborhood—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:—

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said:—

"There is nothing the matter, friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said:—

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked:—

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Our man's elected—and that's what's the matter!"

"Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams) the rules for preserving people

against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck."

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

MARK TWAIN.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
  This long December night,
Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
  With many a picture bright.
But list! there soundeth a bell,
With a mysterious ding, dong, dell!
Trembling along the gale.
  Under the stars and over the snow,
  Why is it? whence is it sounding so?

Is it the toll of a bridal bell?
Or is it a spirit's wail?
Solemnly, mournfully,
Sad, and how lornfully!
      Ding, dong, dell!
Whence is it? Who can tell?
And the marvelous notes, they sink and swell,
Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still.
How the sounds tremble, how they thrill!

      Every tone
      So like a moan,
As if the strange bells stranger clang,
Throbbed with a terrible human pang.
      Ding, dong, dell!

Dismally—drearily—
Ever so wearily.
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint,
Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell.
Piercingly—thrillingly—
Icily—chillily—
Near—and more near—
Drear—and more drear—
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong, dell.
Now, sinking lower,
It tolleth slower.
I list and I hear it sound no more.
It is a bell—yet not a bell
Whose sound may reach the ear!
It tolls a knell, yet not a knell
Which earthly sense may hear.

In every soul a bell of dole
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is often, often rolled;
And Memory is the sexton gray
Who tolls the dreary knell;
And nights like this he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell.

Twas that I heard, and nothing more,
This lonely Christmas eve;
Then for the dead I'll meet no more
At Christmas let me grieve.
Night, be a Priest! put your dark stole on,
And murmur a holy prayer
Over each grave, and for every one
Lying down helpless there.

And list! he begins
That psalm for sins.
Plaintiff and soft
It rises aloft.
Miserere! Miserere!

Still your heart and hush your breath!
The voices of Despair and Death
Are shuddering through the psalm,
Miserere! Miserere!

Lift your heart! the terror dies!
In it yonder sinless skies
The psalms sound sweet and calm.
Miserere! Miserere!

Very low, in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans;
I forgive and have forgiven
The dead who died unshriven!
De profundis! De profundis!

And the Pontiff Night, with his dark stole on,
Whispereth soft and low:
Requiescat! requiescat!
Peace! Peace! to every one
For whom we grieve this Christmas eve,
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in far-off Heaven
Have long since struck eleven;
And hark! from temple and tower
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth.

And night putteth off its sable st
Symbol of sound and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem
To honor this babe of Bethlehem.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song:
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along:
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the Heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born king.
Gloria in excelsis!
Over sea and land!
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.
Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.
Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth;
In excelsis Deo!
For the Saviour's birth.

So the day is waking,
In the East so far
Dawn is fairly breaking.
Sunk is every star.

Merry, merry Christmas
  Scatter smiles and mirth.
Merry, merry Christmas
  Hasten around the earth.

REV. A. J. RYAN. *Abridged.*

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
  Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
  As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
  For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
  And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
  A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
  Or waiting a wayward breeze;
When I saw the peasant reel
  With the toil that he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
  Or toiled at the weary oar!

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
  The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
  Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel
  As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
  Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
  They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
  And I laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
  On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
  Nor wait for wind nor tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
  The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
  The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
  Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
  Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
  To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
  Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
  The thought of God-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
  The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
  My tireless arms do play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
  Or the light of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
  From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
  With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
  In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
  Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
  I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put in print
  On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breath to decay,
  No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
  While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
  Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
  As the tempest scorns the chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS—I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides someding for de shieken bapers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, as I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—odor of you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shiekens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, "Soekery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot olt plue hen shiekens, I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill;" so I bieked out some uf de best aigs und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow,

poud five six veet up; now, you see, I nefer was ferry big up und town, but I vos putty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent and get a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimet on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht, dot olt hen gif me such a biek dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel he preak, und I vent town kershlam; I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel before, put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't get me oud efferway, my fest vas bushed vay up unter my armholes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my armholes, mit my face all plood and aigs, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? vy dond you koom bull me out?" und she set up und sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she said, "Of course I vill, Sockery;" den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet "Donner und blitzen, shtop dat; dere is nails in de parrel!" you see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey sehtieks in me all de vay rount; vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hausman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I get up mit half a parrel around my vaist;

den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a little till I get a battern of dot new oferskirt you haf on," but I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimeby ven I koom in de house Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you goin' to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest woice, "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again, I'll get a pill of wriding from de lawyer from you," und I dell you, she didn't say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I git a pox.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun:
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,—
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
But is ever remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to the ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered:
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

SCENE FROM LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.

SCENE.—*Night. The Village Churchyard. Enter* LEAH, *slowly, her hair streaming over her shoulders.*

LEAH—[*solus*]—What seek I here? I know not; yet I feel I have a mission to fulfill. I feel that the cords of my being are stretched to their utmost effort. Already seven days! So long! As the dead lights were placed about the body of Abraham, as the friends sat nightly at his feet and watched, so have I sat, for seven days, and wept over the corpse of my love. What have I done? Am I not the child of man? Is not love the right of all,—like the air, the light? And if I stretched my hands towards it, was it a crime? When I first saw him, first heard the sound of his voice, something wound itself around my heart. Then first I knew why I was created, and for the first time, was thankful for my life. Collect thyself, mind, and think! What has happened? I saw him yesterday—no! eight days ago! He was full of love. "You'll come," said he. I came. I left my people. I tore the cords that bound me to my nation, and came to him. He cast me forth into the night. And yet, my heart, you throb still. The earth still stands, the sun still shines, as if it had not gone down forever, for me. By his side stood a handsome maiden, and drew him away with caressing hands. It is *she* he loves, and to the Jewess he dares offer gold. I will seek him! I will gaze on his face—that deceitful, beautiful face. [*Church illuminated. Organ plays softly.*] I will ask him what I have done that—[*Hides face in her hands and weeps. Organ swells louder and then subsides again.*] Perhaps he has been misled by some one—some false tongue! His looks, his

words, seem to reproach me. Why was I silent? Thou proud mouth, ye proud lips, why did you not speak? Perhaps he loves me still. Perhaps his soul, like mine, pines in nameless agony, and yearns for reconciliation. [*Music soft.*] Why does my hate melt away at this soft voice with which heaven calls to me? That grand music! I hear voices. It sounds like a nuptial benediction; perhaps it is a loving bridal pair. Amen—amen! to that prayer, whoever you may be. [*Music stops.*] I, poor desolate one, would like to see their happy faces —I must—this window. Yes, here I can see into the church. [*Looks into the window. Screams.*] Do I dream? Kind Heaven, that prayer, that amen, you heard it not. I call it back. You did not hear my blessing. You were deaf. Did no blood-stained dagger drop upon them? 'Tis he! Revenge!—— No! Thou shalt judge! Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance. Thou, alone, canst send it. [*Rests her arm upon a broken column.*]

Enter RUDOLF *from the sacristy door, with wreath in hand.*

Rudolf—I am at last alone. I cannot endure the joy and merriment around me. How like mockery sounded the pious words of the priest! As I gazed towards the church windows I saw a face, heard a muffled cry. I thought it was her face,—her voice.

Leah—[*coldly*]—Did you think so?

Rudolf—Leah! Is it you?

Leah—Yes.

Rudolf—[*tenderly*]—Leah——

Leah—Silence, perjured one! Can the tongue that lied, still speak! The breath that called me wife, now

swear faith to another! Does it dare to mix with the pure air of heaven! Is this the man I worshipped! whose features I so fondly gazed upon! Ah! [*shuddering*] No—no! The hand of heaven has crushed, beaten and defaced them! The stamp of divinity no longer rests there! [*Walks away.*]

Rudolf—Leah! hear me!

Leah—[*turning fiercely*]—Ha! You call me back? I am pitiless now.

Rudolf—You broke faith first. You took the money.

Leah—Money! What money?

Rudolf—The money my father sent you.

Leah—Sent me money? For what?

Rudolf—[*hesitating*]—To induce you to release me—to——

Leah—That I might release you? And you knew it? You permitted it?

Rudolf—I staked my life that you would not take it.

Leah—And you believed I had taken it?

Rudolf—How could I believe otherwise? I——

Leah—[*with rage*]—And you believed I had taken it. Miserable Christian, and you cast me off! Not a question was the Jewess worth. This, then, was thy work; this the eternity of love you promised me. Forgive me, Heaven, that I forgot my nation to love this Christian. Let that love be lost in hate. Love is false, unjust—hate endless, eternal.

Rudolf—Cease these gloomy words of vengeance—I have wronged you. I feel it without your reproaches. I have sinned; but to sin is human, and it would be but human to forgive.

Leah—You would tempt me again? I do not know that voice.

Rudolf—I will make good the evil I have done; aye, an hundredfold.

Leah—Aye, crush the flower, grind it under foot, then make good the evil you have done. No! no! an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart!

Rudolf—Hold, fierce woman, I will beseech no more! Do not tempt heaven; let it be the judge between us! If I have sinned through love, see that you do not sin through hate.

Leah—Blasphemer! and you dare call on heaven! What commandment hast thou not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely—you broke faith with me! Thou shalt not steal—you stole my heart. Thou shalt not kill—what of life have you left me?

Rudolf—Hold, hold! No more! [*Advancing.*]

Leah—[*repelling him*]—The old man who died because I loved you, the woman who hungered because I followed you, may they follow you in dreams, and be a drag upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you till: may it keep faith with you as you have kept faith with me. Cursed, thrice cursed may you be evermore, and as my people on Mount Ebal spoke, so speak I thrice! Amen! Amen! Amen!

[RUDOLF *drops on his knees as the curtain descends on the tableau.*]

"GRAN'MA AL'AS DOES."

I WANTS to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.

The splendidest cob fences,
  We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em,
  Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey;
  She jumped and broke her head.
I put her in the stable,
  And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
  We didn't make no muss.
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
  Gran'ma al'as does.

I's goin' to the cornfield,
  To ride on Charlie's plow;
I spect he'd like to have me;
  I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
  And whoa like Charlie whoas?
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;
  Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter;
  I's hungry, worsest kind;
But Taddie musn't have none,
  'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
  I tell you what, I knows
It's *right* to put on sugar;
  Gran'ma al'as does.

A. H. Poe.

BESSIE KENDRICK'S JOURNEY.

"CARS stop twenty minutes!" called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction. Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the depot platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, to where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:—

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger coach, and see a little girl that I don't hardly know what to make of."

Frank nodded, and, without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily hands in a bunch of waste, took a look at his grim, dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam gauge, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for a soft felt, taking these "dress-up" articles from the tender-box, where an engineer has something stowed away for all emergencies, and went back to the cars as requested.

He entered the car and made his way to the seat where the conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:—

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and

went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said, 'cause I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. & S. road."

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears; but she did not cry after the manner of childhood in general.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:—

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then turning around to the group of passengers, he went on:—

"I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got home-sick and discouraged. Could not keep my board-bill paid up, to say nothing of my doctor's bill, and I didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day, when the pay car came along and the men were getting their monthly pay, and there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't worked an hour for the last month, I felt so 'blue' that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one came along and said, in a voice that seemed like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy, although the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through, from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face, 'Indeed, I cannot take the money; you must need it yourself.'

"'Indeed, you will take it, man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few days, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies. It will do you good.'

"I took the note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him.

"I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Jim Kendrick's little girl here won't want for anything if I can prevent it."

Then turning again to the child, whose bright eyes were wide open now, the engineer said to her:—

"I'll take you home with me when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll find out whether these Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go with you. But, if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless him."

Just then the eastern train whistled, Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to the engine, wiping the tears with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"N" FOR NANNIE AND "B" FOR BEN.

"N" FOR Nannie and "B" for Ben!
I see them now as I saw them then,
On the bark of the oak-tree wed.
She sat waist deep in the clover white,
And the liquid gold of the June sunlight
Swept over her sweet young head.

And I stood carving the letters twain,
That time and tempest have all in vain
Striven to blur and blot;
They live in the oak tree's dusky grain,
Stamped as their memory on my brain,
Changing and fading not.

Oh! the vows that I vowed that day,
Their broken shards in my bosom stay,
Wounding it hour by hour.
Could I be false to one so true?
Dared I be cruel, my love, to you,
Nannie, my lily flower?

Ere the snow had whitened those letters twain,
In the old church porch you hid your pain,
As my bride and I passed by;

Your eyes were brave, but your cheek grew white,
The cheek I should have pillowed that night
  Where it never now may lie.

Little Nannie, you are at rest,
The buttercups growing over your breast,
  Close by the grave-yard gate;
But, ah! *I* live to rue the day
God tempted my steps from love away,
  And mine is the sadder fate.

For I'd give the rest of my life to-night,
To see you sit in the clover white,
  The sun on your locks of gold,
And carve once more, as I carved them then,
"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben,
  On the bark of the oak-tree old.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

YOU, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
  Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
    I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
    Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fust t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
    On your ugly, stubbo'n back.

You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
    You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
    Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him,
    You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
    He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber t'inks o' kickin'—
    Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * * * * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
    Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
Dat mule do kiek amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'speet he's grazin,
    On de oder side de creek.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason: every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates and the safety of whose lives depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshaled the Temperance Reformation. That my sketch is no fancy

picture every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope, and blessing, and stay of many a family—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the street!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy; no matter which—hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life; the father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case—probably many of you recall some almost equal to it—where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law all drunkards—no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak when set against the constant presence of temptation.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

"YOU can't help the baby, Parson,
But still I want you to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' 'round,
A-pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair,
A-climbin' up to the table
Into her little high chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good-night to papa,
And went away to bed,
Sez she, ''Tis head-ache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye!'
An' somethin' in how she said it
Jest made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there just as patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long 'an slow,
An' she's growin' wuss in each:
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach.

Every night when I kiss her,
  Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
  'Be better in mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get through the night, parson,
  So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
  You'll know jest what to say;
Not that the baby needs it,
  Not that we make any complaint
That God seems to think He's needin'
  The smile uv the little saint."

* * * * * *

I walked along with the Corporal
  To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
  Before me had also come;
And if he had been a titled prince,
  I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
  To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
  They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
  Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
  As she moves her little face
With answer that shows she knows him;
  But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
  Remains as it was before

The unseen, silent messenger
  Had waited at their door.
"Papa—kiss—baby! I's—*so*—tired!"
  The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
  In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
  The little red fingers cling,
While her husky, whispered tenderness
  Tears from a rock would wring.
"Baby—is—*so*—*sick*—papa
  But—don't—want—you—to—cry;"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
  "Be—*better*—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around the baby is falling,
  Settling down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in Heaven
  That He must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
  As the Corporal solemnly knelt,
With grief such as never before
  His great warm heart had felt.

O frivolous men and women!
  Do you know that round you and nigh,
Alike from the humble and haughty,
  Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling!
  How *can* I let you die?"
Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper:
  "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

THE FIRE-BELL'S STORY.

DONG—*Dong*—the bells rang out
Over the housetops; and then a shout
Of "Fire!" came echoing up the street,
With the sound of eager, hurrying feet.
Dong—Dong—the sonorous peal
Came mingled with clatter of engine wheel
And whistle shrill, and horse's hoof:
And lo! from the summit of yonder roof
A flame bursts forth, with a sudden glare.
Dong—Dong—on the midnight air
The sound goes ringing out over the town;
And hundreds already are hurrying down,
Through the narrow streets, with breathless speed,
Following whither the engines lead.
Dong—Dong—and from windows high
Startled ones peer at the ruddy sky,
And still the warning loud doth swell
From the brazen throat of the iron-tongued bell,
Sending a shudder, and sending a start
To many a home, and many a heart.
Up in yon tenement, where the glare
Shines dimly forth on the starlit air
Through dingy windows; where flame and smoke
Already begin to singe and choke,
See the affrighted ones look out
In helpless terror, in horrible doubt,
Begging for succor. Now behold
The ladders, by arms so strong and bold,
Are reared; like squirrels the brave men climb
To the topmost story. Indeed, 'twere time—
"They all are saved!" said a voice below,
And a shout of triumph went up. But no—

"Not all—ah! no!"—'twas a mother's shriek;
The cry of a woman, agonized, weak,
Yet nerved to strength by her deep woe's power:
"*Great God, my child!*"—even strong men cower
'Neath such a cry. "*Oh, save my child!*"
She screamed in accents, sorrowful, wild.
Up the ladders, a dozen men
Rushed in generous rivalry then,
Bravely facing a terrible fate.
Breathless the crowd below await.
See! There's one who has gained the sill
Of yonder window. Now, with a will,
He bursts the sash with his sturdy blow;
And it rattles down on the pave below.
Now, he has disappeared from sight—
Faces below are ashen and white,
In that terrible moment. Then a cry
Of joy goes up to the flame-lit sky—
Goes up to welcome him back to life.
God help him now in his terrible strife.
Once more he mounts the giddy sill,
Cool and steady and fearless still;
Once more he grasps the ladder—see!
What is it he holds so tenderly?
Thousands of tearful, up-turned eyes
Are watching him now; and with eager cries
And sobs and cheerings, the air is rent
As he slowly retraces the long descent,
And the child is saved!
Ah! ye who mourn
For chivalry dead, in the days long gone,
And prate of the valor of olden time,
Remember this deed of love sublime,

And know that knightly deeds, and bold,
Are as plentiful now as in days of old.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

THE doctors say 'tis good for health,
To laugh and ha, ha, ha;
So casting nauseous drugs away,
We'll take a ha, ha, ha.
The panacea's found at last,
A hearty ha, ha, ha;
A universal remedy,
And gratis, too, ha, ha.

Dyspepsia's cure, then sing aloud,
The triumphs of ha ha!
The "Blues" will march off "double quick"
At tune of ha, ha, ha.
But oh! if cheerfulness prevail,
And *all* shall ha, ha, ha;
Physicians' bills will be so short,
That *they* won't ha, ha, ha!

But no, the M.D.'s need not fear
This general ha, ha, ha;
There's many sad, mistaken folks,
Who never will ha, ha.
First, there's morose and gloomy ones,
They will not ha, ha, ha;
'Tis "*awful* wicked," such a "*sin*"
They say, to ha, ha, ha.

And then there are your stately folks,
  They will not ha, ha, ha;
They've too much dignity, to join
  A boisterous ha, ha, ha.
If one should chance to "crack a joke,"
  And others ha, ha, ha;
They blandly smile, with graceful nod,
  But oh! don't ha, ha, ha.

Some wondrous wise ones, too, will tell,
  'Tis foolish, to ha, ha;
And yet there's true *philosophy*,
  In cheering ha, ha, ha.
These glum, wise people and polite,
  Who never ha, ha, ha;
May fee the doctors, while *we* sing
  A merry ha, ha, ha.

MRS. C. M. PEAT.

"BAY BILLY."

'TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg—
  Perhaps the day you reck,
Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
  Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
  The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
  And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
  The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, reformed,
  And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
  Spurred up a General's Aid.
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
  He cried, as past he sped.
Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
  And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
  The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
  And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
  "God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
  That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
  We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
  We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half way up,
  When, midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
  Beneath our bay'nets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
  Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went up with him. Back we swept,
  And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge again!" no man was there
  But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
  The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line
  The Colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
  His nostril swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
  The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
  That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say
  Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-Second charge
  If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
  And gazed a little space;
Above the floating mane we missed
  The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
  And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
  As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
  A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
  And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
  Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
  We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
  To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
  Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
  It said, Awake, arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
  Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
  Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
  The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
  The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
  Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon
  Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
  For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
  When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
  The solemn Sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
  As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
  The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
  Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
  Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
  All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
  Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
  The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder straps on earth
  Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
  When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
  The whole line answered "Here!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

"THE KING'S MISSIVE, 1661."

UNDER the great hill sloping bare
  To cove and meadow and Common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
  Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.
A grave, strong man who knew no peer
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out
  The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,
Harried the heathen round about,
  And whipped the Quakers from town to town.
Earnest and honest, a man at need
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy commonweal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
  With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;
"Woe's me!" he murmured, "at every turn
  The pestilent Quakers are in my path.
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,
Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
  The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
  Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the word,
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk,
  Entered, and whispered under breath,
"There awaits below for the hangman's work
  A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship,
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on his chamber floor
  Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
  The governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
  Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,
With a quiet smile, "By the King's command
  I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the governor's hand a missive he laid,
With the royal arms on its seal displayed;
And the proud man spake, as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:
  "The King commandeth your friends' release.
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
  To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
  And like Daniel out of the lion's den
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
  With age-bowed women and gray-locked men.
And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands,
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

And one, whose call was to minister
  To the souls in prison, beside him went,
An ancient woman, bearing with her
  The linen shroud for his burial meant.
For she, not counting her own life dear,
In the strength of a love that cast out fear,
Had watched and served where her brethren died.
Like those who waited the Cross beside.

One moment they paused on their way to look
  On the martyr graves by the Common side,
And much-scourged Wharton of Salem took
  His burden of prophecy up, and cried—
"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain;
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors crowned,
With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still
  On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill
  Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
  The sumach added its crimson fleck,
And double in air and water showed
  The tinted maples along the Neck;
Through frost-flower clusters of pale star-mist,
And gentian fringes of amethyst,
And royal plumes of the golden-rod,
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw
  The world about them; they only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
  Of the great deliverance God had wrought.
Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisily followed them up and down;
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din;
  Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn—
  "Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
  When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
  And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay.
The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And bands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,
  Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,
  And wolves of heresy prowling free.
But the years went on, and brought no wrong;
With milder counsels the state grew strong,
As outward letter and inward light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit, perishing not,
  To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
  That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and good-will
The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where its martyrs died.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE.

Baby and I were going to Uncle Brown's to spend the day. I hardly know which anticipated the most pleasure from the visit. Baby—though she had such an infantile pet name—was three years old; but then she was our "only one," and we loved best to call her Baby. Baby was fully conscious of the pleasures of a visit to Uncle Brown's large farm. For there were chickens, little pigs, cows, calves—and best of all, the *lambs* to see. And Baby knew, too, that her boy cousins, Jonnie and Georgie, were never tired of showing her all those, or in any way administering to her pleasure. And I, too, as Baby's mother, entered into her pleasure of these things, with thoughts of nice long chats with Cousin Sue, on domestic matters, and the pleasant walk I should have over the hills and through the meadows.

And so I put Baby to bed the night beforehand, she prattling of lambs and chickies, and stopping in the middle of "Now I lay me," to ask if Uncle Brown would show her the *colt*. And I, looking with an anxious eye at the dark clouds rolling in the west, said—"If it rains to-morrow, Baby, we'll go next day."

"Oh, but I *dess* it wont," lisped she; and shutting her eyes was fast asleep in two minutes.

But in the morning, though it didn't rain, the thick fog covered everything. The trees dripped with moisture, and the sun vainly strove to penetrate the mist. "Shant we go, mamma?" asked Baby when I dressed her.

"I am afraid not," I replied.

For a moment the little face looked as lowering as the clouds; but Baby was too sunny herself to look

cloudy long, and she eagerly cried—"But we'll go to-morrow, and that will do just as well!"

Darling Baby, how often did her patience, her cheerfulness over disappointments rebuke me. After breakfast Baby went to her play, and I to clearing the table. By-and-by I saw that the fog lifted itself somewhat, and that at times the sun almost peeped through.

"Baby," I said, "If the sun comes out and the blue sky shows, we'll go to uncle's to-day."

After that, Baby ran to the door and window many times in an hour, to see if she could find any blue sky. Seeing me watching the clouds with an anxious eye, she came to the door, and putting her little face with its brown bits of curls shading it, outside the door, called out—"There's blue sky somewhere, mamma." I suppose a rift in the fog showed it to her, for she called instantly—"I don't see it *now*, but it's *somewhere*. Let's get our things and go, mamma—the blue sky is coming."

Sure enough, in an hour it was *all* blue sky, and Baby and I were on our way to Uncle Brown's.

* * * * * * *

Three months after, and I stood beside Baby's crib, but not to hear her repeat with lisping tones her little prayer. The little brown curls I was so proud of were not then stirred by the soft breath of slumber. The little busy, restless fingers were very quiet then, for Baby was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking *here*.

Oh! ye mothers who have stood *thus* beside your darlings, only *ye* can pity me. And she was our only one! As I stood watching the precious form, something brought her words back to me—"There's blue sky somewhere,

mamma." "Oh, my dear Baby!" I cried, your sky is all blue *now*, and mine is *so dark*. And the bitter tears came like rain. They did my heart good, and beside my dead baby's form I prayed that God would help me bear my sorrow—and that, above all, my grief would never make me selfish; that the love I gave to her may now go out to any who may need it.

Do you think I have forgotten my child when I tell you that I've been very happy since she died? Not so. Her memory is the one precious thing of my life. Yet I see the *blue sky*. Sometimes the mist comes over it. Sometimes it seems very dark to me. Yet I know it's *somewhere*. Behind the clouds, maybe—but it's there. By-and-by I shall see it. "Blue sky" means *God's love* to me. I don't always see it. I can't always understand why the way is dark and the clouds cover me, but God knows. Behind it all is the blue sky; and soon I shall see it; and so I try and walk by faith—often stumbling—often soiling myself with earthly matters. Often walking with uncertain steps; yet when the way seems darkest, and I grope blindly, lo! the blue sky; and I see God's hand is leading me on.

Oh, ye sorrowing ones, lift up your heads—God's love is over you. By-and-by—*soon*, if ye look for it—you will see the blue sky.

VARA.

CONEY ISLAND DOWN DER PAY.

VONCE I dook a trib to Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.
On der poad I eat some grullers
Vor to pass der dime avay;

Bud I tole you, dem same grullers
  Dey vas so rich, dey would not sthay;
So I lefd dem down to Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay.

Dhen I dook a schwim ad Coney,
  I dook a bath vile I vas dhere;
Und der first ding dot dey tole me,
  Vas to jump und vet mine hair;
So I dook me py dose billows
  Dot game ribbling ub dot vay,
Und said, "Id's nice to pe ad Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay."

Dey hafe nice bath-clothes down ad Coney.
  Bud mine, dey would not fid at all;
I heard a feller say pehind me,
  "Fids like der paber on der vall!"
I dought me dot I'd dake a reef in,
  Unt tied a knot I dought would sthay;
Den I dook a dive ad Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay.

Maype you have schwimmed ad Coney,
  Und knows yust how id vas yourself;
Ven I gum up—I dought I'd nefer—
  I vanted to lay on a shelf.
Und my clothes—dey most forsook me;
  Dey really, almost got avay,
Ven I vas oud of sight ad Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay.

So I dought me down ad Coney,
  I dinks dot I hafe got enuff;

I don'd fancy dhem sehmall wavelets
  Ven dhey handle me so rough.
So I settled for my bath-elothes,
  Der elothes dot almost vent asthray,
Und said, "I could not schwim at Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay."

Dhen I watched der folks ad Coney;
  Dey dought dot I vas General Grant;
Dey said, "Come ub, und have some dinner;"
  Bud I had to say, "I can't."
For you see I vas unsettled;
  I eouldn't gife der grub fair play;
Yust see vot I lost ad Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay.

I set me on der sand ad Coney;
  I vas not dinking of der sea,
Ven der vaves, dey dook a tumble,
  Dey dook a tumble over me.
Oh, I feld me like der mischief;
  I didn't, I couldn't know vat to say.
Dhere I stood, vet through at Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay.

I said, "I'fe got enuff of Coney,"
  Und struek a bee line for der train;
Der peoples come out on der platform,
  Und dhey all asked me—"Did it rain?"
Ad home, mine frou says, "Vats der matter,
  Jakey, vat makes you look dot vay?"
I says, "Katrine, I'fe been to Coney,
  Coney Island down der pay."

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

OLD FOLKS?

AH, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis wintry weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
Had our roses long ago,
And the time of year has come, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

TWO gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.

A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think.

A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, dark hand;
She looks him fairly in the face;
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command,
"There's blood enough in this lorn land.
But see! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude;
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both. . . . . Stand either side!
Take you my left, tall Idaho;
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low

Across the waters wild and wide.
See! leaning so this morn, I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!

"Now, this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have both heart and hand."

Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox tails in his hair.
But one with face of proud delight
Entwined a crest of snowy white.

She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round,
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.
Now side by side the rivals plied,
Yet no man wasted word or breath;
All was as still as stream of death.
Now side by side their strength was tried,
They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the climbing crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
And tears are streaming from her eyes:

"O splendid, kingly Idaho,
I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now
My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet! Why falter so?
Come! Come! What thing has crossed your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
O come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why, there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and, hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath! . . . . He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me. . . .
Hist! Softly! Let him come and see.

"O come! my white crowned hero, come!
O come! and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.
Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair:
The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O heaven! save
My brave, brave boy. He rises! See!
Hold fast, my boy! Strike! strike for me!
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—

O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
His face has perished from my sight!

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
O here is some mad, mad, mistake!
What you! The red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from a race?
What! you have brought me berries red?
What! You have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly red fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood, between your teeth!

"Lie still! lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore. . . .
Ha! Ha! Take that! and that! and that!
Ha! Ha! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines! . . . Two fox tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.

"But what is this? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
And dripping from his streaming hair?
It is! it is my Idaho!
His feet are on the land, and fair
His face is lifting to my face,
For who shall now dispute the race?

"The gray hawks pass, O love! two doves
O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves.
My love shall heal your wounded breast,
And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence; "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "If you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent gloom,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking
A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violoncello
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

MAKE me a statue, said the King,
Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne, at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!

The sculptor heard the King's command
And went upon his way;

He had no marble, but he meant,
With willing mind and high intent,
  To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought in clay,
  But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain;
  It lay beyond his thought

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
  To-morrow it stood still,
The third day all went well again;
Thus year by year, in joy and pain,
  He served his master's will.

At last his life-long work was done;
  It was a fateful day;
He took the statue to the King,
And trembled like a guilty thing,
  Because it was but clay.

Where is my statue? asked the King;
  Here, Lord, the Sculptor said:
But I commanded marble: true,
I had not that, what could I do
  But mould in clay instead.

Thou shalt not unrewarded go
  Since thou hast done thy best,
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
  For I will do the rest.

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
The marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel, pure as snow.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

"YES, I liked you at first, I must confess,
And a week ago I might have been won,
But that is all over," she pensively sighed,
For I find you are only a younger son."

There was silence awhile on that Alpine height.
They could hear the sound of a mountain stream;
He twirled his moustache and his alpenstock,
While she softly warbled, "It was a Dream."

"We leave to-morrow for France," she resumed,
"I hope I shall meet you at Paris next spring;
But *don't* say I've flirted, for culture, you know,
Is hardly consistent with that sort of thing."

"If it's not a flirtation, what, under heaven,
Would your ladyship call it?" he fiercely said,
And the question, I own, is one that well
Might bother the average British head.

She turned her face to the rosy west
Where the flush of dying day still glowed;
"'Tis nothing," she pouted, reflectively,
"But an 'international episode."

ELIZA C. HALL.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair, good name was wilted;
And friends, once fond, grew cold and stilted,
And life was *worse* than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the *wide world heard!*

'Twas but *one whisper—one,*
That muttered low, for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name—
And yet *its work was done.*

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power
A human soul in one short hour
Lies *crushed* beneath its blight!

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air.
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air.
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW.

REST.

WHEN round the earth the Father's hand
Has gently drawn the dark,
Sent off the sun to fresher lands,
And curtained in the lark,
'Tis sweet, all tired with glowing day
To fade with fading light;
To lie once more the weary way
Upfolded in the night.

If mothers o'er our slumbers bend
And unripe kisses reap,
In soothing dreams with sleep they blend,
Till even in dreams we sleep.
And if we wake while night is dumb,
'Tis sweet to turn and say,
It is an hour ere dawning come,
And I will sleep till day.

There is a dearer, warmer bed,
Where one all day may lie,
Earth's bosom pillowing the head,
And let the world go by.
There come no watching mother's eyes;
The stars instead look down,
Upon it breaks and silent dies,
The murmur of the town.

The great world shouting forward fares.
  This chamber, *hid from none,*
Hides safe from all, for no one cares
  For him whose work is done.
Cheer thee, my friend, bethink thee how
  A certain unknown place,
Or here or there, is waiting now
  To rest thee from thy race.

Nay, nay, not there, the rest from harms,
  The slow composèd breath,
Not there the folding of the arms,
  Not there the sleep of death;
It needs no curtained bed to hide
  The world with all its wars;
No grassy cover to divide
  From sun and moon and stars.

There is a rest that deeper grows
  In midst of *pain and strife,*
A mighty, conscious, willed repose,
  The death of deepest life.
To have and hold the precious prize
  No need of jealous bars;
But windows *open* to the skies,
  And skill to read the stars.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
  Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
  Never with anger hot.
For if an evil host should dare
  His very heart invest,
God is His deeper heart, and there
  He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
  And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
  Lie darkling ocean caves;
The wind of *words* may toss my heart,
  But what is that to me;
'Tis but a *surface storm—thou art*
  My *deep, still, resting sea.*

GEO. MACDONALD.

CARL.

CURLY-haired Carl! Were a blithesomer mate
  For a ride o'er the snow to be wished for than he?
Yet it were well not to linger too late;
  The pines are in shadow, the flakes dance and flee,
Crisp on the white ground the patter and clack
  Of hoofs beating briskly; and sharp through the air
Rise ripples of laughter; the bridles hang slack,
  And hand touches hand. She is frolic and fair,
Sunny-eyed Marguerite, brightest of girls,
With teeth gleaming whitely, and tumble of curls.

"You! Gallant Carl, so they call you! No doubt,
  Bayard the brave were a whipster to you."
Gretchen the winsome can wickedly flout
  Red curling lips, and arch eyes flashing blue
Wing home her taunts. So he flushes and sets
  Teeth under lips that are wreathed in a smile.
"Now truce, mocking sprite, to your feignèd regrets
  At fair chivalry's flight. Give me glances the while,
And what man may dare to win loyalty's meed,
I, Carl, and no Bayard, will venture at need."

Quick rings her laughter, sledge-bell at full flight
  Never sounded more silvery musical. "You?
Easy is talking, sir spur-lacking knight,
  Were death at my lips, sirrah, what would you do?"
Curly-haired Carl bendeth suddenly. "Hawk
  Should stoop straight to its quarry," laughs she, as her lips
Deftly evade him. "Sir Carl, you can talk,
  But you do not strike home; feeble sword, sir, that slips.
What dare you—for love?" Smileth Carl, "it were best,
Oh, vow-flouting lady, to wait till the test!"

On through the snow; for the wood-shadows blacken,
  The night wind is waking, the pine branches sigh,
They laugh as they fly; for their speed may not slacken.
  "Now swift! Stride for stride, Carl!" Hist! What is that cry?
Faces, mirth-flushed and wind-beaten, grow white,
  Deep bite the spur-points, and bridles shake free;
Didst e'er hear the yelling of wolves through the night!
  Harsh, hoarse devil's music that murders all glee.
Now Brocken, now Fleetfoot, give proof of your pace,
For hundred-mouthed death is behind in full chase!

One breathless mile is ticked off from the three
  By heart-beats that throb to the pulses of fear;
Swift! Flash along! Flying skirts, tresses free;
  For death on the track yelleth near and more near.
"Courage!" cries Carl, "we've the pace of them yet."
  White is her face, and her breath shudders short;
Watchful his eyes, and his teeth tightly set,
  Bravo, bravo Brocken! well leapt! never port
More eagerly looked for by storm-driven bark
Than the red village lights as they flash through the dark.

Two breathless miles! But the swift-sweeping pack
  Of mad, yelling demons, have gained in their flight.
O God! half a mile; and her gallop is slack!
  Those hell-litten eyes how they gleam through the
    night!
But one minute more! Gracious heaven above!
  Too late? Now the test! His voice ringeth loud:
"Ride on, and farewell! But remember for love!"
  Then right in the path of the hideous crowd
Brave Carl hath drawn bridle, and leapt to the ground,
And a hundred hot hell-hounds have hemmed him around.

Yon little brown woman, belle Marguerite? Nay,
  Brave Carl as you know, is beau-garcon no more.
Those devil-hounds marked him. We fellows made play
  Not a second too soon. Ah! the hideous roar
Of rage and base fear from that hot-throated pack
  As we plunged, heaven sent, through the pines in their
    rear,
Two dozen lank demons stretched dead in a crack!
  But Carl, gallant Carl! Oh the sickening fear
That struck to my heart as I lifted his head,
His bonny boy-face all so furrowed and red!

He lived, scarred and seamed as you know him. I hold
  No battle-marks borne with more honor. But she?
Beauty seeks beauty. She shrank and grew cold
  Slowly, half ashamed, but the thing had to be,
Not heart enough for the trial? Just so
  Many a winsome one fails at the push.
Carl has the little brown woman—I know
  She hasn't belle Marguerite's sparkle and flush:
But she has the secret that sets her above,
The shallow bright sort. She would die, sir, "for love."

ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill.

. . . . . .

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore.

. . . . . .

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; at times,

. . . . . .

When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would, if ask'd, deny it.

. . . . . .

Once, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years.

. . . . . .

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Another hand had crept across his trade
Taking her bread and his: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,
And her he loved a beggar: then he prayed
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'

And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

. . . . . .

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day, by night renewed,
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her and his dear children, not to go.
He, not for his own self caring, but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

. . . . . .

And Enoch faced that morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go."
At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here—
He named the day;—get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face and laugh at all your fears."

. . . . . Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
Hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrowed a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.
. . . . . .

Now the third child was sickly born and grew
Yet sicklier. . . . . .
Ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
Passed through the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? Not to see the world.
For pleasure? Nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.

. . . . . .

I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well to do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face;
But he'll repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

. . . . . .

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and though for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,

With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude,
Light on a broken word to thank him with;
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
They called him Father Philip Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream.

. . . . . .

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they called him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
"Come with us Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? And they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, "let me rest," she said:
So Philip rested with her, well-content;

. . . . . .

And Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood."

. . . . . .

Then coming somewhat closer spoke again.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of his creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
"You've been as God's good angel in our house
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? Can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? What is it that you ask?"

"I am content," he answered, "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "O," she cried,
Scared, as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while;
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
"Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried—

. . . . . .

Here both were mute, till Philip, glancing up,
Arose and sent his voice into the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

. . . . . .

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed;
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

. . . . . .

But when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renewed,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sail'd
The ship "Good Fortune," at the setting forth.
Less lucky was her home voyage; there came
A storm, such as drove her, under moonless heavens,
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

. . . . . .

One, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death in life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "wait."

. . . . . .

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
And when to these the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home.

Home—what home? Had he a home?
Down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle), crept,
Still downward, thinking "dead, or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm eaten, ruinously old
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,
So broken—all the story of his house.

. . . . . .

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy."

. . . . . .

But when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

. . . . . .

And the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice "a sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

TENNYSON.

THE LESSON.

A VILLAGE school room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery:
The dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sun of his spirit sharp and keen;
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low;
And some, like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire:
And, as aye, some unco dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron-streamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this glaikit class?"
The dominie sighed aweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell.
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want ye to show me the meaning plain
O' patience; sin' ow'r an' ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roguish twinkle, soberly said:
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

MARY B. DODGE.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The composition of man is threefold; physical, intellectual, and moral. It is the justly proportioned composition of these three that constitutes the real excellence of perfect manhood—that creature made a little lower than the angels, the noblest image of God.

Perhaps no character in history can be pronounced truly great without this combination; certainly not if the moral attributes be deficient.

All of the qualities which belong to the "noble family of truth," which engender love of country, and promote the good of mankind and the glory of God, are born and bred in the moral nature of man, from which likewise spring the evil qualities which afflict and debase the world. That system of ethics, therefore, which best succeeds in developing the excellences of our moral nature, is the one which most commends itself to our race. The noble characters which it produces are justly held up as living, practical examples of the excellence of its principles.

Viewed with reference to these facts, George Washington may be justly considered one of the greatest men whom the world has produced. Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in each of these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. That one grand, rounded life, full-

orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame upon earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, courteous, brave, Christian gentleman. In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen; to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth.

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

A PRACTICAL YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG Julius Jones loved Susan Slade;
And oft, in dulcet tones,
He vainly had besought the maid
To take the name of Jones.

"Wert thou but solid, then, be sure
'Twould be all right," said she;
"But, Mr. J., whilst thou art poor
Pray think no more of me."

Poor Jones was sad; his coat was bad;
His salary was worse;
But hope suggested: "Jones, my lad,
Just try the power of verse."

He set him down and wrote in rhyme,
How she was in her spring,

And he in summer's golden prime—
  And all that sort of thing.

The poem praised her hair and eyes—
  Her lips, with honey laden.
He wound it up—up in the skies—
  And mailed it to the maiden.

She read it over, kept it clean,
  Put on her finest raiment,
And took it to a magazine,
  And got ten dollars payment.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

I, WHO was always counted, they say,
  Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
  Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
  So *over the hill to the poor-house!*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about;

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried and prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well.

An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;
And held back neither work nor gold,
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it agoin' myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin', winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes·

I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother! I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);

But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether on the big book, a blot
Get's over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house.*

WILL CARLETON.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children. And let the beauty of the

LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

BIBLE.

PEACE IN GOD.

"Let my soul calm itself in Thee: I say, let the great sea of my soul, that swelleth with waves, calm itself in Thee."—*St. Augustine.*

LIFE'S mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and *rolled* for ages, to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul *calm* itself, *Oh Christ, in Thee!*

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain,
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain.
Oh, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, Oh Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of life and death
Thou standest, *loving, guiding, not* explaining.
We ask, and Thou art silent; but we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining—
No crushing fate; no stony destiny—
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,

From far-off worlds, from *dim, eternal shores,*
  Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strand;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, Oh risen Lord, in Thee.

Thy piercèd hand *guides* the mysterious wheels,
  Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore
  Thy patient voice saith: "Watch with me one hour."
As sinks the moaning revel in the sea,
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

BEECHER ON EGGS.

I NEVER come upon a nest of eggs, secreted by the hen most conscientiously, and unknown to the most searching housekeeper, without a sense of boyish delight, which would bring down on me the reproving looks and grave admonitions from all who have an awful sense of the proper dignity of ministers. But I have no doubt soda and acids come together with the very best of resolutions. They are determined to restrain themselves and not foam over. Yet the very first drop of water sets them off, and they make bubbles and throw them in each other's face at a furious rate, in spite of the efforts at self government. Now what is to be done about it? Were they not made so? And are not some people made so as to effervesce easily? Why they were made so is a question that should be addressed to another quarter.

Well, I was saying that the discovery of hidden eggs was always an excitement, and there have been times

when the excitement was prolonged and extreme. It chanced in this wise, and in the goodly State of Indiana.

No more neat, careful, exact, and scrupulous housekeeper ever was seen in the Hoosier State than our fair landlady, who had us in special charge during the absence of our proper head and queen, who sought health on the seaboard. An old-fashioned barn there was, huge in the middle, with a variety of sheds, lean-tos, stables, and carriage houses projecting on every side of it, as if the barn had settled a family of little barns all around it. It was a family barn, beloved of hens and boys. For in its roomy interior and in the passages, bins, nooks and corners, all sorts of frolics might be carried on; while an occasional "peak" at the cracks would keep them informed when the old man was coming.

But hens, who have a secretive tendency, a modesty of the nest, find their paradise in such a voluminous barn. Here they may lay in silence, and proclaim it in vociferous cackle, bringing down the whole barnyard in chorus, and waking echoes in the neighboring hen yards; and yet the searcher finds nothing!

"That pesky hen! she lays every day, and yet we are none the better for her eggs. I wonder where she hides! If Harry was half as smart as his father, I know that he could find that nest."

Again and again came the exultant cackle, and again and again we were without custards?

And so, one mellow autumn day, we wandered through the garden and strolled into the barn. It was not so full but that it had the sense of great space. It was festooned with cobwebs, and had all the tribes of spiders that hide in half lights We climbed the beams, we jumped down from far up on the hay, and finally, after sundry amusements, lay down by the side where the shrunk boards

gave us an inspection-crack, from which we swept the neighborhood—saw and were unseen. Soon we heard the least possible sound of a foot on the hay. Turning our head, we beheld the productive but unprofitable hen stealing toward her secret nest. It was the one time too often. We knew as much as she did.

How rapacious are all conquerors! There was the rounded nest, well sunk in the corner, full, brimful of eggs—thirteen, besides one for a nest egg! As Oriental kings despoil a captured city, rob from a people, pull down their choice architecture and quite discrown its beauty, so we found the nest glowing white as marble, and left it—like hay.

Is there not a Providence for hens? Is there not a fate that follows the most obscure and unwatched violence?

We put the eggs safely in our coat-tail pocket, and walked cautiously. It recalled a piece of disreputable carelessness on our father's part, who once sat down on a dozen eggs, and went up as if every egg was a bomb, and every bomb an explosion. But then he was a notoriously absent-minded man. His very example was our safety. And yet we dwelt with some inward mirth, as we walked to the house, on the ludicrous figure which our father cut. Dinner was spread as we came in. Some questions came up which diverted our thoughts from the discovery of the nest—indeed, we forgot that we had eggs about us, and drew up to the table and sat down with an alacrity which was only equaled by the spring with which we got up.

"Gracious!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!"

"Are you sick? Do let—"

I drew my hand from my pocket streaming with liquid chicken, never to be born, and the disgusting secret was out! That woman was a saint! My pockets were duly cleansed, without one cutting word. I can imagine the process, but never like to dwell upon it. Would you believe it, the same thing happened in a few weeks again? It did, and to the very same person! But never since then, no—never! From that day to this we do not remember ever to have even taken an egg.

1. When I see a man who allows himself to be puffed up and flattered, I know that his time will come when he will sit down on his eggs.

2. When I see men who are robbing, right and left, and filling their pockets with unlawful wealth which other men earned, I say, "You will sit down on those eggs yet."

3. When over-cunning men think that they can outwit all their fellows, and are exulting at the success which their shrewdness has achieved, I say to myself, "Fill your pockets! By-and-by you will sit down on those eggs."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

"BEAUTIFUL!" mebby it be, bairn,
Folk moastly praise t' sea;
But I'se lived nigh hand it ower lang,
It's mäan like a gräve to me.

Dost see yon cottage upon t' hauf,
Where t' reck curls up to t' sky?
I'se bided there these fourscore year,
And there I hoapes to die.

It were a heartsome spot eneaf,
  For all it's se dowly now,
When feyther fettled his nets at neet,
  An t' childer laked on t' brow.

Feyther,—well, he were drouned, honey,
  I' t' year as I were wed,
We put him a stean, for respect, you know,
  In t' Churchgarth up on t' head.

Muther,—she deed at oor awn fireside,
  As wer nobbut reet and due;
I addles ma bit an sup frev t' sea,
  Winter and summer through.

Ma Mairster säiled for Hartlypool,
  When t' mackerel were agäte;
I'd ha like to lig by ma poor auld man;
  He wer a trusty mäte.

But never a priest might bless his gräve;
  He rowls i' t' grate salt sea;
T' rudder yoake an a cassen net
  Wer all that cam back to me.

I'd browt him first five stolart sons;
  Honey, when I lies dead,
But yan'll hearken t' bidding bell,
  An stan at t' coffin head.

But yan I said. How dars I say't?
  Will ever t' Noerth wind blaw,
An t' lifeboät launch mid t' boiling surf,
  Nor he be t' first to goa?

An I wadna stay him by a word;
  A man mun do his best,
When t' mariners strive wi t' sea and death,
  An God mun heed t' rest.

Oor first born sailed for t' Whälery;
  I know'd I'd na call ta pine;
We all are like to do oor wark,
  An it's better sune or syne.

But many a winter's neet I cried,
  For oor lad sa far away,
As t' tide cam thunnering ower t' reef,
  An its roar roase up t' bay.

At last they sighted t' Amazon,
  I seed her flag afar;
They shouted on t' pier, and tossed their caps,
  As she cam ower t' harbor bar.

She'd browt a wealth o' oil and bänes,
  As t' owner wer fain to see;
She'd browt back many a muther's son,
  But niver ma boy to me.

She'd none browt hame oor bonny lad;
  He wer left i' t' Greenland wäves;
Honey, dost think they'll rise as wick
  As them i' t' Churchgarth gräves?

Oor Harry wer lost, yan stormy neet,
  Off t' coast o' Elsinore;
I ofens thinks I hears his laugh,
  When t' gales t' loodest roar.

For he'd call it "beautiful" an all,
  Yon sea sa cruel and strong;
Ma wark wer set to hinder him
  Frev t' water all day long.

An t' others? Well, I'll tell the' bairn:
  'Twer an aternoon i' March,
An t' sea, frae Nab to Kettleness,
  Wer foäming white as t' starch.

T' sky wer coarse, an t' swell wer fierce,
  An t' wind blew waur and waur,
When a cry roase up frev t' crowded staithes,
  That a brig were fast on t' scaur.

They hauled t' lifeboät doun t' roäd;
  They'd naan to seek her crew—
T' Yorkshire lads are niver slack,
  Wi' parlous wark to do.

Oor boys wer there, oor George laughed out,
  As t' spräy dashed iv his fäce;
An Charlie shooted out ma näme,
  As he saw me in ma pläce.

His sweetheart stood agin me there—
  She wer a gradely lass—
Ther wer none sa stern in all t' toun,
  But smiled to see her pass.

But she went dateless, t' poor fond thing,
  Or ever t' morning grey
Rose ower t' sorrowful toun it left,
  That black and bitter day.

Thrice went t' boat thruf wind and wave,
  And thrice she wonned her home,
Till every saul in two brave barks
  Were snatched from t' kingdom come.

Folk thronged aroond to treat t' lads
  As wor spent wi' toil and drooth,
When thruf t' scud and mist they seed a ship,
  Drive right past t' harbor's mooth.

Ther wer plenty there, sea-faring men,
  An naither weak nor nesh,
An keen to tak a part at last,
  An man t' boat afresh.

But t' crew wer wilful an ower wrowt,
  They leapt frev t' edge o' t' pier,
An pushed her off mid t' breakers there.
  With naither wit nor fear.

Up yonder i' t' hoos iv Hagalythe,
  I'd wakkened a cheery low:
I knowed ma boys ud need a drop,
  For t' wind wer thick wi' snow.

An time had quietened half ma fear,
  I reckoned as t' warst wer done,
When I heerd a sudden fearful skrike,
  An t' grate crowd heaved an run.

I seed t' men dash amang t' surf,
  An t' women faant and flee;
I seed 'em rive t' capstan planks
  An fling 'em out iv t' sea.

She'd caught i' t' back sweep, close t'u t' bar,
  I'll hardlings tell the' more;
There wer twelve brave lads as started her;
  They drew but yan t'u t' shore.

Whisht, bairn, there's trouble ower deep for words;
  Lang sin I cried my fill;
I went next day, when t' wind were lound,
  Where t' waves had wrowt their will.

I fund 'em lying side by side;
  I seed 'em at ma feet;
Their eyes wer aupen, and fixed abuv,
  Their smile wer grave an sweet.

I seed 'em, oor two bonny lads,
  I'd nursed 'em at my breast;
Ill framed these withered hands o' mine
  To streak 'em for their rest.

They said oor cry went thruf t' land,
  To t' Queen upon her throan;
Brass cam eneaf to dry sum tears,
  Ere t' graves were owergrown.

It didna mickle gude to me,
  I knaw'd ma sorrow mesel;
I'se none sa fond o' seeking folk
  Of ma loansome hearth to tell.

Oor John will mebby cloase ma eyes—
  A reet good son is he;
But, bairn, if t' sea *be* "beautiful,"
  Doan't threep on it to me.

AN AMERICAN SPECIMEN.

LEAVING the Expedition outside to rest, I quartered myself in the chalet, with Harris, purposing to correct my journals and scientific observations before continuing the ascent of the Riffelberg. I had hardly begun my work when a tall, slender, vigorous American youth of about twenty-three, who was on his way down the mountain, entered and came toward me with the breezy self-complacency which is the adolescent's idea of the well bred ease of the man of the world. His hair was short and parted accurately in the middle, and he had all the look of an American person who would be likely to begin his signature with an initial, and spell his middle name out. He introduced himself, smiling a smirky smile borrowed from the courtiers of the stage, extended a fair-skinned talon, and whilst he gripped my hand in it he bent his body forward three times at the hips, as the stage courtier does, and said in the airiest and most condescending and patronizing way,—I quote his exact language,—

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, 'm sure; very glad indeed, assure you. I've read all your little efforts and greatly admired them, and when I heard you were here, I—"

I indicated a chair, and he sat down. This grandee was the grandson of an American of considerable note in his day, and not wholly forgotten yet,—a man who came so near being a great man that he was quite generally accounted one while he lived.

I slowly paced the floor, pondering scientific problems, and heard this conversation:—

Grandson. First visit to Europe?

Harris. Mine? Yes.

G. S. (With a soft reminiscent sigh suggestive of by-gone joys that may be tasted in their freshness but once.) Ah, I know what it is to you. A first visit!—ah, the romance of it! I wish I could feel it again.

H. Yes, I find it exceeds all my dreams. It is enchantment. I go—

G. S. (With a dainty gesture of the hand signifying, "Spare me your callow enthusiasms, good friend.") Yes, *I* know, I know; you go to cathedrals, and exclaim; and you drag through league-long picture galleries and exclaim; and you stand here, and there, and yonder, upon historic ground, and continue to exclaim; and you are permeated with your first crude conceptions of Art and are proud and happy. Ah, yes, proud and happy—that expresses it. Yes-yes, enjoy it—it is right—it is an innocent revel.

H. And you? Don't you do these things now?

G. S. I! O, that is *very* good! My dear sir, when you are as old a traveler as I am, you will not ask such a question as that. *I* visit the regulation gallery, moon around the regulation cathedral, do the worn round of the regulation sights *yet?*—Excuse me!

H. Well what *do* you do, then?

G. S. Do? I flit,—and flit,—for I am ever on the wing,—but I avoid the herd. To-day I am in Paris, to-morrow in Berlin, anon in Rome; but you would look for me in vain in the galleries of the Louvre or the common resorts of the gazers in those other capitals. If you would find me, you must look in the unvisited nooks and corners where others never think of going. One day you will find me making myself at home in some obscure peasant's cabin, another day you will find me in some forgotten castle worshiping some little gem of art which the careless eye has overlooked and which

the unexperienced would despise; again you will find me a guest in the inner sanctuaries of palaces while the herd is content to get a hurried glimpse of the unused chambers by feeing a servant.

H. You are a *guest* in such places?

G. S. And a welcome one.

H. It is surprising. How does it come?

G. S. My grandfather's name is a passport to all the courts in Europe. I have only to utter that name and every door is open to me. I flit from court to court at my own free will and pleasure, and am always welcome. I am as much at home in the palaces of Europe as you are among your relatives. I know every titled person in Europe, I think. I have my pockets full of invitations all the time. I am under promise now, to go to Italy, where I am to be the guest of a succession of the noblest houses in the land. In Berlin my life is a continued round of gayety in the Imperial palace. It is the same wherever I go.

H. It must be very pleasant. But it must make Boston seem a little slow when you are at home.

G. S. Yes, of course it does. But I don't go home much. There's no life there—little to feed a man's higher nature. Boston's very narrow, you know. She doesn't know it, and you couldn't convince her of it—so I say nothing when I'm there: where's the use? Yes, Boston is very narrow, but she has such a good opinion of herself that she can't see it. A man who has traveled as much as I have, and seen as much of the world, sees it plain enough, but he can't cure it, you know, so the best way is to leave it and seek a sphere which is more in harmony with his tastes and culture. I run across there, once a year, perhaps, when I have nothing important on hand, but I'm very soon back again. I spend my time in Europe.

H. I see. You map out your plans and—

G. S. No, excuse me. I don't map out any plans. I simply follow the inclination of the day. I am limited by no ties, no requirements, I am not bound in any way. I am too old a traveler to hamper myself with deliberate purposes. I am simply a traveler—an inveterate traveler—a man of the world, in a word,—I can call myself by no other name. I do not say, "I am going here, or I am going there"—I say nothing at all, I only act. For instance, next week you may find me the guest of a grandee of Spain, or you may find me off for Venice, or flitting toward Dresden. I shall probably go to Egypt presently; friends will say to friends, "He is at the Nile cataracts"—and at that very moment they will be surprised to learn that I'm away off yonder in India somewhere. I am a constant surprise to people. They are always saying, "Yes, he was in Jerusalem when we heard of him last, but goodness knows where he is now."

Presently the Grandson rose to leave—discovered he had an appointment with some Emperor, perhaps. He did his graces over again: gripped me with one talon at arm's length, pressed his hat against his stomach with the other, bent his body in the middle three times, murmuring,—

"Pleasure, 'm sure; great pleasure, 'm sure. Wish you much success."

Then he removed his gracious presence. It is a great and solemn thing to have a grandfather.

I have not purposed to misrepresent this boy in any way, for what little indignation he excited in me soon passed and left nothing behind it but compassion. One cannot keep up a grudge against a vacuum.

MARK TWAIN.

LITTLE FEET.

TWO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

Those white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load:
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.
Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet!

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty
Where sunlight never fades?
Will they go stumbling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?

Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be, to which this life is only
A round of happy days.
But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?
Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short, green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see,
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—

Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
  From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
  Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
  Do you think, sir, if you try,
  You can paint the look of a lie?
  If you can, pray have the grace
  To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:

    I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
  But that's no matter—paint it so;
    The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
  I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
      though
  A sharp blade struck through it.
                You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:—

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leed'ed a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like as there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's

mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not being able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered: "*Go it Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare? I paid my money and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with

powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

I tell you, it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his centre, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened

his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, ten-penny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-rlang! Bang! ! ! lang! perlang p-r-r-r-r-r! ! Bang! ! !

With that "bang!" he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I knowed no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a-treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

IN THE GARRET.

SARCASTIC people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs, and "among folks," and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated "has been's" and despised "used to be's," the old garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the old homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing; everything they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets; because they do contain the relics of the old and the past—remembrances of other and happier and simpler times. They have come to build houses nowadays without garrets. Impious innovation!

You man of bronze and "bearded like the pard," who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were a "toddlin' wee thing;" that you never wore a "ruffle-dress," or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and, maybe, took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs together—in that old fashioned, spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow old windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals "a dim religious light" upon a museum of things unnamable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they?—when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day "mother," wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the "Let us go up garret and play." And play! Precious little of "play" have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity, and your dreamings of ambition.

Here we are now in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the "Columbian Star." How familiar with the "Letters or papers for father?" And these same Stars, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fireside, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp? O! many a star has set since then, and many a new-tufted heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

Dive deeper into the barrel. There! A bundle, up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs! thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far; 184–, 183–, 182–,—before our time—180–, when our mothers were children. And the day-book—how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

There, you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now, by more than the "altitude of a copine." The beam is strewn with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is "the little wheel" that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet low song has ceased; and

perhaps—perhaps she who drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line, don't you?—

"Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more."

Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket within the house once; and contained a mother's jewels. The old red CRADLE, for all the world! And you occupied it once; ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little bark of love on the hither shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas "the children's swing." You are here, indeed, but where are NELLY and CHARLEY! There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land.

KNICKERBOCKER.

REPLY TO HAYNE.

THE honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn.

Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that, in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But the gentleman inquires why he was made the object of such a reply. Why was he singled out? If an attack had been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answer the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I choose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility without delay. But sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him in this debate from the consciousness

that I should find an overmatch if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestiæ*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate; a Senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an

answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing what opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset—or if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself on this occasion —I hope on no occasion—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to

give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

"WAIT a little," you say; right; an' I work an' I wait to the end.
I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife;
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father agreed;
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for year an' for years;
I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.

The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the bell,
"I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell."

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,
The men would say of the maids "Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all."
I didn't take heed o' them, but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields, "I'll never love any but you;"
"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,
Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha' forgot him somehow—
For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,
Married among the red berries, and all as merry as May—

Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;
An' he wrote "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;
I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest.

"Sweetheart"—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—
Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,
Before I quarrel'd with Harry—my quarrel—the first an' the last.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child;
"What can it matter my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
An' *she* wasn't one of the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."
An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir."
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said, "You were keeping with her,
When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."
An' he didn't speak for awhile, an' he anger'd me more and more.
Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be!"
"Bygones! you kept yours hush'd," I said, "when you married me!
Bygones ma' be come-agains! I hate her—an' I hate you!"
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard; he was all wet thro' to the skin,

An' I never said "off wi' the wet," I never said "on wi' the dry,"
So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-by.
"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?"

"I had sooner be cursed than kissed!"—I didn't know well what I meant.
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he turned *his* face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, an' go to-night by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right"—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

VASHTI.

AHASUERUS reigned. Kinglier king
Never did poet praise or minstrel sing!
He had no peers. Crownèd queen,
Clasping the sceptre my small hands between,
I might have reigned, yet kept a heart as free
As this light breeze that sweeps the Persian Sea!
But, ah! I loved my king—O, woeful day of days!
Whose hours I number now in sad amaze,
That day Ahasuerus smiled and said,
"Since first I wore this crown upon my head,
Thrice have the emerald cluster of the vine
Changed to translucent globes of ruby wine:
And thrice the peaches on the loaded walls
Have rounded into gold and crimson balls.
The riches of my kingdom shall be shown,
And all my glorious majesty made known!"

Then came from far and near a hurrying throng
Of skilled and cunning workmen. All day long
And far into the silent night, they wrought;
Giving form to their great master's thought—
Till Shushan grew a marvel! Never yet
Yon rolling sun on fairer scene has set:
The palace windows were ablaze with light;
And Persia's lords were there, most richly dight
In broidered silks, or costliest cloth of gold,
That kept the sunshine in each lustrous fold:
Up from the gardens floated the perfume
Of rose and myrtle, pomegranate and orange bloom;
. . . . Softest music swept
Through the vast arches, till men smiled and wept

For very joy. Then slowly keeping time
To the gay cymbal's clearly ringing chime,
Stole down the long arcades the dancing girls;
Some with dark-braided tresses, some with sunny curls.
Wild waxed the revel.
On an ivory throne
Inlaid with ebony and gems that shone
With a surpassing lustre, sat my lord,
The king Ahasuerus. His great sword
Blazing with diamonds on hilt and blade—
The mighty sword that made his foes afraid,—
And the heavy crown his head refused to wear,
More fitly crowned by his own clustering hair,
Lay on a pearl-wrought cushion by his side,
Mute symbol of great Persia's power and pride.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of mirth;
Faster and faster flowed the red wine forth;
Till flushed with pride, and song, and wine,
The king rose up and said, "O nobles mine!
Princes of Persia, Media's hope and pride,
Stars of my kingdom, will ye aught beside?
Speak! and I swear your sovereign's will shall be,
On this fair night to please and honor ye!"
Then rose a shout from out the glittering throng,
Drowning the voice of merriment and song.
Out spoke at last a tongue that should have been
Palsied in foul dishonor there and then:
"Oh, great Ahasuerus! ne'er before
Reigned such a king so blest a people o'er!
What shall we ask? What great and wondrous boon
To crown the hours that fly away too soon?
There is but one. 'Tis said that mortal eyes
Never yet gazed in strange, yet sweet surprise,

Upon a face like that of her who wears
Thy signet ring, and all thy glory shares,—
Our fair Queen Vashti. Naught beside
Can fill our cup of happiness and pride."
A murmur ran throughout the startled crowd,
Swelling at last to plaudits long and loud.
Maddened with wine they knew not what they said:
Ahasuerus bent his haughty head,
And for an instant o'er his face there swept
A look his courtiers in their memory kept
For many a day—a look of doubt and pain
They scarcely caught ere it had passed again.
"My kingly word is pledged." Then to the seven
Lord Chamberlains to whom the keys were given:
"Haste ye, and to this noble presence bring
Vashti, the queen, with royal crown and ring."
They did their errand, those old gray-haired men,
Who should have braved the lion in his den,
Or ere they bore such message to their queen,
Or took such words their aged lips between.
"What! I, the daughter of a kingly race,
Step down, unblushing, from my lofty place,
And stand unveiled before the curious eyes
Of the mad rabble that with drunken cries
Were shouting 'Vashti! Vashti!'"
In wonder and affright,
At the fearful omens of that wild, mad night,
My maidens hung around me as I told
These seven lord chamberlains, so gray and old,
To bear this answer back: "It may not be.
My lord, my king, I cannot come to thee.
It is not meet that Persia's queen, like one
Who treads the market place from sun to sun,

Should bare her beauty to the hungry crowd
Who name her name in accents hoarse and loud."
With stern, cold looks they left me. Ah! I knew
If my dear lord to his best self were true,
That he would hold me guiltless, and would say,
"I thank thee, Vashti, that thou didst not obey!"
But the red wine was ruling o'er his brain;
The cruel wine that recked not of my pain.
Up from the angry throng a clamor rose;
The flattering sycophants were now my foes;
With slow, wise words, and many a virtuous frown,
One said, "Be the queen from her estate cast down!
Let her not see the king's face evermore,
Nor come within his presence as of yore;
So disobedient wives through all the land
Shall read the lesson, heed and understand."
Up spoke another, eager to be heard,
In royal councils fain to have a word:
"Let this commandment of the king be writ
In the law of the Medes and Persians, as is fit,
The perfect law that man may alter not,
Nor of its bitter end abate one jot."
Alas! the king was wroth. Before his face
I could not go to plead my piteous case;
And, ere the rising of the morrow's sun
My bitter doom was sealed, the deed was done."
Scarce had two moons passed, when one dreary night
I sat within my bower in woeful plight,
When suddenly upon my presence stole
A muffled form, whose shadow stirred my soul,
I knew not wherefore. Ere my tongue could speak,
Or with a cry the brooding silence break,
A low voice murmured, "Vashti!" with a bound
Of half-delirious joy, upon the ground

At the king's feet I fell. Pale and still,
Hushing my heart's cry with an iron will;
"What will the king?" I asked. No answer came,
But to his sad eyes leaped a sudden flame;
And when I saw the anguish in his eyes,
My tortured love burst forth in tears and cries.
Then were his lips unsealed. I cannot tell
All the wild words that I remember well.
Oh! was it joy or was it pain to know
That not alone I wept my weary woe?
Alas! I know not. But I know to-day—
If this be sin, forgive me, Heaven, I pray!—
That though his eyes have never looked on mine,
Since that sad night in bower of eglantine,
And fair Queen Esther sits a beauteous bride
In stately Shushan, at the monarch's side,
The king remembers Vashti, even yet,
Breathing her name sometimes with vain regret,
Or murmuring haply, in a whisper low,
"Woe for the heart that loved me long ago!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamoned out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir the "belle of the season"
  Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
  I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
  That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
  And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
  Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
  "And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
  With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
  And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change from the ditches
  And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
  Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
  To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
  By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
  And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
  In the glare of the great chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
  The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the midst of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
  And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
  And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
  Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
  And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
  Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
  With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
  On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
  From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
  To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
  That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
  And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Follinsbee's daughter,
  The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
  (Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
  I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
  Whatever's the meaning of that—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
  In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
  Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
  Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
  And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
  And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

LEAP YEAR IN THE VILLAGE WITH ONE GENTLEMAN.

AS PERFORMED BY THE ORATORY CLASS OF 1880.

Dramatis Personæ.

JEDEDIAH BROWN, A.M., PH.D., B.O.

MATILDA DIX, a fastidious lady.
REBECCA BARNABY, a young widow.
FRANCINA BARNABY, a literary lady.
HANNAH STAPLES, a model housekeeper.
ISABELLA SMITH, the village coquette.
} The *élite* of the village.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Parlor in the house of Matilda Dix.

MATILDA [*entering, with dusters, etc.*]—
Yes, yes; all is ready; not for a minute
Would I let that raw Irish girl's fingers be in it.
The tables are set, and the guests are invited;
Some twenty-five girls I know will feel slighted.
Five ladies in all, and there's only one beau,
Though I've thought of each man that the village can show,
From the minister down to the barber's apprentice,
And the lawyer's poor son who is *non compos mentis*.
I'm sure if another young man were in town
I should be most happy, but then Mr. Brown
Is so very pleasant.

Mrs. Dix [*behind the scenes*]—Matilda, the tarts need jelly;
The cookies, the pies and the rounds I've set in the cupboard.
Matilda—Yes, Mother, I hear you. I know all about them.
Though all want to know him, so far as I see
In one thing we're ahead, we have asked him to tea.
They say he's observing, and he can't have the blindness
To pass by unnoticed our evident kindness.
I'll take care of his *future* as well as his *present*,
For kindness, I know, is to every one pleasant.
I'm glad that he hasn't been asked thro' the town.
I'm sure his first hostess must please Mr. Brown.

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Sitting room at the home of the BARNABYS. FRANCINA *seated, reading. Table covered with books, scattered manuscript on the floor.*

Widow B. [*entering with an open letter in her hand*]—
Francina, my dear, the clock has struck six,
It is time you were dressing; you know that Miss Dix
Expects us at seven.
Francina [*looking languidly up*]—Yes, Webecca, I know,
But weally I haven't decided to go.
Widow B.—Not go! Mr. Brown will be there, and I think I shall go;
I wish to discountenance folly and show.
[*Turning to audience* FRAN. *resumes her reading.*]
They say he is truly a worthy young man;
If virtue can please him I know that I can.

I think joy is fleeting, and fame is a bubble;
I think all things earthly are worry and trouble;
I think what a withering blossom is beauty;
I think one's chief mission is doing one's duty.
All weakness is sin, and I think I can show
That each tempted young person should learn to say "No,"
And that Virtue on Folly should look with a frown;
Yes, I'll go; I think I shall please Mr. Brown. [*Exit.*

Francina—Well, since he'll be tha-ah, I think I shall go.
They say he's well wead, and I'm shu-ah he will know
What I have enduahed in this village, a denizen
With my passion for poetwy, my worship of Tennyson.
I wondah what style he pwefehs—the Bywonic,
Cold, calm and sewene, or the glowing Miltonic,
All thrilling with feeling, so wild, so delightful;
Perhaps he likes Shelley, but that would be fwightful,
For I haven't wead it. I'll ask if he's seen
Miss Edgeworth's last novel—Miss Muloch's I mean—
I mix up names stwangely—We'll speak of Longfellow.
We'll talk about (Shakespeare, Shakespeare, Shakespeare—
Who wote Shakespeare? Well, anyway, we'll talk about Shakespeare)
The dusty Othello
And his fair Cleopatwah, O, that will be charming!
The day will have moments well worthy embalming.
I'm shu-ah I shall show by my fine convwasation
I have moah genewal knowledge, moah weal information
Than all of the other young ladies in town.
Yes; I'll go, and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.
[*Exit, carrying armful of books.*]
Curtain.

SCENE III.

MISS SMITH'S *dressing room. Jewel box, rouge, powder, etc.. on table. Room in disorder.*

Miss Smith [*soliloquizes while completing her toilet*]—
Yeth, he will be there, and I think I *thall* go,
And I'll wear my new dreth, that will make a great thow;
And my mother will thay I thould dreth in another,
But I thay I will wear it in thpite of my mother.
My mother ith alwath afraid I thall hurt
Mitheth Grundy'th opinion of me if I flirt;
It ith alwath "O dear!" though I thcarcely have met
With a thoul in thith village with whom to coquette;
But I'll trifle with Bwown 'til I meet with another,
For I thay I will flirt jutht in thpite of my mother.
Let me thee—thith ith *leap year*—I vow I'll propothe,
Of courthe, 'twill be thcandalouth, but nobody knowth
How weary I am of thith dull, thtupid town;
For thome fun I'd knock all propriety down;
And really and truly I don't care a copper
If people do thay my behaviour'th improper.
But how thall I do it—a bon-bon—a rothe?
No; thome new way, not one that every one knowth.
I have it! A cute way that'th thure to thuctheed,
One I found in a book that but few people read.
My watch hath a picture—I think it will do—
A neat little cottage with "just room for two."
Aha! Mithter Bwown, you little do know
Of the mithchief that'th brewing for you when I go!
O, won't it be fun!—It'th a terrible pity
That brathlet ith broken; I want to look pretty—
[*Looks simperingly in the glass, powders, etc.*]
For when we are there I very well know

All the retht will be trying thome graces to show.
I'm thure he'll be shocked at Matilda'th protheedings,
And what will he care for Mith Barnaby'th readings,
And her thithter, he! he! he'll think the abthurdest
And oddest of creatures.—But I'll be—let me see—
What will I be. O! I'll be shrinking and modest,
For I've heard that a gentleman'th higheth felithity
Is in mingling with ladieth of charming thimplithity;
He at leatht thall putheive that I'm quite unathuming,
Like the dathieth one findth in the meadow-landth
blooming,
And I'll thoftly glanth up, and I'll meekly look down;
Yeth, I'll go, and I think I thall pleath Mr. Bwown.

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

Kitchen in MISS STAPLE'S *house.* HANNAH *discovered knitting, seated in a strait-backed wooden chair.*

Hannah — Ya-as, he will be tha-ar, and I think I
shall gao,
Tho' rely I scarce have the time to besta-ow;
But I'll take my work with me. They say he is sensible,
And all idleness surely he'll deem reprehensible.
The others may keep their hands folded while chatting,
I work, while I talk, and get on with my knitting;
For tho' they may flirt with the gay while thar
tarrying,
The woman a gentleman looks for in marrying
Is not one that merely can dance and embroider,
But a woman to keep the whole haousehold in order.
Na-ow when I took tea thare, Miss Barnaby's bread
Was as vinegar sour, and as heavy as lead;
But my cooking—I'd like to see pie-crust that's lighter,
Or bread that is sweeter or fresher or whiter;

And I could not keep ca-ount of the ja-oints I have
roasted—
In all ha-ousehold affairs I am thoroughly pa-osted,
And since practical thoughts must awake his attention,
I think it's but fair to myself just to mention
That I know sugar's up and that butter's da-own;
Ya-as, I'll go, and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.

Curtain.

SCENE V.

MR. BROWN'S *lodgings.* MR. B. *discovered seated in a rocking-chair, feet on back of another chair, coat off; an open letter in his hand.*

Mr. B. [*reading*]—"Compliments of Miss Matilda
Dix to Mr. Jedediah Brown,
Inviting him to meet the *élite* of the town,
On Wednesday, the 30th inst., at her home;
Hoping that if he kindly should come
She may make his *entrée* into village society—
An event in his life of great notoriety
As well as *importance.* And if it be pleasant,
She hopes very much Mr. Brown will be present."
[*Repeats*]—"Compliments of Miss Dix to Mr. Jedediah
Brown;"
Invites me to meet the *élite* of the town.
Well, they'll be there, and I 'spose I must go
To meet all those folks that I don't care to know—
The *élite* of the village—so the note tells;
Well, I shouldn't object to the country *belles.*
But see here! this is leap year. The girls do the suing
So the deuce only knows the mischief that's brewing.
"An event of importance"—a deep, dark suggestion
To marry, or not to marry, that'll be the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the soul to suffer
The jeers and banters of a teasing lover,
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by proposing, make the evil double.
To court, to marry, to be a batch no more;
And by a marriage say we end the score
Of heartaches, and the thousand natural ills
That bachelors are heir to. This fills
My mind with joy devout; but that the thought
Of something after marriage being caught
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear
Those ills we have than fly to others there.

[*Tragical exit.*]

Curtain.

ACT II, SCENE I.

House of MISS DIX. *Company assembled.* HANNAH *knitting.* FRANCINA *reading, lap full of books.* ISABELLA *playing on the piano.* WIDOW B. *sitting stiffly with arms folded. Knock at the door. Exit* MISS DIX. *Re-enter, accompanied by* MR. BROWN. *All simper.* ISABELLA *rises and comes forward.*

Matilda—Mr.—Mr. Jed-ediah Brown, A. M., PH. D., B. O., of Jonesville Academy, Jersey. Let me introduce to you Miss Isabella Smith, of our village. [*Miss S. makes an elaborate bow.*] This is the Widow Barnaby.

Mr. B. [*confusedly*]—Happy to meet the widow.

Matilda—This is Miss Staples [*old-fashioned courtesy*], and this is Miss Francina Barnaby.

Francina—Delighted, sir [*languishing bow*].

[MAT. *offers him a chair, and then, becoming confused, goes to sit in it herself; he sits at the same time.* M. *recovers herself and gets another chair. All the ladies draw up.* FRAN. *at his right,*

HAN. *at his left.* WIDOW B. *behind him.* ISABELLA *at* FRANCINA'S *right;* MAT. *at* HAN. *left.*]

Matilda—Pray, sir, do you find yourself comfortably seated?
And do take a fan, this room is so heated.
It's the first time you've mingled in village society,
[*Mr. B. tries to speak.*]
And to meet with a stranger is quite a variety.

Isabella—Yeth, we're so glad you've come, just to break the monotony;
Thith place ith good only for studying botany.
I'm terribly thick of thith mitherable town,
I think it ith horrid, don't you, Mr. Bwown?
[MR. B. *tries to speak.*]

Widow B.—Not horrid; I think it is wicked to grumble.
I like, for my part, to be thoughtful and humble.
I think it would be a most pleasant community
If people all lived here in quiet and unity.
Since from duty so often we've all of us swerved
It is better, far better, than we have deserved.
[MR. B. *tries to speak.*]

Hannah—Ya-as, there are some things quite pleasant in living up here;
One's eggs and one's butter are not half so dear
As they are in the cities below us, I'm told;
And then they're much better. Now, Father has sold
A great many eggs at just ninepence a dozen;
Mr. Jones bought them all, to send off to his cousin.
And I think you cannot get milk in the town
Like the milk of the country, don't you, Mr. Brown?
[MR. B. *tries to speak.*]

Matilda—Is the room light enough? I'm really uncertain;
If it pleases you, sir, I will lift up the curtain.
[*All speak together.* MR. B. *makes a frantic effort to reply.*]
Francina—I, too, like the countwy; 'mid tumult and twaffic
One fails in the city to list the sewaphic
Melodious bweathings of poetwy; I know
No bliss like communing with Bywon and Poe.
They seem in their genius of fate so defiant;
And then, too, I like the calm measure of Bwyant;
And Milton, that poet all others exceeding;
And Shakespeare I never should weawy of weading.
[*Picks up each book and hands it to him as she names the author.*]
I should love to have seen all those bards of wenown;
For I'm so fond of poetwy, aren't you, Mr. Bwown?
[MR. B. *smiles a hopeless assent, and* ISAB. *interrupts. They speak together.*]
And, dear Mr. Brown, I do earnestly hope
You love Homer and Virgil, and Dryden and Pope.
Miss S. [*poutingly*]—I'm timid; I shrink from the world'th garish frown,
And I cherith thecluthion; don't you, Mr. Brown?
Still I like the thity. O! ballth are entranthing;
I have an abtholute passion for danthing;
But all of latht winter I had to thit waiting,
For there wathn't one beau jutht to take me out thkating;
When I bought my new thkates I wath thuch a great dunthe
I thould really have liked to have tried them jutht onthe.

Francina—Well, I don't care for skating; such noisy employments
Don't suit me so well as sewener enjoyments;
I like to be bound by some witer's soft fetter—
Widow B—Yes, bound by a novel; 'twere very much better
If people read less, and thought very much more.
Matilda—Mr. Brown, is there not a strong draft from the door?
[*Runs toward the door to close it. All speak at once.*]
Francina—Well, I own that I like a good book to pewuse
Best of all things, unless 'tis to quietly muse
O'er the pictuahs that spwing undah Fancy's light touch, [*Exit* MAT.]
Though I nevah wite poetwy—at least, sir, not much.
[*Re-enter* MAT., *with plate of cakes, which she hands to* ISABELLA.]
Isabella—Oh! jumbles! Franthena, have thome jumbles.
Francina [*handing them to* MR. B.]—"Sweets to the sweet,"—as—as—Emahson says.
[*Throughout the whole* MR. B. *makes frantic efforts to speak.*]
Hannah—Well, talking of reading, I do not read much; I'm not fond of rhyme,
And the household affairs take up most of my time.
Isabella—Mithter Bwown—[*to Hannah*] Oh, excuthe me—Are you a relation
Of Mith Bwown that livth down by the Nottingham thtathion?
She's a charming girl, not tho horribly prudent,
And they thay she'th engaged to a Hanover student.

Widow B.—I think until people are fairly united
It is well not to say that their vows have been plighted,
For hearts they are fickle, and students at college
Have often more classical learning than knowledge
Of what is becoming. Francina, my dear,
Pray give us a song.

Francina—Oh, Webecca, I feah—
Hem—my cold is so bad—hem—my notes are at home.

Matilda—Yes, give us a song, Miss Barnaby—come.

[*Looks at* Miss S., *who jumps up and runs to the piano.* F. *hastily drops her books into* Mr. B's *lap, and secures possession of the piano stool.* Miss S. *then takes* F's *chair, next to* Mr. B.]

Isabella—Mr. Brown, will you eat philopena with me?

[*They eat. The others insist upon his eating with them also, so that all have his arm at once.* F. *having settled her dress and adjusted her eye glasses, sings, with operatic abandon.*]

Francina—"Oh, hast thou no feeling,
To see me kneeling,
My love revealing,
Day by day.
I'm not engaged to anothah;
I don't want any big bwothah;
Don't go home with anothah
And think no moah of me.
Long days I've been dweawy,
My eyes have been teawy,
My heart has been weawy,
Waiting foh thee.
But I'm not engaged to anothah," etc.

[*She turns to* Mr. B. *with a sweet smile which turns into indignation when she sees* Miss S. *seated beside him. She walks with great dignity to the*

other chair, and sits down on the books. They are crushed. She takes them in her lap, and looks anxiously to see if they are injured.]

Isabella—Franthena, my dear, your thong wath tho charming;
It'th effect upon me wath really alarming.

Francina [*to Mr. B.*]—I weally think that it would be pleasant
If one now and then, in this weawesome pwesent,
Mid people whose hearts are as fwigid as zewo—
[*With an indignant glance at* MISS S.]
Could meet with some knightly and worshipful hewo.

[*All speak together, screaming to make themselves heard; then all stop except* WIDOW B., *who continues in a loud, high tone.*]

What a withering blossom is beauty!
I think life's chief mission is doing one's du—

[*Stops in great confusion as* MR. B. *puts his hands over his ears.*]

Hannah—I think that these heroes are very unstable;
The woman that gets one will find he's unable—

Isabella—Oh! dear! for a hero I'm tired of waiting;
I'm content with a beau that will take me out thkating
In winter, and boating, you know, in the thummer—
I didn't mean a hint, though, at any new-comer.

Matilda [*coming forward with tray*]—Mr. Brown. Oh! young ladies, I owe an apology:
We have some very fine specimens here of geology—

[*Gives him the tray.* M., I., H. *and* F. *draw their chairs as close to his as possible, to examine the specimens. They completely exclude* WIDOW B.]

Widow B. [*indignantly*]—As the hours hasten by, I think I shall go;
Will you bring me my wraps in a minute or two?

[*All jump to their feet.*]

Isabella—And mine too, Matilda, my dear;
I've had thuch an evening, I'm glad I came here.

Matilda—'Tis pleasant to have you, dear ladies, you know;
But since you insist, of course you must go.

[F. *gathers up her books.*]

Hannah—Let me assist you to bring in the wraps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Isabella—Pray call on me thome time, my dear Mithter Bwown—
Thome evening thith week.

Francina [*interrupting*]—Oh! the choir of our town
Wants a tenah. You sing, do you not, Mr. Brown?

Isabella [*interrupting*]—We have thplendid thkating. You danth, Mr. Bwown?

Francina [*interrupting*]—At our house on Thursday, now do pway come down,
The Cicewo-Socwates-Shakespeare-Milton-Bywon Club will meet.
Now *do* come, it's suah to be a litewawy tweat.

[*Re-enter* M., *carrying* Mr. B.'s *hat, coat and cane, followed by* H., *carrying the ladies' wraps.* M. *drops the hat and cane.* F. *drops her books and picks up the hat.* I. *secures the cane.* H. *drops the wraps.* M. *waves them all off.*

Matilda—Mr. Brown, let me help you to put on your coat.

[Widow B. *puts on her own wraps. The others get hold of the coat, and all help him into it.* F. *puts his hat on.* I. *gives him his cane. Then, as they all hurry to get on their own wraps, the* Widow *marches majestically forward, takes* Mr. Brown's *arm, and marches him off with her.*]

Hannah—The Widow Barnaby!
Francina—Webecca!

Curtain.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Home of HANNAH STAPLES. *Enter* HANNAH *followed by* MR. B., *who carries her basket, two or three large shawls, etc.*

Hannah—Dew take a chair, my dear Mr. Braown;
I'm sure you look weary, and ought to sit daown.
[*Takes his hat and cane.*] As I am not lazy, like that Smith girl—the jilt!—
I'll be taking some stitches and finish my quilt.
I expect to leave nome some time you knaow,
And then 'twill be ready for me when I go.
[MR. B. *coughs.*] Toward a very bad cold you show a disposition;
Let me give you a daose of my composition.
[*Takes bottle and spoon from shelf and pours out a dose.* MR. B., *with a gesture of disgust, rushes frantically from the stage.*]
Well, naow! If he isn't gone! so there!
What made him go off so? Dew tell! I declare!
Well, there's no use of wastin' things,
And I'm used to tastin' things.
[*Takes the medicine herself.*]

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Home of FRANCINA BARNABY. *Enter* FRANCINA, *followed by* MR. BROWN, *hatless and disheveled, and loaded down with books, which he drops in the middle of the stage.*

Francina—Do take off youah coat, my deah Mr. Bwown.
Do let me assist you, and pway, sir, sit down.
[*Takes his coat and lays it on a chair on the other side of the room. Takes a chair beside him.*]
It weally has given me pleasuah exceeding
To learn that you, too, sir, are so fond of weading.
Mr. Brown—Yes, madam, my life would be dreary indeed
If I had not a book now and then, just to read.
Francina—I'm so glad you think so! You know that some men
Think a lady should not even look at a pen,
But should always be down in the kitchen below,
And know all about how the cooking should go—
Or the *knitting*; but I cannot see, for my paht,
Why cooking should always be placed above *aht*—
For weading *is* aht.
Mr. Brown—Yes, madam, indeed,
Every young lady should know how to *read.*
Francina—Do let me wead you an extwact, you know,
Fwom Walf Waldo Emahson—[Mr. B. *starts.*] Oh, sir, don't go!
Mr. Brown—No, madam, I merely was changing my seat—
Just moving it nearer.
Francina—Oh!—isn't he sweet. [*Aside.*]
The extwact is one you have pwobably wead,
My deah Jedediah—Oh, what have I said!
Mr. Bwown. Pway excuse me! So then it is new?
Well, then, Mr. Bwown. I will wead it for you.
[*She reads, and while she is reading* Mr. B., *unperceived, rises, and after several ineffectual*

attempts to reach his coat, without attracting her attention, slips noiselessly from the room, leaving his coat behind him.]

"Life is made up of illusions, and a vewy common one is the opinion we heah expwessed in evwy village and town: 'Oh, yes! if I lived in New Yawk, or Boston, or Cambwidge, or Philadelphia, there might be fit society. But there are no intewesting young men, no intellectual young women in my town.' Ah! have you yet to learn that the eye altewing altews all; that wit is a magnet to find wit, and chawactah to find chawac—"

[*Looks up and suddenly discovers that* Mr. B. *is not there. Looks behind and under the chairs.*]

Stwange!

[*Picks up the overcoat and carefully shakes it out; then hugs it ecstatically.*]

Curtain.

SCENE III.

Home of Miss Smith. *Enter* Miss Smith, *arm in arm with* Mr. Brown. *He is minus hat, cane and overcoat. His hair is disheveled and his necktie awry.*

Miss Smith—My dear Mr. Bwown, be theated I pray you;

You are tired with thothe girlth that will never repay you.

I'm thure I'm motht grateful you've brought me tho far—

Hush! hush! I'm afraid Mamma'th door ith ajar.

[*Runs to the door and listens.*]

We've had thuch an evening! It mutht be quite late.

Mr. Brown—Miss Smith, you're mistaken; 'tis early, not ten.

Miss Smith—Your watch mutht be wrong; that'th the way with you men.

You thet it too thlow. See, mine ith eleven.

Mr. Brown—A cottage! a porch! two people! Oh, Heaven!

Miss Smith—Yeth, dear Mr. Bwown, a heaven it might be

If the people you see there could be you and me.

[*Detaining him as he tries to go.*]

Dear Mr. Bwown, why can't it be true?

The girl might be Ithabel, the man might be you;

And if we were wedded what blith would be ours?

Mr. Brown [*vehemently*]—I'd *kill* myself first. I swear by the powers!

[*He rushes from the stage.*]

Miss Smith—He'th gone, I declare! and made no concession;

I thought I, at leatht, would have made some impreththion

I'm doomed! I'm doomed! Oh, what thall I do?

An old maid to dwell, with no suitor to sue!

Mith Thmith on a tombthtone above a low mound

Will mark out the girl refuthed by Jed. Bwown!

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

MR. BROWN'S *lodgings. He comes staggering in, and throws himself down on a chair, with a groan.*

Mr. Brown—Oh-h! I've reached home at last! I thought I should never!

But, oh! I'm glad of my life? I could stay here forever!

Five ladies, I think, to their homes I've escorted.

Perhaps I can tell when my thoughts are assorted.

[*Counting on his fingers.*]

Five ladies in all,—I can count up no more;
But—oh!—I feel as if I'd been home with a score.
And one was domestic; and one was romantic;
And one, she was terribly stiff and pedantic;
And one was excessively frisky and antic.
Between them, among them, they've driven me frantic!
With their fuss, and their gush, and their "Dear Mr.
Brown."
Oh! I long for a cool, quiet place to lie down.
This rocking chair's handy; I guess I'll take it.
To think of a thing I scarcely am fit.
This room is pleasant; my landlady's kind;
If I never need stir out I shouldn't much mind.
But I can't live in this place another day,
Though how in the dickens shall I get away?
I'll pitch my lone tent by the waters of Marah!
I'll dwell in the wilds of the sandy Sahara!
I'll join the wild tribes, where they'll all overlook me!
I'll go where the sun is so hot it will cook me!
I'll go where the lion and jackal will meet me!
I'll go where the people will sit down and *eat* me!
But *never!* so long as my name is called Brown,
Will I live—the only young man in the town!

Curtain.

STAGE STRUCK.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MAYWOOD, *an elderly Merchant.*
FREDERICK, *his Son.*
MRS. COWSLIP, *an old Country Woman.*
CORA NEVILLE, *her Niece.*

PROPERTIES.

A Table and some Chairs, a large Kitchen Table, a Fender, an Almanac, an Umbrella, a Cane.

SCENE I.—[STAGE.]

The parlor of a country inn. Upon the table are an old umbrella, an almanac, and some newspapers.

Enter FREDERICK MAYWOOD.

Frederick—So! one stage of our journey is accomplished! What an extraordinary old gentleman my paternal relative is! Hearing, quite accidentally, that I had imbibed a taste for theatricals, he orders me to pack up my wardrobe, and whirls me off to a country house, to cure me of the passion. Oh, genius will not be thus smothered! I will study in the woods, the fields! [*Striking an attitude.*]

"Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or dell."

Ah! I will, indeed! And think of having such an arena for the grand scenes! An acre of ground to study Richard in! [*In a theatrical manner, with much gesture.*]

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Enter MR. MAYWOOD.

Mr. Maywood [*sternly*]—Ranting again, sir! Will you never have done with this tomfoolery?

Frederick—My dear father, can you call the words of the immortal William tomfoolery?

Mr. Maywood—Immortal fiddlesticks!

Frederick—Now you speak of it, why should not fiddlesticks be immortal? Paganini's for example?

Mr. Maywood [*pathetically*]—Frederick, my dear boy, don't talk in that way! You really make me uneasy. [*In a passion.*] I'll put you in a lunatic asylum, sir, for I really believe you are crazy!

Frederick—Don't get excited, old gentleman! Now we are here for a time, with nothing to do but wait for the next coach, suppose we, in a calm, dispassionate manner, go over the subject under dispute! You object to the stage. Why?

Mr. Maywood—Why? You lazy scoundrel, do you—

Frederick—Ah! you are wandering from the subject.

Mr. Maywood—Oh, Frederick, I have had such hopes for you, my only son! You were to be my partner in business—Maywood & Son. And now you think of nothing but the stage.

Frederick [*striking an attitude*]—"All the world's a stage!"

Mr. Maywood—There, now; don't go off again! I brought you from the city to get rid of this nonsensical taste, and you have done nothing but spout ever since we left home.

Frederick—Why not allow me, sir, to follow the natural bent of my genius? Oh, you do not appreciate the luxuries that belong to a life on the stage. Think of being able, by your own powerful expression of different passions, to control the very hearts of the multitude around you, who weep when you weep, and laugh as you give occasion! Then the end, the great end of all this! The stage is destined to be the greatest moral engine! Young minds, open to conviction—

Mr. Maywood—Thunderation! I only wish they were! Of all the obstinate, self-willed things in creation, young minds are the worst! What the—

Frederick—Hush now! Don't say it! Think of the example you are giving me if you speak the word now quivering on your lips!

Mr. Maywood—Do you presume, sir, to dictate to me? You tell me how to express myself? By—

Frederick—There you go again! You are getting angry. I see certain unmistakable signs of it. Suppose we change the subject. I will recite for you. What will you have? Macbeth's soliloquy?

Mr. Maywood [*furiously*]—Will you be quiet, you scoundrel?

Frederick [*coolly*]—Certainly! "You know my wishes ever yours did meet."

Mr. Maywood—I'll be hanged if they did!

Frederick—Don't interrupt the quotation.

—"did meet.

If I am silent, 'tis no more but fear
That I should say too little when I speak."

Mr. Maywood—Too *little!* No fear of that! Your tongue is like a mill-clapper! I wonder if dinner is ready? I will go and see. [*Exit.*]

Frederick—What an excitable old gentleman he is, and what an absurd prejudice he has against the stage! I wonder, now, what kind of a female this aunt of mine is, that I am to visit? Excellent for training young *ladies*, they say! My aunt Neville is to send Cora there for her health, and to cure her of a love of the glorious dramatic art. Cora, bright angel!

"Oh, she was all!
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stooped to her. My blood was her possession.

Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She lived with life! And far the dearer she."

Heigho! I am glad she is coming to this horrid country hole! I wonder if my aunt Polly will undertake to train *me?* Me! a man!

[*Takes up the umbrella from table.*]

"Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh!"

Ha! Come on! Polly, I do defy thee. [*Strikes an attitude, flourishing the umbrella.*]

Enter Mr. Maywood.

Mr. Maywood—You young dog, will you never have done? The stage is waiting!

Frederick—If the stage waits, I come. Up with the curtain!

Mr. Maywood—The stage for our journey, idiot! We get our dinner at the next inn.

Frederick—Lead on! I follow!

"A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! Set upon the foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspires us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them!"

[*Charges at Mr. Maywood with the umbrella.*]

Mr. Maywood—Look out! What the mischief do you mean?

Frederick—"Draw, and defend yourself."

Mr. Maywood [*raising his cane*]—I've a great mind to cane you, you young scapegrace!

Frederick— "I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet!

[*Takes up the almanac.*]

Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff!"

Waiter [*behind the scenes*]—Stage is just starting, gentlemen.

Frederick [*with pathos*]—"Now comes the parting hour!"

Mr. Maywood [*pushing him*]—Will you go?

Frederick—"I go, and it is done! [*Bell rings.*]
The bell invites me!
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to—" t'other place!
[*Exit.*]

Mr. Maywood—I hope Polly will drive the nonsense out of him. [*Exit. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II. [STRUCK.]

A parlor in a farm house. Against the wall, at the right of stage, is a large table. Before the fire-place a fender. A settee, and some chairs.

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick—Talk of the delights of a country life! Faugh! There is a pigsty within two yards of my window, and the inmates grunt a chorus to my reading. Fancy Shakespeare rendered in this style:—

"This was the noblest [*grunts*] Roman of them all. [*Grunts.*] All the conspirators, save [*grunts*] only he, did that they did [*grunts*] in envy of great Cæsar."
[*Prolonged grunts and squeals.*]

Bah! it is horrible! There is one comfort. My other self, my Cora, arrived yesterday. I have now one sympathizing soul, Cora. We study together, and I scarcely know which of her readings to admire most, her wit, or her pathos.

Cora [*behind the scenes*]—Oh, dear! oh, dear!

[*Sobs violently.*]

Frederick—"What fearful sound now falls upon my ear?" Cora weeping!

Enter CORA, *weeping.*

What's the matter, cousin? Confide in me!

"Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water!"

Cora [*sobbing*]—I—was—in the barn—st-stu-dying—Romeo—and Ju-Juliet—and—and—I—was—a—say-ing—de-de-ny—thy fa-father—oh, oh!

Frederick—Yes, yes; what then?

"By heavens, my love, thou dost distract my soul.
There's not a tear that falls from these dear eyes,
But makes *my* heart weep blood." Say on, Cora!

Cora—Well—I was saying that, when—aunt Pol—Polly came—and—took away the book!

Frederick—The old witch!

Cora—And—and—she struck me!

Frederick—Struck you?

Cora—Yes, with the broom!

Frederick—A blow! "I'll have her blood!"

Cora [*ceasing to cry*]—Why, Fred, how you talk! Your aunt's *blood?*

Frederick—Did you not say she struck you? How dare she?

Cora—Hateful thing!

Enter MRS. COWSLIP.

There she is, Fred! Don't let her touch me!

Frederick—"It is my arm defends thee. Did she dare
With her rough hand to touch my lovely flower?

Why dost thou tremble? Fear not, for I am with thee.

No power on earth shall harm thee!"

Mrs. Cowslip—Cora, go finish shelling them peas: and if you dare to go to the barn again with that book, I'll make you sorry!

Cora [*aside to Fred*]—Would you go?

Frederick—"Yield to the tyrant? Never!"

Mrs. Cowslip—Well, miss, why don't you go?

Cora [*sitting down*]—I'm tired! I want to rest!

Mrs. Cowslip—My gracious patience! if you a'int enough to try a saint! [*Stamping her foot.*] Cora Neville, go along into the kitchen, or I'll give you a whipping!

Frederick—You have struck my cousin once to-day. I will be avenged!

Mrs. Cowslip—Hold your tongue, sir, or you'll go without your dinner.

Frederick [*aside*]—The only threat that can move me, for, hang it all, she can execute it.

Mrs. Cowslip [*going*]—Cora, I can't wait all day! Are you coming?

Cora [*aside to Fred*]—I guess I'd better go. She'll make such a fuss if I don't!

Frederick—Go, then! desert me!

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Cowslip *and* Cora.]

"Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel."

Heigho! what shall I do till dinner time! Ha! a thought has just struck me. I'll help Cora shell the peas, and then we'll go to the barn and rehearse.

[*Exit. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Same as* SCENE II. [STAGE-STRUCK.]

Curtain rises, discovering FREDERICK *seated at a table with a volume of Shakespeare open before him.*

Frederick—How sublime! I wish Cora was grander. She is a bewitching little darling; but, somehow, in her short dresses and that large flat hat, she does not realize one's idea of Lady Macbeth!

Enter CORA.

Cora—Oh, such fun! Won't we have a splendid time?

Frederick—When?

Cora—Now! Aunt Polly is going out to spend the afternoon and take tea. We can rehearse, and have all sorts of a good time!

Frederick—Good! Let us begin! The scene we tried yesterday.

Cora—Bah! I hate tragedy! Let's have something funny.

Frederick [*with a look of horror*]—Funny! Hate tragedy?

Cora—There, don't look so shocked! I'll play Lady Macbeth. Wait a minute. [*Takes off her hat.*] I'll get one of Aunt Polly's skirts for a train. [*Exit.*]

Frederick—Dear Cora! She can look fierce and Lady Macbethy, if she tries.

Enter CORA, *with a skirt on, of old-fashioned silk or chintz, with large figures.*

Cora—There! aint that grand? [*Comes forward.*] Go away now, Fred, while I soliloquize. [FREDERICK *steps back, book in hand.*]

Cora [*in a tragic tone*]—"The raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

I say, Fred, *my* battlements, not yours. Macbeth wasn't henpecked any, was he?

Frederick—Pshaw! do go on!

Cora—What comes next?

Frederick—"Come, come you spirits—"

Cora—Oh yes! "Come, come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe—"

I must scare up a crown for next time, Fred!

Frederick—Will you go on?

Cora—From the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it!" Fred?

Frederick—What, you torment?

Cora—Wouldn't she have made a first-rate medium, after that operation?

Frederick—I wish you would stop talking nonsense, and recite properly. How can a fellow get inspired, when you rattle on in this way?

Cora—Oh, Lady Macbeth was an old humbug! Let's play something nice. Romeo and Juliet!

Frederick—Well, we will. You are not quite fierce enough for Lady Macbeth, that's a fact!

Cora—Oh, Fred, I've thought of something splendid! Help me to move the table into the centre of the room. [*They move it.*] Now, put the fender on it!

Frederick—The fender?

Cora—"Dost thou hesitate?"

Frederick [*putting the fender on table*]—No; there it is.

Cora [*making the front of fender face audience*]—So! aint that a splendid baleony?

Frederick [*placing a chair behind table*]—Capital! Get up!

Cora [*getting on table*]—Now, then, fire away!

Frederick—"But soft; what light through yonder window breaks?"

Cora—Looks uncommon like a window, don't it?

Frederick—Do be quiet! Strike an attitude—a pensive one.

Cora [*striking an attitude*]—There aint much room on a table for striking attitudes. Go on, Fred!

Frederick—"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick, and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious!"

Cora—I won't!

Frederick—"It is my lady! Oh, it is my love!
Oh that she knew she were!"

Cora—Trust a woman to find it out!

Frederick—"She speaks, yet she says nothing!"

Cora—I've known girls do that before!

Frederick—"What of that?
Her eye discourses. I will answer it!
I am too bold! 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their sphere till they return."

Cora—Come, Fred, cut it short! hurry up! I'm awful tired of holding my tongue!

Frederick—Holding your tongue? "What if her eyes were there, they in her head?'

Cora—Well, *then* she'd have to go it blind!

Frederick [*pathetically*]—Oh, Cora!

Cora—That touch of pathos would bring down the house. Go on!

Frederick—"The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eye in heaven
[*Cora squints.*]
Would, through the airy region, stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night!
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!"—
Cora, why don't you lean your cheek upon your hand?

Cora—Oh, I forgot! There! [*Leans against fender; it tips.*] Oh, Fred! the fender!

Frederick [*pushing it back*]—There!

Cora—Look out for my toes, if you please, sir! [*Leans her head on her hand.*] Now, go on!

Frederick—"Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

Cora—Ah me! [*Aside.*] Glad I have a chance to speak at last!

Frederick—"She speaks! [*Kneels.*]
Oh, speak again, bright angel!"

Cora—I will, by and by.

Frederick— "For thou art
As glorious to this night, *being o'er my head*—"

Cora—Thanks to the table and fender!

Frederick—"As is the winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air!"

Cora—"Oh, Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Oh, Fred, Fred, here comes aunt Polly!

Mrs. Cowslip [*behind the scenes*]—Cora! Cora! where are you?

Cora—She's only just going. I thought she had gone.

Enter MRS. COWSLIP.

Frederick [*meeting her*]—"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way?

Mrs. Cowslip—Well, I declare! What are you doing on that table, miss? The fender, too! [*Takes away fender.*] My best gown on too. [*Takes the chair from beside table.*] Get down! Take off that gown!

Cora [*taking off skirt makes a ball and fires at her*]—Take your old gown!

Mrs. Cowslip—Old gown! Get down!

Cora—I can't, you've taken away the chair!

Frederick [*to* MRS. COWSLIP]—"Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

Mrs. Cowslip—Fred Maywood, you're an idiot; hold your tongue!

Cora [*sitting down on table*]—I say, Fred, this is a splendid throne! "Bring forth the prisoner!"

Frederick [*dragging* MRS. COWSLIP *forward*]—"May it please your majesty!"

Mrs. Cowslip [*struggling*]—Let me alone!

Cora—Does she resist? Bind her! [*Jumps down from table.*] I'll help you. Here's a handkerchief! Tie her hands.

Mrs. Cowslip [*struggling*]—Let me go, I say! How dare you?

Cora—Easy, easy auntie! How can I tie you when you squirm about so? You are—who is she, Fred?

[*They tie* MRS. COWSLIP'S *hands, place her in a chair in front of table,* FREDERICK *holding her, while* CORA *takes her seat on table.*]

Mrs. Cowslip—Oh, you good-for-nothing children!

Cora [*sternly*]—Silence, prisoner! don't disturb the court! Who is she, Fred?

Frederick—Joan of Arc!

Cora—Now, then, Joan, what have you got to say for yourself? Oh, Fred, wouldn't it be fun to burn her up?

Mrs. Cowslip—Burn me up? I—I—!

[*Sputters as if in a great rage.*]

Cora—I'll tell you what we can do. We can wall her up. She can be the girl in Marmion who went about in man's clothes.

Mrs. Cowslip [*in a perfect fury*]—I—I—ain't you ashamed of yourself? I put on man's clothes! Oh, you bad, good-for-nothing—

Cora—Easy, easy, auntie! That aint the way to address this august court. Shall we wall her up, Fred? In the barn, you know!

Mrs. Cowslip—How dare you? Untie me!

Enter MR. MAYWOOD.

Oh, brother, I am so glad to see you!

Mr. Maywood [*untying her*]—Why, what does all this mean?

Mrs. Cowslip [*shaking* CORA]—Oh, you good-for-nothing girl—

Frederick [*pulling her away*]—Woman, how dare you shake my lady love?

Mr. Maywood—What do you mean sir, calling your aunt a woman?

Frederick—What does *she* mean, shaking Cora? Cora, my love!

Cora—Frederick, my life!

Mr. Maywood [*pulling* FREDERICK *to right of stage, and getting in front of him*]—Will you be quiet, sir?

Mrs. Cowslip [*pulling* CORA *to left of stage, and getting in front of her*]—Hold your tongue, miss!

Frederick [*looking over* MR. MAYWOOD'S *shoulder*]—Juliet!

Cora [*looking over* MRS. COWSLIP'S *shoulder*]—Romeo! Sweet Montague, be true!"

Mr. Maywood [*pushing* FREDERICK *toward door*]—Go up stairs this instant, sir!

Frederick—Farewell, my love!

Cora [*trying to pass* MRS. COWSLIP, *who prevents her*] "Wil't thou be gone! It is not yet near day!

It was the nightingale and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear!"

Mrs. Cowslip—I verily believe you are raving mad! will you be still?

Frederick—Juliet, my life!

Mr. Maywood [*pushing* FREDERICK *out of room*]—Go up stairs, you idiot!

[*Exeunt* MR. MAYWOOD *and* FREDERICK.]

Cora [*sinking into a chair*]—"Art thou gone so, my love, my lord, my friend!"

Mrs. Cowslip—Oh, Cora Meville, for mercy's sake stop this trash!

Cora—"Romeo is banished! To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead! Romeo is banished!"

Enter FREDERICK, MR. MAYWOOD *trying to hold him back by the coat-tails.*

Frederick—Juliet, my life! Look up! I come!

Cora [*rushing into his arms*]—My life!

Mr. Maywood [*taking hold of* CORA]—Will you two never have done?

Frederick—"Father, tempt not a desperate man!
Fly hence, and leave us!"

Mrs. Cowslip—They want a strait-jacket, both of them!

Mr. Maywood—Frederick! Cora! Oh, what shall I do? [*Going to* MRS. COWSLIP.] Polly, call Cora away! Frederick, come here!

Frederick—"Peace, tyrant! I heed you not!"

Mrs. Cowslip—Cora, come to me!

Cora—Excuse me, aunt! I had rather stay where I am!

[MR. MAYWOOD *pulls* FREDERICK *one way*, MRS. COWSLIP *pulls* CORA *the other way.*]

Frederick [*putting his arm firmly round* CORA]—Part us? Never! Now, then, we'll see who'll beat.

"When Greek encounters Greek,
Then comes the tug of war!"

Cora—"I'll part with life, but never part from thee!" Hold tight, Fred!

Mrs. Cowslip [*sitting down panting at left of stage*]—It's no use!

Mr. Maywood [*sitting down at right of stage*]—Was there ever before such a pair of stage-struck idiots?

Frederick [*waving a handkerchief*]—"Oh, such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's triumph!"

Cora—"Crown ye the brave!"

Frederick— "See here our prostrate foes!
Strike now an attitude, and down the curtain goes!"

[*Curtain falls*]

Position of parties at fall of curtain:

MRS. COWSLIP, CORA, FREDERICK, MR. MAYWOOD.

THE RIVALS.

ACT III, SCENE I.

The North Parade.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, L.

Capt. A.—'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed!—Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere.—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff! [*Steps aside*, L.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY, R.

Sir A.—No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting his impudence had almost put me out of temper—an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him—he's anybody's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. A.—Now for a penitential face!

[*Comes forward on the* L.]

Sir A.—Fellow, get out of my way! [*Crosses*, R.]

Capt. A.—Sir, you see a penitent before you?

Sir A. [*turning his back*]—I see an impudent scoundrel behind me.

Capt. A.—A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A.—What's that?

Capt. A.—I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A.—Well, sir?

Capt. A.—I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. [*turning round*]—Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you, you shall be Jack again!

Capt. A.—I am happy in the appellation.

Sir A.—Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare! What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A.—Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir A.—Worcestershire! No! Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment.

Capt. A.—Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the name before. Yet, stay: I think I do recollect something. Languish—Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir A.—Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds, no!

Capt. A.—Then I must have forgot: it can't be the same person.

Sir A.—Jack, Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A.—As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent: if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir A.—Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! Oh! Jack! Jack!

Capt. A.—And which is to be mine, sir: the niece, or the aunt?

Sir A.—Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire!

Capt. A.—Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A.—To please my father—zounds! not to please—Oh! my father? Oddso! yes, yes! if my father, indeed had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A.—I dare say not, sir.

Sir A.—But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. A.—Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye and a few more graces of that kind. Now,

without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A.—What a phlegmatic sot it is? Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A.—I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

Sir A.—Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must. Come, now, confound your demure face; come, confess, Jack you have been lying, ha'nt you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you ha'nt been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A.—I am sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir A.—Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me [*Crosses to* L.] I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you---come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, 'egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt*, L.]

TABLEAUX.

UNDINE.

THIS tableau will be made most beautiful and effective if the following directions are observed. First, a frame, six feet by four, is needed. For unreal, misty effect, a double thickness of black gauze should be used.

Place a mirror at an inclination which you can determine by experiment. Cover it with one thickness of black gauze, surround it with water-plants, vines, ivy, —anything to make it appear a natural piece of water; let there be tall flowers at the back, like lilies and iris, and low trees of picturesque form to represent bushes. These you can get of any florist, in pots, and the pots can easily be hidden behind the mirror in the hollow platform. A bough of pine nearer the foreground can be easily introduced by nailing it to a screen. The background should be gauze of a subdued green, and lilies on the surface of the mirror, pinned to the gauze stretched upon it, will cast soft reflections. Have real flowers if in season, artificial ones if not.

The Undine should be slender and fair; her dress of diaphonous white; her hair long and wet, and dripping. From her hands drops of water falling may be represented by drops of crystal strung upon a hair or fine silk thread. Let a mild, suffused light shine dimly through the background, and let the cast light be placed at the left front corner of the picture, with a hemispherical reflector, and shining through a green glass. The reflection of the Undine in the mirror seems to make a movement with her own body like a fountain.

OPHELIA.

For Ophelia use the same stage appointments as for Undine, altering the character of the surroundings a little, to give it a wilder expression.

The right hand of Ophelia should be seen clasping hold of an overhanging branch as if for support—the body thrown forward, the gauzy-white drapery of the overskirt pulled to the right. Let the hair of the Ophelia be very dark, and her face very pale, and her figure tall, slender, graceful; her eyes must look at nothing, and the action of her hand seem automatic as she drops the flower at which she does not look. Here a hair or invisible silk must be used to hold the flower; fasten the hair or silk to the root of the middle finger, that the action of the finger tips may be unencumbered. For this character you must choose a woman with some dramatic talent.

Let there be no color in the picture but a dull green, and perhaps a little purple among the flowers; let the rest be white, and let the light in the background be extremely faint, and the cast light at the right-hand upper corner in front be very brilliant, and cast directly upon the upper portion of Ophelia's face and body, and let a parabolic reflector be used and no glass, but the light pure and simple.

A MONK IN HIS CELL.

A frame about four feet, six inches square—varying a little with the size of the actor—will be large enough for the next picture, a "Monk in his Cell" by moonlight, meditating upon a skull. The window used in this should be a latticed frame containing no glass, and there should be neither top nor foot lights used here. Every light should be extinguished but one to the right of the picture, which shines through the window; a parabolic

reflector should be used, the rays cast directly upon the white-hued cowl of the monk, and making a shadow on the wall. The light must shine through glass of a cold shade of green "cathedral rolled." The wall of the cell can be perfectly represented by a screen papered with that coarse, heavy, gray paper, rough in surface, used sometimes without wadding beneath carpets,—a very thick paper, very cheap, and of a stone-gray. The actor can easily find at a wig shop a wig to represent a shaven head with the monkish fringe of hair; the dress can be made of black and white flannel or serge; the table of unpainted pine, made at any carpenter's, oiled down into a dull tone or made of weather-stained plank; there should be a rough seat of the same. A skull can be procured at any medical college, or of almost any physician. This is one of the simplest of all the tableaux, and one of the most effective, if the light be well arranged and the air of mystery be given to the shadows

A NUN AT HER DEVOTIONS.

"A Nun at her Devotions" is one of the simplest of all. It hardly needs description. A background of dark brown gauze, very faintly lighted at the upper right-hand corner; a dress of black serge or stuff, with black veil and white coif; a crucifix and rosary,—these are the very simple materials needed. Let the light fall from the left-hand upper corner in front, and use the parabolic reflector. Choose your nun for the beauty of her eyes, the regularity and refinement of feature, and the elegance of her hands.

THE HARVESTERS.

"The Harvesters" is capable of very exquisite effect, if given with artistic sense and a judicious selection of actors.

It is by no means difficult, and of a most trifling cost. The frame is seven feet by five, or a little less. The stage should be at a slightly sharper inclination than for the tableaux heretofore set down, and in depth not less than fifteen feet, at which point two of the frames of the screen, covered with gray-blue gauze, should stretch across the entire stage. At least four feet behind that, hang a full curtain of gauze across, falling from the top to within three feet of the stage. Two or three feet behind this hang a curtain of cambric or thick cloth, coming within four feet of the stage. Several feet behind this have an absolutely opaque screen,—if convenient wood, otherwise paper,—which shall leave an open space of three or four feet above the stage across its whole length, and let the space behind it be very brilliantly lighted with lights shining through yellow glass. This will give you the effect of a sunset sky.

On your stage, at the back, set a bush—a wild bush, like a small thorn tree, or furze-bush. Cover your stage with cloth, flannel or velvet, of a dull old gold, or golden brown, to represent a reaped field. Let a sheaf of wheat be set here and there, at judicious distances and your scene will be complete.

For actors, choose those capable of looking the part of French peasants,—not too slender in figure, rather muscular; let the complexion be, or be painted, dark, with color in the cheek. You may vary the group by placing behind the group of women a dark, muscular youth carrying a sheaf of wheat on his left shoulder, bareheaded and with black hair. His shirt, if white, should be of a yellowish, dirty tone, or it should be gray, open at the throat. The whole group must have the action of moving forward and singing as they go. Let

the light be cast from the left upper corner in front, through a yellow glass, and with the use of a hemispherical reflector the light will be diffused gently over the whole. The main light should be from the back, as if from the sunset.

THERE'S NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The scene is a parlor.—Standing in the foreground is a young girl, simply dressed. In her left hand she has a rose, and holding out her right hand shows to her companion the scratches made by the thorns (a little carmine paint, put on with a fine camel's-hair pencil, makes very painless scratches). Her companion, a young man dressed as a mechanic's apprentice (a carpenter's, butcher's, shoemaker's or any other trade), is, with a look of sympathy, raising the wounded hand to his lips. Behind the young man stands his employer, with an expression of rage, raising a rope, as if about to strike the apprentice. He is not perceived by either of the young people.

In the background is a child, with a look of great glee, putting its fingers into a jar, marked jam, while the mother, behind the child, is raising her hand to box its ears.

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BEST SELECTIONS

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MRS. WALKER'S BETSEY.

Abridged by Mrs. L. Immen.

IT is now some ten years since I first spent a summer in the village of Cliff Springs, as teacher in one of the public schools. The village itself had no pretensions to beauty, natural or architectural; but all its surroundings were romantic and lovely. On one side was a winding river bordered with beautiful willows, and on the other were lofty hills, thickly wooded.

These woods in spring and summer were full of flowers and vines. A clear, cold spring, that had its birth in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed over the rocks, and after many windings and turnings found its way to the river. At the foot of the hill wound the railroad track, at some points nearly filling the space between the brook and the rocks; in others almost overhung by the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever knew were in this vicinity, and here the whole school would come in summer for their Saturday's ramble. It was on one of these rambles that I first met Mrs. Walker's Betsey. Not that her unenviable reputation had been concealed from my knowledge, by any means, but as she was not in my department she did not come under my observation. I gathered that her parents had lately come to Cliff Springs; that they were

ignorant and vicious, and that the girl was a sort of goblin sprite—such a compound of mischief and malice as was never known since the days of witchcraft. Was there an ugly profile drawn on the ante-room wall, a green pumpkin found in the Principal's hat, or an ink bottle upset in the water bucket, half a hundred juvenile tongues were ready to exclaim, "Mrs. Walker's Betsey," notwithstanding the fact that very few of these misdemeanors were proved against her, but whether proved or not, she laughed at or defied them, as her mood might be.

One warm afternoon in the month of July, the sun, which in the morning had been clouded, blazed out fiercely at the hour of dismissal, and shrinking from the prospect of an unsheltered walk, I looked around in vain for my parasol. The girls of my class searched without success, and, as usual, accused Mrs. Walker's Betsey. I asked them to wait a few days for further developments.

"Remember," said Alice Way, as we parted at her father's gate, "you promised to take us a nice walk after tea, to the place where you found those beautiful flowers yesterday. We want you to guide us straight to the spot, please."

"Yes," said Mary Graham, "and we will take our botanies, to analyze the flowers, you know."

My assent was given, and when the sun was low in the west we started forth, walking nearly the whole distance in the shade of the hill, climbed the ridge, rested a moment, then went in search of the flowers.

"Stop, Miss Burke," came in suppressed whisper from my group, as emerging from a thicket we came in sight of a queer object perched among dead sticks and leaves. It was a diminutive child who might be ten

or twelve years of age. A brown, weird face it was, with keen eyes peering out from a stringy mass of hair that straggled about distractedly from the confinement of an old comb. "There, there's Mrs. Walker's Betsey; she often goes home from school this way, and now she is playing truant; she'll get a whipping if her mother finds it out. Miss Burke, see what she has in her hand."

I looked, and sure enough there was my lost parasol.

"Didn't we say so? Don't she look guilty? Let's dash in upon her and see her scamper."

"Oh, no," I said, "I will go alone." She started as I approached her, thrust the parasol behind her, and then pleasantly made room for me on the little mound beside her.

"Well, this is a nice place for a lounge, just large enough for two, and nicer than any tête-à-tête. Now I should like to know your name?"

"Bets."

"Betsey what?"

"Betsey Walker, mother says; I say Hamlin; that was father's name; 'taint no difference though, its Bets any way."

"Well, Betsey, can you tell me who made this queer mound we're sitting on?"

"I don't know; maybe a rock got covered up, maybe an Injun's buried there."

I told her that I had seen larger mounds that contained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

"It might a ben a baby, though; I wish it had been me and I'd been buried here; only I wouldn't wanted them girls should come and set over me. If I did not want to get to read the books father left I'd never go to school another day."

"Did your father leave you books?"

"Yes, real good ones; they're old and tore some; mother couldn't sell them for nothing, and so she gave them to me. You—you—haint lost anything ha—have you?"

"Yes, I see you have my parasol."

"You left it hanging in the tree yonder; it was kind o' careless I think. S'posing it had rained."

Astonishment kept me silent, for I now recalled my hanging it in the tree when in search of flowers, yesterday. I felt humiliated in the sight of that poor, wronged child.

I did not see her for many days after, and during this time an excursion was planned on the railroad, ten miles distant. Many were the discussions held among the boys and girls, but on one point they were all agreed —that Mrs. Walker's Betsey was not necessary to the party. At half-past nine the next morning, as the train was moving slowly out of the depot, filled with its smiling, expectant faces, I was lying in a darkened room with my head bandaged, suffering from a severe pain in my head.

The disappointment was not much, for I needed the rest, and besides, the slight to poor little Betsey made me unhappy. By five in the afternoon, the pain having passed away, I went out for a walk, ascended the ridge, and book in hand sat down under a tree. Soon a pleasant languor crept over me, dense woods, craggy hills, green valleys faded from my sight; I was asleep. Ten minutes elapsed before I opened my eyes, to find standing beside me the same elfish figure I had once before encountered in the wood. In one hand she held my parasol to shield me from a slanting sunbeam and

in the other a bush with which she was protecting me from insects.

"Well done, little Genius of the woods; am I to be always indebted to you?"

"First you lose your parasol, and now you've gone and lost youself; I guess you hav to keep me a'ways. I thought you'd gone to the ride."

I explained the cause of my detention, and she looked pleased, for I soon drew from her that she felt her slight bitterly.

"I coaxed old Walker and his wife to let me have some green corn and cucumbers, put on my best spenser and went to the depot, but no one asked me to get in. I spose I wasn't dressed nice enough; they had on their Sunday best. I wish 'twould rain and spoil them."

I tried to console her, but she wished all manner of things would happen, when suddenly we raised our heads and listened—it was a deep, grinding, crashing noise, as of rocks sliding over and past each other. We knew instantly there had been a fall of land not far from us. The place was reached, and sure enough, a heavy mass of rocks, with trees growing upon it, had fallen upon the track, and that at a point where the stream wound nearest. I could not help noticing the change in Mrs. Walker's Betsey. She leaped about among the rocks, wringing her hands; every fibre of her hair writhed with horror. I had imagined what that face might be in terror. Now I saw it, and knew what a powerful nature lay hidden in that cramped, undeveloped form. This lasted but a moment; the next thing was to decide what was to be done. Ten minutes must elapse before we could give the alarm at the village, and

before my duller ears perceived it, Betsey's caught the sound of the approaching train. "I'm going to run and yell," and she dashed on to meet the cars, screaming, "Fire! murder! thieves! mad dogs! get out of the way! old Dan Tucker." I followed, wondering why I did not make a sound, yet incapable of utterance. Her next move was to rush back to me, tear my shawl from my shoulder (a light crape, of crimson color), and bending down a sapling, she spread the shawl upon the top, allowed it to rebound, and called to me to shake the tree, which I did. She then bounded upon the track, shouting with redoubled energy, now that the train was in sight. It was soon apparent that the engineer was neither blind nor deaf; the brakes were applied; gradually the speed lessened; but when they came to a full stop, the cowcatcher was within four feet of the rock. Many, seeing the danger, had jumped off; others rushed to the platforms and pushed off those before them. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, in the midst of which I could only utter the cry, "saved." Betsey had climbed half way up the bank, thrown herself exhausted upon the gravel, with her apron covered tightly over her head, and she utterly refused to do more than peep through one of the rents in her apron, as the whole school slowly and singly filed past her. I went down to the train to assist the frightened scholars, and met the Principal with his own three children. "Now, Miss Burke, I want to know who it was that gave the alarm and saved us from this terrible fate; was it you?" I think I never felt a glow of truer pleasure, than when I said, "I take no credit in the matter; the one to whom your thanks are due sits on the bank yonder, Mrs. Walker's Betsey." The Prin-

cipal, although a man but little inclined to look upon the angel side of such unprepossessing humanity as Mrs. Walker's Betsey, felt too strong a sense of justice not to make an affecting appeal to the children. The result was, she was voted into the school, money and clothing given her. She bore her honors meekly, and the change from Mrs. Walker's Betsey to Lizzie Hamlin was soon apparent. She is now teaching the brothers and sisters of the boys and girls who ten years ago voted her "a nuisance."

H. B. Bostwick.

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

PUT the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done:
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary. I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet,
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street?
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down; drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold

'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
  Stroking back the curls of gold:
  'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
  Larger eyes and redder mouth
  Than mine were in my first youth.

Thou art younger by seven years—
  Ah! so bashful at my gaze,
That the lashes, hung with tears,
  Grow too heavy to upraise?
  I would wound thee by no touch
  Which thy shyness feels as such.
  Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
  To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
  Tenderly from year to year,
  Since our dying mother mild
  Said, with accents undefiled,
  "Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
  Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
  All the gifts required of me—
  Hope that bless'd me, bliss that crown'd
  Love that left me with a wound,
  Life itself that turneth round!

Little sister, thou art pale!
  Ah! I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,

And my thoughts grow calm again.
Lean down closer—closer still!
I have words thine ear to fill,
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
Thee and Robert—through the trees—
When we all went gathering
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so! think instead
How the sunshine overhead
Seem'd to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away
At the sight of the great sky:
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud, and bud.

Through the winding hedgerows green,
How we wander'd, I and you,
With the bowery tops shut in,
And the gates that showed the view!
How we talked there! thrushes soft
Sang our praises out, or oft
Bleatings took them, from the croft:

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
Left me muter evermore,
And, the winding road being long,
I walked out of sight, before.

And so, wrapped in musings fond,
Issued past the wayside pond
On the meadow lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
Did not promise any pain;
And I blessed you full and free,
With a smile stoop'd tenderly
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
As the speakers drew more near—
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
What you wished me not to hear.
Do not weep so, do not shake;
Oh, I heard thee, Bertha, make
Good, true answers for my sake.

Yes, and *he* too! let him stand
In thy thoughts untouch'd by blame.
Could he help it if my hand
He had claim'd with hasty claim?
That was wrong, perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will again:
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee when he swore
He would love but me alone?
Thou wast absent, sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee who art best,

Past compare and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light:
Mine are older. Hush!—look out—
Up the street! is none without?
How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech,
When I listened in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
That he owed me all *esteem*—
Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon.
When I rose, still cold and stark,
There was night; I saw the moon;
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I answer'd coldly, too,
When you met me at the door;
And I only *heard* the dew
Dripping from me to the floor;
And the flowers I bade you see,
Were too wither'd for the bee—
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so, dear, heart-warm!
  All was best as it befell.
If I say he did me harm,
  I speak wild—I am not well;
  All his words were kind and good.
  He esteem'd me. Only, blood
  Runs so faint in womanhood!

Then I always was too grave—
  Like the saddest ballad sung—
With that look, besides, we have
  In our faces who die young.
  I had died, dear, all the same;
  Life's long, joyous, jostling game
  Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
  Thou and I, that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
  But for mutual tenderness.
  Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
  And meant verily to hold
  Life's pure pleasures manifold;

I am pale; as crocus grows
  Close beside a rose-tree's root:
Whoso'er would reach the rose,
  Treads the crocus under foot.
  I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree,
  Thou, like merry Summer bee—
  Fit that I be pluck'd for thee!

Yet who plucks me? No one mourns;
  I have lived my season out,

And now die of my own thorns
  Which I could not live without.
  Sweet, be merry! How the light
  Comes and goes! If it be night,
  Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
  Look out quickly. Yea or nay?
Some one might be waiting for
  Some last word that I might say.
  Nay? So best! So angels would
  Stand off clear from deathly road,
  Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet.
  When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
  And the rosemary be spread,
  That if any friend should come,
  To see *thee*, sweet! all the room
  May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
  On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
  I can still see glittering.
  Let me wear it out of sight,
  In the grave, where it will light
  All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!
  Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woolen shroud I wear

I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessèd one,
Thinking of me in the sun,
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? Nearer! so,
Kiss me close upon the eyes,
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly, as it used to rise
When I watched the morning gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So, no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll.
Mother, smile now on thy dead,
I am death-strong in my soul.
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind, above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angels' hands of fire!
I aspire while I expire.

MRS. BROWNING.

MRS. WARD'S VISIT TO THE PRINCE.

Adapted by Miss Esther N. Wilson.

WALL, now, *Miss* Pettengill, I s'pose you've come over to hear about my seein' the Prince! You see, I'd been readin' all about the great doin's in the *Statesman*, and last week, a Tuesday mornin', I was over to son 'Bijah's, and found he was a goin' down to Bostin Wednesday to buy up his winter goods, and to see the Prince, too—goin' to kill two birds with one stone, you know; so, sez I, "Now, 'Bijah, I've been wantin' to go down to see niece Ruthy Ann—she's settled there, married to Mr. Wethcrell, a rale fust-rate man, too—and I've a great mind to jest start off with you, and see the great sight for once myself." Wall, upon that, Martha she j'ined in, and 'Bijah said p'r'aps I'd better improve the chance. So I jest made up my mind on the spot, and purty soon started off for home to tell Arty how to look after things while I was gone. I don't go abroad very often, you know, *Miss* Pettengill, and sech an undertaken's consid'able.

But, arter all, it's something to see a real live young man that's goin' to be King of England arter his mother Victory's done wearing the crown; and you can tell on it to your children and your children's children all the rest of your life.

You see, it was about half arter eight o'clock in the mornin', and I jest thought I'd do what I meant to all along—go and hev my little visit to see the Prince. I hadn't sed ennything about it to 'Bijah and the rest, but I had'nt gin it up. I tell you, *Miss* Pettengill, I'd gone all the way to Bostin a purpose to see Queen Victory's son, and I did'nt mean to come back to Bosc'wine

without havin' a talk with him. So I jest inquired of the folks I met, the way to the Revere House—I'd heard Ruthy tell the name of the tavern where he stopped—and went straight ahead, through thick and thin—and there was a master crowd—and at last I got to the door. 'Twas a powerful handsome great stone house, much as six or seven stories high—a good deal bigger'n the State House over to Concord ever begun to be.

Wall, mebbe the folks on the steps thought I belonged there—was a boarder, or the landlord's wife, or something—for they jest made way for me, and nobody sed a word till I got inside the great front entry, and went up stairs. As I was goin' along the long gallery, a-lookin' at the beautiful flowers they'd been and put there to make it look like a great flower garden, there stepped up a man dressed in a handsome dark-blue suit, with bright buttons, and a star on the left lappel of his coat, and white gloves on, and sez he: "Madam, this is the way to the *Prince's* rooms, and probably you've mistook it." Sez I back: "Its an *accident a purpose*, mister. Be you the *landlord*?" "No, ma'am," answered he; "I'm the perlice ossifer on duty here. Would you like to see Mr. Stevens?" "La, I thought most likely *you* was *him* yourself," sez I—for he was a proper handsome, large man, with great black whiskers and a rale pleasant look to his eye. "Wall, yes, you *may* speak to him if you're a mind ter, for I come a puppose to ask him to show me the way to the Prince's room." "Hev you any message, arrant, ma'am?" asked he. "Nothin', Mister Perlice, only I come to have a little spell of talk with him. If he hain't got up, I ken *wait*, for I s'pose the young man is kinder gin out, up a-

danein' all night. *Our* folks that went to the ball wa'n't up neither when I come out. P'r'aps I'm too airly?" Upon that, the perlieeman, he looked kinder sorry, as if he didn't want to disapp'int me, and he sed, rale perlite, sez he: "I'm railly sorry, ma'am, but I'm afeared it'll be impossible for you to hev audience with the Prince. He's now at breakfast, and—" "I ken *wait*," sez I, breakin' in upon him; "and if you'll jest tell me which is his sittin' room, I'll go in and set a spell till he's done eatin'." "The best way would be to go into the ladies' parlor, and send up your keard," sez he, arter thinkin' a minnit and lookin' kinder puzzled. "Ring the bell, and when the servant comes give him your keard and he'll kerry it to his highness. That's ipeeae!" La suz, *Miss* Pettengill, that seemed queer enough to me, and I up and told him, sez I: "Du tell, Mister Perlice, if they use keards down here to Bostin? I hadn't the faintest idee on't or I'd gone up into the garret and hunted mine up, and brought 'em along. I hain't used 'em these fifteen year or more, sence they got the factories to spinnin' and weavin' so fast over to Manchester. It seems sort of slow work, keardin' by hand now." Upon that the handsome perlieeman kinder smiled wider, and sez he: "Oh, ma'am you mistook me. I meant a little piece of white pasteboard with your name writ or printed on it. But I'm really afeared ma'am, that waitin' here will do no good. Hadn't you better step inter the ladies' parlor, ma'am?" I don't know, *Miss* Pettengill, but I should a gone, but jest then a long file of folks come along the gallery, and rite in the middle of 'em I see the Prince; so I jest stood my ground, and stepped a leetle forrard, to be ready to speak to him when he come by. There was a big man with red whiskers

a-walkin' alongside of him, and a dozen or more English folks, but I didn't mind 'em no more'n nothin' at all; and when the young man was rite off against me, I curchied, and sez I: "Mister Wales, I did'nt want to go back to Bosc'wine, up in New Ham'shire, without hevin' it to tell of that I'd spoke to Queen Victory's boy, for I've great respeek for the mother that's brought up sech a family of children so well as your'n has. I hope I don't intrude, Mr. Wales?"

I kinder thought the young man was touched by my speakin' so about his marm; for though the big man with red whiskers sort a stared and pussed up his lips, Albert Ed'ard, he jest smiled, and sed he, "Oh, no intrusion, ma'am! Won't you walk in?" So in I follered him inter his room, and it was rale splendid, *Miss* Pettengill—jest as you used to read about in the Arabian Knights—and then he bowed and asked me to set down, the big red-whiskered man a-lookin' on all the time, and the others a-starin'. I didn't like his lookin' at me so, enny too well; and I guess the Prince knowed it, for sez he, kinder low, "Oh, never mind *him! I* never do! He's only the *Juke*, and let's me do purty much as I'm a mind ter. I told our folks to hum that I wouldn't come on this long visit at all if I couldn't hev a good time of it, and purty much my own way!" "Well, you *hev* had a good time, I s'pose, Albert Ed'ard?" sez I. "'Taint every young man of your age as has seeh a to-do made over him. Now, if my Arty—he's my youngest son, and kerries on the old place to hum—(my name's Ward, *Miss* Sophrony Ward; I forgot to mention it!) if my son Arty should go to England, I shouldn't expect ennything of the kind. And all the odds between you two is, you happened to be born

Victory's son, and Arty didn't. Otherways, you look a deal alike; the shape of your nose and his'n is just about the same, only his is kinder hooked at the end. 'Bout the same age, too, I guess. Lemme see; Albert Ed'ard, how old be you?" "Nineteen, ma'am," sed he, and he sort of smiled, rale purty, and showed his teeth, and then he asked: "May I inquire, ma'am, if it was *your* son, *Artemas Ward*, I had the honor of a talk with in *Canady* when I was there? He was a showman, Mister Ward was." "No, I guess it must a-been some other of the name," sed I. "My son never was in Canady; besides, his name ain't 'Artemas,' it's *Artaxerxes;* his father liked the name better'n I, though it allers seemed kinder nateral like. It's in the Catechism, you know:—

> 'Xerxes the Great did die;
> And so must you and I.'

And so I s'pose that's where husband took it from, *Arter* 'Xerxes,' you see! But, as I was a sayin', it couldn't a-been my son you see, though Arty allers sez, '*Sho, now!*' when he's kinder surprised, and he'd be jest as likely's not to say it to you as to ennybody. But Arty, he's to work on the old place; and it's to tell him about it that I wanted to hev a little talk with you, and ask about your folks to hum. Your marm, she's well, I s'pose, and all the rest?"

Albert Ed'ard, he kept lookin' more'n more pleased every time I mentioned Victory; and he answered: "Yes'm, they were all in purty good health and sperrits last time I heard from 'em. Mother'n father, they've gone on a visit to Prushy, to see my sister, Victory Adelaide; she's settled there, p'r'aps you know." "Du

tell!" sez I. "I'm glad to hear it. I remember readin' in the papers all about your sister's gettin' married and settin' up housekeepin'. Your ma'll get her children merried off purty fast, I reekon. She's begun right; the oldest fust. Let down the bars for one, and the rest'll all foller! S'pose 'twon't be long afore *you'll* begin to be sparkin' arter the gals?" And upon this Albert Ed'ard kinder smiled. "Wall, your ma's brought up a large family, and she must a-had a hard time on 't, bringin' 'em all through the measles, and hoopin'-cough, and seeh; and she orter take some comfort with 'em when they git older and settled down in homes of their own. But I'm makin' a dredful long call; and besides, I'm master' feared that the Juke and them other folks of your'n don't like my sittin' here and talkin' with you; they keep a-lookin' kind of hard. Did all them come over with you?" "Yes," said Albert Ed'ard, "they're my *sweet*." "Hum, I should say some of 'em looked *sour!*" sez I, kinder short and piecrusty, for if there's ennything under the canopy I do hate, *Miss* Pettengill, it is to be stared at. Just then, there come a tap at the door, and in come a great black servant, black as the ace of spades, all dressed off in a kind of uniform; a rale nigger, and with white kid gloves on; and he handed some letters to the Prince on a little silver waiter, sayin', "Your Royal 'Ighness, 'ere's some Henglish letters jest harrived by the steamship Harabia!" The Prinee, he took up the letters and looked proper pleased. "They're from your ma and folks, I s'pose?" sez I, "and I'm rale glad you've got 'em. That's one of your *sweet*, too, I s'pose?" and I kinder sniffled when the nigger went past me, out the door. La, *Miss* Pettengill, I wish you could a-heard Albert Ed'ard laff then! ha

jest went at it rale hearty and boy-like, 's if he enjoyed it; and the Juke, *he* couldn't help a smilin' too.

I was a-goin' then, but I jest thought I'd stop a minnit more, and ask the Prince about the ball. "So," sez I, "I s'pose you had a proper good time last night to the ball; and, before I go, I should jest like to inquire if you daneed with my nieee's daughter Georgyanny Wetherell. I told her mother that Georgy looked as handsome as Cinderilly, when her godmother eome and took her to the Prince's ball, in the chariot made out of a punkin, and the mice for hosses; and I'd bet enny-thing she'd dance with the Prinee, too!" "I danced with several very handsome young ladies," sez Albert Ed'ard, "and should a been glad to a-daneed with more; but, to please the Governor and the Mare, and some other public dignitaries, I had to danee onee in a while with the merried ones. I seem to disremember about your grandniece, ma'am." "Oh," sez I, "you'll be shore to remember her by the gown she had on! It was of rale satin, and the skirt was all ruffled and fur-belowed off with gold fixin's, and she wore a laee juniper over it; her mother called it so, but I should say 'twas a *petticoat.*" "Wall," sez the Prinee, "I dare say I did danee with the young lady, fur there were several with junipers on; but I've kinder got 'em eonfused. I daneed seventeen times in all, ma'am, and didn't git home till five o'clock this mornin'—that accounts fur my bein' so late to breakfast." "Oh, don't say a word," sez I. "Georgyanny, she wa'n't up when I come out; young folks will be young folks, and you'll hev to do up a lot of sleepin bymeby, to pay for being kept up so late of nights. I stole off airly, to ketch ye before they begun to tote ye round to-day. You must get orful tired,

Albert Ed'ard?" "Oh, la, *I* don't mind it," sez he, "'young hearts, light heels.' Enny time, I could

> 'Dance all night till broad daylight,
> And go home with the *Juke* in the mornin'!'

He gits kinder tuckered out, but I feel fust rate next day."

"Wall," sez I, a-gettin' up for good then, "I must be a-goin' now, and giv you a chance ter read your letters! I'm proper glad I come down to see you, and much obleeged for your politenance, I'm shore; and if you only had time to stop and come up to our place in Bosc'wine—close by to Concord, the capital of the State—I'd try to show you that New Ham'shire farmin' folks know how to treat people that's been perlite to 'em. I ain't a mite sorry I come down to Bostin, for I've seen the old pensioner and the young Prince. La! who'd a-thought when our merlishy was a-fi'tin' the British reg'lars over to Bunker Hill, eighty year ago and up'ards, that the posterity of old King George and the last end of the revolutioners should a-had a good social set down together, as I hear you'n he did yisterday? We read in the Scriptur, how the time shall come when the lion and the lamb shall lay down together; but Mister Wetherell, Ruthy Ann's husband, sez this is the lion and the unicorn and the 'Merican eagle all bein' in the same cage ter once. Ennyhow, I'm proper thankful you've come over to see us, Albert Ed'ard; and I hope you'll come ag'in an' stay longer, and yer marm'll come too! Here's a rale nice Bald'n apple I happen to hev in my pocket—it come from the old place up ter Bosc'wine, growed in the corner orchard, and mebbe you'll kerry it home to yer ma'am with my respecks, *Miss* Sophrony Ward, Bosc'wine, New

Ham'shire?" and I gin it rite inter his hand. "I'm much obleeged to you, I'm shore, ma'am!" sez Albert Ed'ard, and he made a proper perlite bow and laid the Bald'n on the silver waiter 'long of the letters; "and if you'll wear this ring, p'r'aps it'll sarve as a remembrancer of the Prince of Wales when he is in his own country ag'in." An' if you'll believe it, *Miss* Pettengill, he up and took a beautiful ring rite off of his own finger and gin it to me. I'll git it and show it to you; I keep it in a little box, on cotton wool, in my upper drawer. There! ain't it a rale beauty? La, you'd orter seen how supprised they ware to Ruthy Ann's when I showed it to 'em arter I got hum! They sed they wouldn't a-believed I'd had a talk with the Prince if 'twa'nt fur that evvydence; and it turned out arter all, that Georgyanny hadn't danced with Albert Ed'ard, only touched his hand in the same set; and her father he sed her old Aunt Sophrony'd got ahead of *her* time, complete.

Wall, I thanked the Prince as well as I knowed how, and made a low curchy, and told him I was shore I wished the Bald'n apple was a berrill on 'em inste'd of one, to kerry home to Victory, and then I bid him good-by and come away. The *Juke* and the rest, they all bowed rale perlite when I was a-comin' out, for they'd seen what a good talk Albert Ed'ard and I'd had together. You never see a man so clever as that perlice ossifer was when I passed by him in the entry. He was rale likely lookin', I ken tell you, *Miss* Pettengill, and handsome enough to be a *Juke* or a Lord hisself. 'Taint *all* the good looks that is gi'n to "Lords, Dukes, and Earls, and folks of high renown," as the old song used to say; and *black* whiskers are 'nuff site handsomer'n *red* ones, enny day, to my mind.

But, *Miss* Pettengill, I guess them apple dumplin's'll be done to a charm!—and arter dinner I'll set down and tell you the rest; though I must say, *Miss* Pettengill, amongst all the great sights I see down in Bostin, the best and greatest was my visit to see the Prince!

MARY W. JANVIRN.

SELLING THE FARM.

WELL, why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mortgage we cannot pay.
I know that we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat never failed before.
And everything here's gone backward since Willie went off to sea
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead, for you and me.
I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts be paid—
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night, when no other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've tried to pray—

(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely been here to-day).
I thought that the merciful Father would somehow care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and because he was all we had.
But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since the hope for my boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing for sure he's dead.
O Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much our own.
First day we kept house together was the day that you brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be half so dear.
Of course you remember it, Thomas—I need not ask you, I know,
For this is the month, and this is the day—it was twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the barn was made,
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid?
The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die;

It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of
my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to
buy, you say;
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he
come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough
to bear,
And in all of our petty trouble, you always have borne
your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish
grown:
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out
alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and
slow;
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six
years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we
first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie,
our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him
more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the
open door.
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the
words he'd say;
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again
to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early or
late,

He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he opened the garden gate.
And many and many a moment, since the night that the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to pause at the gate.
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold;
And often, when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could understand;
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he helped to tend:
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend.

And now we must go and leave them—but there they
come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change
my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting
late,
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet Home,"
as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look
on his face:
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has
bought the place?

Why, can that be Thomas coming? He usually steps
so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six
years ago;
There's something that sounds like gladness, and the
man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on the
stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling and holding my
hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly—must we go from
the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of
wonderful joy?
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.
O, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look
in your face;
Now, tell me again—it is Willie that's wanting to buy
the place?"

BETH DAY.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle, pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney-neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,

And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
  Who did nought but scratch and pray;
Their dirty children puking;
Their dirty saucepans cooking;
Their dirty fingers hooking
  Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were—
  Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
  In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
  Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
  Before the break of day—
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lighting jumped and tumbled
And the ship and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;

And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sung "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them:
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,

Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle;
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gallantly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "*George, some brandy and water!*"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended—
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

W. M. THACKERAY.

BRIER-ROSE.

From St. Nicholas.

I.

SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
"What *will* become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.

You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;
You never sit a minute still at spinning wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,
The good wife, as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:
"Why, I shall marry, Mother dear," full merrily she said.

"*You* marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found
To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she trilled a merry lay:
"Perhaps he'll come, my Mother dear, from eighty leagues away."

The good wife, with a "humph" and a sigh, forsook the battle,
And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:
"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child.

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.

And she, as e'er, relenting, sighed: "Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high, and summer sounds were teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide;

For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie."
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head:
But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?"
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew:
"However much you coax me, I'll *never* dance with you."

II.

Thus flew the years light-wingèd over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!"

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,

With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air.
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids, and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

III.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,

And wandering gusts of dampness, and round us far
and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold
and red,
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows sped.
And terror smote us; for we heard the mighty tree-tops
sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of
spray.

"Now, lads," The sheriff shouted, "you are strong, like
Norway's rock;
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber
lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of
toil."

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor
would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should.
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the
firm rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious
tones and loud.

But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round about.
"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;
"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows
Why ever he created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted, that might a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:
"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold."
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding
spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at
play;
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color
through the mist:
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill;
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood
still;
For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and
creaking sound,
And then a crash of thunder which shook the very
ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky
steep;
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou could'st nor weave
nor spin;
Yet thou could'st do a nobler deed than all thy mocking
kin;
For thou had'st courage e'en to die, and by thy death to
save
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth;
When wayward children spend their days in heedless
play and mirth,

Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing, "Heaven knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESON.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

"DEAR Nelly:
Come the night before,
On merry Christmas eve,
For we're to have a house full,
As you can well believe.
There's Cousin Will expected
From countries over the sea
What wonderful things he'll bring us
To put on the Christmas tree!

"Mamma wrote to Grandpa Martin
For a well-grown pine or fir,
And he said he would send a 'Martin box'
Especially for her:
But he won't forget us children,
He never did, at least;
I only wish he could be here
To share our Christmas feast.

"We are all so very busy
Getting our presents done;
You can't think what I am making,
Of all things under the sun—

I mean for your special pleasure:
  I can tell you about the rest.
For Netty and Carry and Hatty
  Are doing their very best.

"I've made an embroidered apron,
  And tatted a lovely set,
Worked a pair of elegant slippers,
  And a collar and cuffs for Net;
For papa a yard-long watch chain
  With bands of gold and black;
And a pair of crimson wristers
  And a pretty neck-tie for Jack.

"You should see us girls together
  After our lessons are over,
Up in the old time nursery,
  Busy as bees in clover;
Busy with needles as nailers,
  Talking and laughing and humming,
And building such glorious castles
  Against the time of your coming.

"There are so many aunts and cousins!
  And the tree is to be so fine!
And we always get something we wish for
  I wonder what gifts will be mine?
I almost think I can guess, though,
  For papa has measured the wall,
And perhaps it will be a piano;
  I want that the most of all.

"Don't laugh at my funny grammar,
  You know it is Christmas time,
And when I'm so wild and happy
  The sense runs away from the rhyme.
Netty longs for a set of garnets,
  And Het for a watch and chain,
And Jack will be quite delighted
  With a dainty rosewood cane.

"And Carry is almost certain
  Of furs, a beautiful set.
I'm sure we ought to be thankful
  For anything that we get.
So on Christmas eve you must be here,
  For our tree will be loaded down,
And we look for a glorious frolic
  With cousins from city and town.

"I wish every soul the world over
  Could be happy at Christmas time;
So with a kiss and good wishes
  I close my letter in rhyme.
P. S.—We have made up ten dollars
  To send to a Widow Brown—
A poor soul with three pretty children
  Who lives far away down town."

* * * * * *

"The fire is out, and the ashes
  Are cold as my heart is cold;
I hope my babies are dreaming
  As I stitch fold after fold;
They talk of the happy Christmas—
  Dear Christ, oh! teach me to bear

The sad, sad lot of the hopeless,
  That my soul may not despair.

"Dear little Ned and Harry!
  They wanted a ball and top;
'I saw such pretty ones, mamma!'
  Said Ned, 'in the fancy shop.'
'Won't you get us a tree for Christmas?
  If it's just as small as can be,
As small as my little finger,
  Still you must get us a Christmas tree.'

"Dear hearts! and so near is the Christmas,
  And I toil so hard for bread!
And he who made holiday sunshine
  Is lying low with the dead;
I'll search for the rich man's gleanings,
  The crumbs that fall heedlessly,
And I ll weave a little gay garland
  And call it a Christmas tree.

"And I'll hang it full of good wishes—
  But oh! if I had a doll
For Bess, and a top for Neddy,
  And for Harry a bright, red ball!
Alas! for the tears are falling;
  This work is too costly by far,
The flash of a bitter tear-drop
  Its wondrous sheen would mar.

"'Tis for limbs so daintily covered!
  While my poor babies weep
When the cold gets under their patches,

And smile only when they sleep.
I wish I could die to-morrow
And take my babies away,
We'd have such a Christmas in heaven!
Such a glorious Christmas day!

"But no; through the cold and hunger
We still must wearily plod,
We must think that others are happy,
And trust—if we can—in God.
If we can—I am wicked to say it—
A letter! how strange there should be
In all this wide city a creature
To write a letter to me!

"Dear Lord! why here's money—ten dollars!
'Ten dollars for Christmas,' signed 'friend!'
Ten dollars for gifts for the babies!
Oh, darlings! ten dollars to spend!
And we'll have a dinner for Christmas,
And shoes for the baby so wee;
And coals for the fire, and, bless them,
For my darlings a Christmas tree.

"Oh! dear hearts so true and tender!
I wish you could see into mine,
And know that your sweet gift has kindled
A love that is almost divine.
I wish I could thank you—yes, kneeling
Close at your very feet,
And my little ones all beside me
Their innocent thanks to repeat.

"You may whiten, Oh, cold ashes!
  For I see in your midst a flame
Kindled by some good Christian,
  I wish I but knew the name.
You may cover the windows, Oh, frost king!
  You may sleep, my babies, in peace,
For my heart is as warm as the sunshine,
  And my faith has found release
From the cold, and the hate, and the terror,
  Into the blessed light,
And I wait with a new, sweet longing,
  For the coming of Christmas night."

MARY A. DENNISON.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

SIR. I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm-cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity, and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There's

magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead: and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging—"the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

THEN AND NOW.

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her—she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket,
Would oil my gun, and bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip;
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony;
I liked her rather less than Gyp,
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why;
  Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
  That I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
  Called red the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
  Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now, I expiate my crime;
  The Nemesis of fables
Came after years—to-day old time
  On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five; she's twenty now;
  Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny;
The curls are golden round her brow;
  She smiles, and calls me Johnny.

Of yore I used her Christian name,
  But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by, my lips can't frame
  Five letters to make Alice.

I, who would joke with her, and tease,
  Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please—
  A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
  I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
  I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me, and I love her now—
Dear, dear! how things have altered.

VIOLA VALENTINE

HORATIUS.

Abridged.

THE Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speeeh was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death eometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods.

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:

Now who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me!"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
  A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
  Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
  "As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrels
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now, while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe:

And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
  And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
  Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
  And clove him to the teeth.
At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust;

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausalus
  Horatius sent a blow—
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
  And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
  Comes with his stately stride;
Upon his ample shoulders
  Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
  Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
  A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
  And scorn was in his eye:
Quoth he, "The she wolf's litter
  Stands savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
  If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword,
  With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
  And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
  Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
  To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
  He leaned one breathing-space:
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
  Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull and helmet,
  So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
  Behind the Tuscan's head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
  Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
  Ere he wrenched out the steel.

"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
  Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
  To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
  A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame and dread,
  Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
  Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
  Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three.
Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"

Yet one man for one moment
  Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
  And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now, welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
  Thrice looked he at the dead;

And thrice came on in fury,
  And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
  And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind:
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind:
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield ye to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank:
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

MACAULAY.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

"YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."
"No, not a word." "Vel den, meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.
I vos drei yahr in your country; I fights in der army mit Sherman—
Twentiet Illinois Infantry—Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?" —"Vell, I tell you
Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-York;
I sphends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue;
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?"—"Yah, swansig apout; und der peebles
Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef;

Efery von laughs; but I holds my head ope shust so high as der steeples;
Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notiee you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle?" "At Lookout!" "Don't say!
I was there too—wait a minute—why your glass is empty already.
Have another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve eharge ope der side of der mountain—der sky vos all smoky and hazy;
Ve fight all day long in der elouds, but I nefer get hit until night—
But—I don't eare to say mooeh apout it. Der poys ealled me foolish and crazy,
Und der doetor vot eut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, and no matter
Vot any man say." "Well, let's hear it—you needn't mind talking to me,
For I was there, too, as I tell you—and oh! how the bullets did patter
Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening,
Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey eharge, und ve geef a hurrah;

Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." "Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening,
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem baek, und der night eome on, I listen,
Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin'—a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater, for Gott's sake'—I saw his pelt-blate glisten
Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he answer
Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm proke mit a fall;
Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharp-shooter's pullet; und dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—
The 'Reb,' I mean—what beeame of him? Did he ever come 'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos all ended,
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leefs,

I shows you I don't vorget'—but he most hafe died, de poor feller;
I never hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only I alvays got der saddisfachshun ofe knowin'—
Shtop! vots der matter? Here, take some vater, you're vite as a sheet—
Shteady your handt on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses avay, und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle!—a Tennessee regiment?—dot's mighty queer—
Berhaps after all you're—" "Yes, Yaeob, God bless you old fellow, I told you
I'd never—no, never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

WHERE hast been toiling all day, sweet heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad!
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine!
  I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
  The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
  Sweet heart? Who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
  And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
  I have sat there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around
  Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
  They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
  And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what hast thou done on the judgment seat,
  Sweet heart? What didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
  Did the garden mend by thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and I cried,
  But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
  Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee!
  The servants were not thine!
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame,
  See further than thine or mine.

The Voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet heart,
  Will not raise its tones to be heard,
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
  And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
  The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
  And not be grievèd sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
  Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near, and knoweth all;
  Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet heart,
  Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment seat!
Who watered thy roses and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me!
  That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
  My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart!
  Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
  Till for thee the Master calls.

Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst,
  Thou workest never alone,
Perchance, he whose plot is next to thine
  Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
  Till all grows fair and sweet,
And when the Master comes at eve,
  Happy faces his coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
  In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
  In a look of his own for thee!

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"NORROWAY hills are grand to see,
  Norroway vales are broad and fair:
Any monarch on earth might be
  Contented to find his kingdom there!"
    So spake Harold Haardrade, bold,
    To Olaf, his brother, with beard red-gold.

"A bargain!" cried Olaf: "Beside the strand
  Our ships rock idle. Come, sail away!
Who first shall win to our native land,
  He shall be king of old Norroway."
    Quoth Harold, the stern: "My vessel for thine,
    I will not trust to this laggard of mine."

"Take thou my Dragon with silken sails,"
  Said Olaf, "The Ox shall be mine in place.
If it pleases our Lord to send me gales,

In either vessel I'll win the race.
With this exchange ar't' satisfied?"
"Ay, brother," the crafty one replied.

King Olaf strode to the church to pray
For blessing of God on crew and ship;
But Harold, the traitor, made haste to weigh
His anchor, and out of the harbor slip.
"Pray!" laughed Harold Haardrade, "pray!
The wind's in my favor, let sail! Away!"

As Olaf knelt by the chancel rail,
Down the broad aisle came one in haste,
With panting bosom and cheeks all pale;
Straight to King Olaf's side he paced:
"Oh, waste no time in praying," cried he,
"For Harold already is far at sea!"

But Olaf answered: "Let sail who will,
Without God's blessing I shall not go."
Beside the altar he tarried still,
While the good priest chanted, soft and low;
And Olaf prayed the Lord in his heart,
"I shall win yet if Thou take my part!"

Cheerily then he leaped on board;
High on the prow he took his stand;
"Forward!" he bade, "In the name of the Lord!"
Held the white horn of the Ox in his hand:
"Now Ox, good Ox, I pray thee speed
As if to pasture in clover mead!"

The huge Ox rolled from side to side,
And merrily out of the harbor sped.

"Dost see the Dragon?" King Olaf cried
To the lad who clung to the high mast-head.
"Not so!" the watcher swift answer gave,
"There is never a boat upon the wave."

Onward, then, for a league and twain,
Right in the teeth of the wind they flew.
"See'st aught of the Dragon upon the main?"
"Something to landward sure I view!
Far ahead I can just behold
Silken sails with a border of gold."

The third time Olaf called with a frown:
"Dost see my Dragon yet? Ho! Say!"
Out of the mast-head the cry came down:
"Nigh to the shores of Norroway
The good ship Dragon rides full sail,
Driving ahead before the gale!"

"Ho! to the haven!" King Olaf cried,
And smote the eye of the Ox with his hand.
It leaped so madly along the tide
That never a sailor on deck could stand;
But Olaf lashed them firm and fast,
With trusty cords, to the strong oak mast.

"Now, who," the helmsman said, "will guide
The vessel upon the tossing sea?"
"That will I do!" King Olaf cried,
"And no man's life shall be lost through me."
Like a living coal his dark eye glowed,
As swift to the helmsman's place he strode.

Looking neither to left nor right,
  Toward the land he sailed right in,
Steering straight as a line of light;
  "So must I run if I would win;
    Faith is stronger than hills or rocks,
    Over the land speed on, good Ox!"

Into the valleys the waters rolled;
  Hillocks and meadows disappeared;
Grasping the helm in his iron hold,
  On, right onward, St. Olaf steered;
    High and higher the blue waves rose;
    "On!" he shouted, "no time to lose!"

Out came running the elves in a throng;
  Out from cavern and rock they came;
"Now, who is this comes sailing along
  Over our homes? Ho! tell us thy name!"
    "I am St. Olaf, my little men!
    Turn into stones till I come again."

The elf-stones rolled down the mountain side;
  The sturdy Ox sailed over them all.
"Ill luck be with thee!" a Carline cried,
  "Thy ship has shattered my chamber wall!"
    In Olaf's eyes flashed a fiery glint:
    "Be turned forever to rock of flint!"

Never was sailing like this before;
  He shot an arrow along the wind,
Or ever it lighted the ship sailed o'er
  The mark; the arrow fell far behind.
    "Faster, faster!" cried Olaf, "skip,
    Fleet as Skadbladnir, the magic ship!"

Swifter and swifter across the foam
  The quivering Ox leaped over the track,
Till Olaf came to his boyhood's home;
  Then, fast as it rose, the tide fell back,
    And Olaf was king of the whole Norseland,
    When Harold, the third day, reached the strand.

Such was the sailing of Olaf, the king,
  Monarch and saint of Norroway;
In view of whose wondrous prospering,
  The Norse have a saying unto this day:
    "As Harold Haardrade found to his cost,
    Time spent in praying is never lost!"

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

"BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON."

MY name is Meek. I am, in fact, Mr. Meek. That son is mine, and Mrs. Meek's. When I saw the announcement in the *Times*, I dropped the paper. I had put it in myself, and paid for it, but it looked so noble that it overpowered me.

As soon as I could compose my feelings, I took the paper up to Mrs. Meek's bedside. "Maria Jane," said I (I allude to Mrs. Meek), "you are now a public character." We read the review of our child, several times, with feelings of the strongest emotions; and I sent the boy who cleaned the boots and shoes to the office, for fifteen copies. No reduction was made on taking that quantity.

I hope and believe I am a quiet man. I will go further. I *know* I am a quiet man. My constitution is

tremulous, my voice was never loud, and in point of stature, I have been from infancy small. I have the greatest respect for Mrs. Bigby, Maria Jane's mamma. She is a most remarkable woman. I honor Maria Jane's mamma. In my opinion she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever, to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

Still—but I will not anticipate.

The first intimation I had of any preparations being in progress, on the part of Maria Jane's mamma, was one afternoon, several months ago. I came home earlier than usual from the office, and proceeding into the dining room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in I found it to be a female.

The female in question stood in the corner behind the door, consuming sherry wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me, were these, "Oh git along with you, Sir, if *you* please; me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here!"

That female was Mrs. Prodgit.

I immediately withdrew, of course. I was rather hurt, but I made no remark. Whether it was that I showed a lowness of spirits after dinner, in consequence of feeling that I seemed to intrude, I cannot say. But Maria Jane's

mamma said to me, on her retiring for the night, in a low, distinct voice, and with a look of reproach that completely subdued me, "George Meek, Mrs. Prodgit is your wife's nurse!"

I bear no ill-will toward Mrs. Prodgit. Is it likely that I, writing this with tears in my eyes, should be capable of deliberate animosity toward a female so essential to the welfare of Maria Jane? I am willing to admit that Fate may have been to blame, and not Mrs. Prodgit; but it is undeniably true that the latter female brought desolation and devastation into my lowly dwelling.

We were happy after her first appearance; we were sometimes exceedingly so. But whenever the parlor door was opened, and "Mrs. Prodgit!" announced (and she was very often announced), misery ensued. I could not bear Mrs. Prodgit's look. I felt that I was far from wanted, and had no business to exist in Mrs. Prodgit's presence. Between Maria Jane's mamma and Mrs. Prodgit there was a dreadful, secret understanding—a dark mystery and conspiracy, pointing me out as a being to be shunned. I appeared to have done something that was evil. Whenever Mrs. Prodgit called, after dinner, I retired to my dressing room—where the temperature is very low indeed, in the wintry time of the year—and sat looking at my frosty breath as it rose before me, and at my rack of boots; a serviceable article of furniture, but never, in my opinion, an exhilarating object. The length of the councils that were held with Mrs. Prodgit under these circumstances I will not attempt to describe.

I pass, generally, over the period that intervened between the day when Mrs. Prodgit entered her protest

against male parties, and the ever memorable midnight when I brought her to my unobtrusive home in a cab, with an extremely large box on the roof and a bundle, a bandbox and a basket between the driver's legs. I have no objection to Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby, who I never can forgot is the parent of Maria Jane), taking entire possession of my unassuming establishment. In the recesses of my own breast the thought may linger that a man in possession cannot be so dreadful as a woman, and that woman Mrs. Prodgit; but I ought to bear a good deal, and I hope I can and do. Huffing and snubbing prey upon my feelings; but I can bear them without complaint. They may tell in the long run; I may be hustled about, from post to pillar, beyond my strength; nevertheless, I wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

The voice of Nature, however, cried aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why, when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on its arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to be informed why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poisons? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket-bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder!) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose.

Was I expected to be the father of a French roll that the brushes of all nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by Nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and iucessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the pareut of a muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or of liuen, that impressious of the finery getting-up art practiced by the laundress are to be printed off all over his soft arms and legs, as I coustantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries?

Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be boru a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this astonishing sight. I beheld my sou—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap on the floor, was a loug narrow roller or bandage—I should say of several yards iu extent. In this, I saw Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending

infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upward, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it and smile?

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; but for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Any body? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But Augustus George is a production of Nature, and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to Nature. In my opinion Mrs. Prodgit is, from first to last, a convention and a superstition.

P. S.—Maria Jane's mamma boasts of her own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But how do I know that she might not have brought them up much better? Maria Jane herself is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables, that one child in five dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think?

P. P. S.—Augustus George is in convulsions.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

PEACE! for my brain is on the rack!
Peace of your idle prattling, John!
Ere peep o' daylight he was gone:
And my thoughts they run as wild and black
As the clouds in the sky, from fear to fear.
Mother o' mercy! would he were here—
Oh! would that he were only safely here—
Would that I knew he would ever come back!
Yet surely he will come anon;
Let's see—the clock is almost on
The stroke o' ten. Even ere it strike,
His hand will be at the latch belike,
Set up his chair in the corner, John,
Add a fresh log and stir the coals;
We can afford it, I reckon, yet.
The night is chilly and wild and wet,
And all the fishers' wives, poor souls,
Must watch and wait! There are otherwhere
Burdens heavy as mine to bear,
Though not so bitter. It was my fret
And worry that sent him to his boat.
Here, Johnny, come kneel down by me,
And pray the best man keep afloat
That ever trusted his life at sea!
So; let your pretty head be bowed,
Like a stricken flower upon my knee;
And when you come to the sweet, sweet word
Of *best*, my little one, my bird,
Say it over twice, and say it loud.
I do not dare to lift my eyes
To our meek Master in the skies;

For it was my wicked pride, alas!
That brought me to the heavy pass
Of weary waiting and listening sad
To the winds as they drearily drift and drive.
So pray in your praying for me, my lad!
Oh! If he were there in the chair you set,
With never a silvery fish in his net,
I'd be the happiest woman alive!

Another hour and he comes not yet:
And I hear the long waves wash the beach,
With the moan of a drowning man in each,
And the star of hope is near to set.
The proudest lady in all the land
That sits in her chamber fine and high,
That sits in her chamber large and grand,
I would not envy to night—not I—
If I had his cold wet locks in my hand,
To make them warm and to make them dry,
And to comb them with my fingers free
From the clinging sea-weed and the sand
Washing over them, it may be.

Ah! how should I envy the lady fair
With white arms hidden in folds of lace,
If my dear old fisher were sitting there,
His pipe in his hand, and his sun-brown face
Turning this way and that to me,
As I broiled the salmon and steeped the tea.
O empty heart! and O empty chair!

My boy, my Johnnie, say over your prayer;
And straight to the words I told you keep,

Till you pass the best man out on the deep,
And then say this: If thou grantest, Lord,
That he come back alive, and with fish in his net,
The church shall have them for her award,
And we, of our thankfulness, will set
A day for fasting, and scourge and pain.
Hark! hark to the crazy winds again!
The tide is high as high can be,
The waters are boiling over the bar,
And drawing under them near and far
The low black land. Ah me! ah me!
I can only think of the mad, mad sea;
I can only think, and think, and think
How quickly a foundered boat would sink,
And how soon the stoutest arms would fail.
'Tis all of my worry and all of my fret,
For I brewed the bitter draught I drink:
I teased for a foolish, flimsy veil,
And teased and teased for a spangled gown,
And to have a holiday in the town.
There was only just one way, one way,
And he mended his net and trimmed his sail,
And trusted his life to the pitiless sea,
My dear old fisher, for love of me,
When a better wife would have said him nay;
And so my folly forlorn I bewail.
Hark! Midnight! All the hearth is dim
And cold; but sure we need not strive
To keep it warm and bright for him—
He never will come back alive.
I hear the creak of masts a-strain,
As the mad winds rush madly on.

Kneel down and say yet once again
The prayer I told you a while ago;
And be not loud, my boy, my John—
Nay, it befits us to be low—
Nor yet so straight to the wording keep,
As I did give you charge before:
The best man ever was on the deep,
Pray for, and say the best twice o'er.
But when through our blessed Redeemer you say
The sweet supplication for him that's away,
That saints bring him back to us, saved from ill,
Add this to the Father: If so be Thy will.
And I, lest again my temptation assail,
Will yield to my chast'ning, and cover my head
With blackness of darkness instead of the veil
I pined for in worry, and pined for in fret,
Till my good man was fain to be gone with his net
Where but the winds scolded.
Now get from your knees;
For I, from the depths of contrition, have said
The Amen before you; and we'll to the seas:
Belike some kind wave may be washing ashore,
With coils of rope and salt sea-weed, some sign
To be as a letter sent out of the brine
To tell us the last news—to say if he struck
On the rocks and went down—but hush! breathe not, my lad.
O sweet Lord of Mercy! my brain is gone mad!
Or that was the tune that he whistled for luck!
Run! run to the door! open wide—wider yet!
He is there! he is here! and my arms are outspread;
I am clasping and kissing his hands rough and brown.
Are you living, or are you the ghost of my dead?

'Tis all of my worry and all of my fret;
Ashamed in his bosom I hung down my head.
He has been with his fishes to sell in the town,
For I see, snugly wrapped in the folds of his net,
The hindering veil and the spangled new gown.

ALICE CARY.

THE PALACE O' THE KING.

IT'S a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna' touch the palace o' the King.

Then again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a'thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonder i' the palace o' the King?

It's here we hae oor trials, an' its here that he prepares
A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears,

An' it's here that he wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

Though his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here below,
An' *we* are his ambassadors, wherever we may go;
We've a message to deliver, and we've lost anes hame to bring
To be leal and loyal heartit i' the palace o' the King.

Oh, its honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for, i' this warl' o' sin and pain,
An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

An' let us trust him better than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed his servants frae his ever bounteous store.
Let us keep a closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,
An' sune he'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' vine,
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace of the King.

Nae nieht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the
free.
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late:
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise oor voice
an' sing,
"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the
King."

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

AND Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and said:—

Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and he made of one every nation of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, having determined *their* appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they

should seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he is not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

BIBLE.

THE AGED STRANGER;

OR, "I WAS WITH GRANT."

"I WAS with Grant," the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant," the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy, my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more;

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

BABY'S VISITOR.

MY baby boy sat on the floor;
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head
  The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side; then softly said,
  "I can't get out; can you come in?"

Atlanta Constitution.

ONLY.

IT was only a blossom,
  Just the merest bit of bloom;
But it brought a glimpse of summer
  To the little darkened room.

It was only a glad "good morning,"
  As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
  Over the livelong day.

Only a song; but the music,
  Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
  The reckless, roving feet.

Only! In our blind wisdom
  How dare we say it is all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
  Which is the great or small.

THE WORLD.

THE world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it;
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford the man
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world's, in truth, as good a world
As e'er was known to any
Who have not seen another yet—
And there are very many;
And if the men, and women too,
Have plenty of employment,
Those, surely, must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a pleasant world,
In rain, or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn the best of lessons yet,
To always be contented.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, dear heart, yes, sometime,
The brighter days will come,
And floods of golden sunlight
Will flash across thy gloom.

Sometime for thee will open
The fairest flowers that be,
And sometime in the future
The birds will sing for thee.

To all there comes a morning
Who wait the end of night—
For every hour of darkness
There dawneth one of light.

Then, oh, my heart, take courage,
The east begins to glow—
'Tis always morning somewhere,
'Twill come to thee I know.

F. A. F. W. W

WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll
Light, when thou else wert blind.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
  Broad and deep, and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
  Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
  Swiftly now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
  Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
  Down you dash into the sea;
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that voyage hath never rounded,
  Like Eternity!

MRS. SOUTHEY

MINE VAMILY.

DIMPLED scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
  Mout' like it was mois'd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin droo—
  Dot's der baby.

Curly hed und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen playin' horss, you see—
  Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hunderd seexty in der shade,
Der oder day ven she vas veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas afraid—
  Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—
  Dot's me himself.

Von schmail young baby, full of fun,
Von leedle, pright-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork was done—
  Dot's mine vamily.

YAWCOB STRAUSS

THE IDEAL.

I THINK the song that's sweetest
  Is the one that's never sung;
That lies in the heart of the singer,
  Too grand for mortal tongue;
And sometimes in the silence,
  Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
  Bid farewell to the light.

A picture that is fairer
  Than all that have a part
Among the masterpieces
  In the marble halls of art,

Is the one that haunts the painter
  In all his golden dreams,
And to the painter only
  A real picture seems.

The noblest, grandest poem
  Lies not in blue and gold,
Among the treasured volumes
  That rosewood book-shelves hold;
But in bright, glowing visions,
  It comes in the poet's brain,
And when he tries to grasp it,
  He finds his effort vain.

A fairy hand from dream-land
  Beckons up here and there,
And when we strive to clasp it,
  It vanishes into air.
And thus one fair ideal
  Floats always just before,
And we with longing spirits
  Reach for it evermore.

Hall's Journal of Health, Dec., '80.

ROVER'S PETITION.

Last Poem of the Author.

"KIND traveler, do not pass me by,
  And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
  And hear my woe, for pity's sake!

"My name is Rover; yonder house
Was once my home for many a year;
My master loved me; every hand
Caressed young Rover, far and near.

"The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
As round my shaggy sides they clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept;
I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night;
For only them I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail,
My teeth are dropping one by one;
I scarce have strength to wag my tail;

"I'm palsied grown with mortal pains,
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
And rest my helpless, broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
  And pardon, pray, my last appeal;
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
  And learned that dogs, like men, can *feel.*"

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
  Food, with warm shelter, I'll supply—
And Heaven forgive the cruel souls
  Who drove you forth to starve and die!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

PWIZE SPWING POEM.

WILL you come, love, to the Gahden
  And heah the wobbling wobbins?
How they cock their little tails up
  At the coming of the spwing!
And their bwight eyes, how they spahkle
As their little heads they tuhn wound,
And they wobble in the gahden
  With a melody a-wing.

Wound your waist, so lithe and supple,
I will wind my ahm, my dahling,
And I'll wap your shawl awound you,
  Foh the aih is wather waw;
And, ah—bwing your wubbers, deawest—
The ahtic ones, you know, love,
Coming high up on the ankle
  Of the foot I do adaw!

San Francisco News Letter.

POTENCY OF ENGLISH WORDS.

SEEK out "acceptable words;" and as ye seek them turn to our English stores. Seeking to be rich in speech, you will find that in the broad ocean of our English literature there are pearls of great price, our potent English words; words that are wizards more mighty than the old Scotch magician; words that are pictures bright and moving with all the coloring and circumstances of life; words that go down the century like battle cries; words that sob like litanies, sing like larks, sigh like zephyrs, shout like seas. Seek amid our exhaustless stores and you will find words that flash like the stars of the frosty sky, or are melting and tender like Love's tear-filled eyes; words that are fresh and crisp like the mountain breeze in autumn, or are mellow and rich as an old painting; words that are sharp, unbending and precise like Alpine needle-points, or are heavy and rugged like great nuggets of gold; words that are glittering and gay like imperial gems, or are chaste and refined like the face of a muse. Search and ye shall find words that crush like the battle-axe of Richard, or cut like the scimetar of Saladin; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that can unveil the nether depths of hell, or paint out the heavenly heights of purity and peace; words that can recall a Judas; words that reveal the Christ.

Here, then, you have, to stir, enrich, control and cultivate your plastic minds, a literature that embodies, in the most perfect forms of Elizabethan words, the peerless gentleness of a Sydney, the unquailing bravery of a Glanville, the quiet majesty of a Cecil, the dashing hardihood of a Raleigh, and the sublime dignity of a

Howard. What a rich field of supply is here. Here is a literature that is marked by terseness and clearness, by soberness and majesty, by sweetness and fullness of expression never surpassed, rarely equaled. Here you have for your guidance and enrichment as speakers a field of literature marked in one department by the pureness, thoroughness and calmness of the sage who loves rich, deep, but strongly ruled speech, and shuns with holy scorn all strain after the startling or striking; a literature marked in another department by the white glow of fiery zeal, the rapid rush of the dauntless will, and by the passionate, piercing cry of the deeply stirred but despairing seer; a literature marked in another department by short, sharp sentences, by pointed antitheses, striking outbursts, flashing images. This is the literature that presents to you the gathered wealth of the English tongue; and yet this vast and noble library into which I would introduce you, far from exhausting, only half reveals the marvelous riches of that language whose inexhaustible stores and manifold resources scarcely one amid a thousand speakers ever more than touches. Before us stands a grand instrument of countless strings, of myriad notes and keys, and we are content with some few hundreds, and these not the purest, richest, deepest, sweetest. If you would be strong of speech, master more of these notes; let your vocabulary be rich, varied, pure, and proportionate will be your power and attractiveness as speakers. I would have you deeply impressed by the force, fullness, and flexibility of our noble tongue, where, if anywhere, the gigantic strength of thought and truth is wedded to the seraphic beauty of perfect utterance. I would have you fling yourselves unhesitatingly out into this great fresh

sea, like bold swimmers into the rolling waves of ocean. It will make you healthy, vigorous, supple, and equal to a hundred calls of duty. I would have you cherish sacredly this goodly heritage, won by centuries of English thought and countless lives of English toil. I would have you jealous, like the apostle over the church, over these pure wells of English undefiled; degrade not our sacred tongue by slang; defile not its crystal streams with the foul waters of careless speech; honor its stern old parentage, obey its simple yet severe grammar, watch its perfect rhythm, and never mix its blue blood, the gift of noblest sires, with the base puddle of any mongrel race; never speak half the language of Ashdod and half of Canaan, but be ye of a pure, English lip.

JOHN S. MACINTOSH, D.D.

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

THIS is the first day of a new year. What an hour for resolutions; what a moment for prayer! If you have sins in your bosom, cast them behind you now. In the last year God has blessed us; blessed us all. On some his angels waited, robed in white, and brought new joys; here a wife, to bind men closer yet to Providence; and there a child, a new Messiah, sent to tell of innocence and heaven. To some his angels came clad in dark livery, veiling a joyful countenance with unpropitious wings, and bore away child, father, sister, wife or friend. Still were they angels of good Providence, all God's own; and he who looks aright finds that they also brought a blessing, but concealed and left it, though

they spoke no word of joy. One day our weeping brother shall find that gift and wear it as a diamond on his breast.

The hours are passing over us, and with them the day. What shall the future days be, and what the year? What we make them such will they be. God gives us time. We weave it into life, such figures as we may, and wear it as we will. Age slowly rots away the gold we are set in, but the adamantine soul lives on, radiant every way in the light streaming down from God. The genius of eternity, star-crowned, beautiful and with prophetic eyes, leads us again to the gates of time, and gives us one more year, bidding us fill that golden cup with water as we can or will. There stand the dirty, fetid pools of worldliness and sin; curdled and mantled, film-covered, streaked and striped with many a hue, they shine there, in the slanting light of new-born day. Around them stand the sons of earth, and cry "Come hither; drink thou and be saved! Here fill thy golden cup!" There you may seek to fill your urn; to stay your thirst. The deceitful element, roping in your hands, shall mock your lip. It is water only to the eye. Nay, show water only, unto men half blind. But there, hard by, runs down the stream of life, its waters never frozen, never dry; fed by perennial dews falling unseen from God. Fill there thine urn, oh, brother-man, and thou shalt thirst no more for selfishness and crime, and faint no more amid the toil and heat of day; wash there, and the leprosy of sin, its scales of blindness, shall fall off, and thou be clean forever. Kneel there and pray; God shall inspire thy heart with truth and love, and fill thy cup with never-ending joy.

THEODORE PARKER.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.

I'M old, my dears, and shrivel'd with age, and work and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn by time, the thief!
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've run—
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done!

Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've played the deuce with men—
I'm speaking of ten years past, I was barely sixty then;
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were large and sweet,
"Poll Pineapple's eyes" were the standing toast of the Royal Fleet.

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
With apples and cakes, and fowls and beer, and half-penny dips,
And beef for the generous mess, where the officers dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking mid-ship mites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchor'd in Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant Belaye.
Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat Hot Cross Bun;
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and she carried a gun.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me down below:
"Come down, Little Buttercup, come!" (for he loved to call me so);
And he'd tell of the fight at sea in which he had taken a part,
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pineapple's heart!

But at length his orders came, and he said, one day, said he:
"I'm ordered to sail with the Hot Cross Bun to the German Sea."
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant Belaye.

And I went to a back, back street, with plenty of cheap, cheap shops,
And I bought an oilskin hat and a second-hand suit of slops,
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never suspected *me*),
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.

We sailed that afternoon, at the mystic hour of one;
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the Hot Cross Bun;
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes swear,
But I've never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong, I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "messmate, ho! what cheer?"
But here on the Hot Cross Bun it was "How do you do, my dear?
When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a big, big D—,
But the strongest oath of the Hot Cross Bun was a mild "Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well bred, you could hardly call them slick;
Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely sick;
And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind was light and fair,
They spent more time than a sailor should on his back, back hair.

They certainly shiver'd and shook when ordered aloft to run,
And they scream'd when Lieutenant Belaye discharged his only gun.
And he was proud of his gun—such pride is hardly wrong;
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals, all day long.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no great use to him,
"But, then," he would say, "there is little to do on a gunboat trim;
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big gun too;
And it is such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-bred crew."

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,
And off on leave for a week went kind Lieutenant Belaye,
And after a long, long week had passed (and it seemed like a life),
Lieutenant Belaye return'd to his ship with a fair young wife!

He up and he says, says he: "O crew of the Hot Cross Bun,
Here is the wife of my heart, for the church has made us one."
And as he uttered the word, the crew went out of their wits,
And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,
And lo! the rest of the crew were simple girls like me,
Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,
To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant Belaye.

* * * * * * * *

It's strange to think *I* should ever have loved young men,
But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then,
And now my cheeks are furrow'd with grief and age, I trow!
And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their lustre now!

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

MASTER JOHNNY'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

"IT was Spring the first time that I saw her, for her papa and mamma moved in
Next door just as skating was over and marbles about to begin,
For the fence in our back-yard was broken, and I saw, as I peeped through the slat,
There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her, and I knew it was Spring just by that.

"I never knew whether she saw me—for she didn't say nothing to me,
But 'Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see.'
But the next day I climbed on our wood-shed, as you know Mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, 'Well, peekin is manners!' and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!'

"But I wasn't a bit mad; no, Papa; and to prove it, the very next day,
When she ran past our fence in the morning I happened to get in her way,
For you know I am 'chunked' and clumsy, as she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, Pa, and laughed till tears came in her eyes.

"And then we were friends, from that moment, for I knew that she told Kitty Sage—
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter—'that she thought I was tall for my age,'

And I gave her four apples that evening, and took her
to ride on my sled,
And—'What am I telling you this for?' Why, Papa,
my neighbor is *dead!*

"You don't hear one half I am saying—I really do think
it's too bad!
Why, you might have seen crape on her door-knob, and
noticed to-day I've been sad;
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and they say
they have dressed her in white,
And I've never once looked through the fence, Pa, since
she died—at eleven last night.

"And Ma says its decent and proper, as I was her neigh-
bor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she thinks
that *you* ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I shall be in
the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, Papa, I wouldn't
know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know I sleep late,
but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the string
that I'll tie to my toe,
And I'll crawl through the fence and I'll gather the
'Johnny Jump-ups' as they grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her, and, Papa,
I'll give them to you.

"For you're a big man, and you know, Pa, can come
and go just where you choose,
And you'll take the flowers into her, and surely they'll
never refuse;

But, Papa, don't *say* they're from Johnny; *they* won't
understand, don't you see;
But just lay them down on her bosom, and, Papa, *she'll*
know they're from me."

BRET HARTE.

WILLIAM GOETZ.

IT chaneed one pleasant afternoon in town,
That on the pavement, gaily sailing down,
Steering amid the throng,
A woman passed along.
She earried extra sail, for in her arms
She held a looking-glass, new gilt and large,
To her a rare and precious charge,
On which she often slily looked askanee,
To catch a glanee,
Quite eomforting, of female charms.

Diverted by an organ-grinder's playing,
Who showed a monkey, for a time delaying,
She leaned the glass beside a fence,
And laughed to see the monkey's impudence.
Just then a goat, unseen, came up behind;
And when the frolicsome and saucy elf
Within the mirror saw himself,
He thought the thing another of his kind,
A goat of the male gender,
Whose presence scorning,
He shook his head with wrathful warning.
The other goat, the challenge taking,
Returned the shaking,

As if he meant to stand his own defender.
Now Billy rears upon his hinder legs,
And sees the other rising on his pegs;
Then suddenly, as lightning flashes,
Headforemost dashes,
And in one moment smashes
The precious mirror, making havoc wide,
His head protruding on the other side.

Here was a scene. At once the woman flew
Into a passion, making great ado.
"What, what! There, there! You thing! you creature, you!
Take that! O larks! just see what's come to pass!
It's broke! Get out! It's all, all gone, my glass!
Shivered to shivers! Fool! O, what a pity!
I swear me, if there's justice in the city
I'll make your owner smart for this. I'll go;
I'll swell his head with hornets; yes, I'll sting him!
Indeed, I'll show him up! If I don't string him!
Now, did you ever! Did you? did you? No!
I never! Who'd have thought it? Who? O! O!"

Betwixt the frantic efforts of the dame,
And Billy's struggling, she secured the frame.
He, in a stubborn mood,
When she unyoked him, still was unsubdued,
And reared again, to make an onset rude.
Near by there was a station of police,
And some who saw this breach of peace
Came running, headed by their chief,
To give the persecuted dame relief.
They caught the goat and shut him in a cell,

And left him in this situation
To give him time for meditation
Upon the evil tenor
Of his demeanor.

But soon the officers about the station,
Wishing to play a joke, sat down and wrote
A little note,
And sent it off to lawyer Hornor,
Who kept an office round the corner,
To give him timely information
That William Goetz, a client of his own,
Was held a prisoner at the station,
And wished to see him in the cell alone.
He came, and asked for Mr. William Goetz.
"Goetz?" said the Chief, in doubt, "Goetz? Goetz? O yes;
I see! Great rascal that, I must confess,
A fellow with a beard, a scamp that doats
On mischief, troublesome and rough,
One of the biggest scoundrels in the ring."
"I beg your pardon, sir; 'tis no such thing!"
Cried Hornor, in a huff.
"A rascal! doats on mischief! stuff!
A better man than he cannot be found
The city round.
I'll not stand here and see my client wronged.
Do you not know, sir, that he once belonged
To the Common Council, sir?" "Well, well.
No matter," said the chief; "here, take the key,
You'll find him waiting for you in his cell,
In number three."

The lawyer now no more abides,
But thither strides,
Important as a horse that feels his oats,
And in the passage calls, "O, Mr. Goetz!
Goetz, Mr. Goetz!" the passage being dark,
He nothing sees at first that's worth remark.
Now, Billy, chafing in his quarters close,
Feels bellicose;
And seeing Hornor come, the brute
Deals him a rough salute;
Returning from the shock,
Prepares to give another knock,
But flings himself the lawyer's legs between,
Who, now, in uttermost confusion lost,
Is lifted from his feet and tossed,
And pushed about, and rolled
Over and over, by his client bold,
Till the policemen intervene,
And with a peal of laughter end the scene.

HENRY REEVES.

THE BABY'S KISS.

An Incident of the Civil War.

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Pistol in holster and sword by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-searred:
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby, shaking its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out: "I will give you this,
A bright piece of gold, your baby to kiss."

"My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers call;
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caressed,
And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at the fond embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cried one warrior grim,
"When I left my boy, I gave to him."
"And just such a kiss, on the parting day,
I gave to my girl, as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

G. R. Emerson.

CONNOR.

To the memory of Patrick Connor, this simple stone was erected by his fellow workingmen.

THESE words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York: but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning:—

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks, are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that;" said the man; "but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole had'nt the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O masther, just try me! How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own

meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said, one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, its slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting

a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whorooo? I've got it!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth—

"Is any man that bad that its thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor, it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determina-

tion. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say: "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way; kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day "set Nora a week nearer," as he said, and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest

man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle, which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service, as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked: "Do you wondher the time seems so long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready. Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order; and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She had'nt the like of that in the old country," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last: a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employés were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by and by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked: "What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily: "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing; he was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't read; they kept it from me," said he.

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one, in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died; many children," went on the captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day.

But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she, 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.' "

Connor groaned.

"Keep up, if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:—

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing: God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's taken me over to her and Jamesy, over the river; don't you see it, and *her* standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms—perhaps he did see Nora; Heaven only knows—and so died.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
  But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
  Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
  The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
  How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
  And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
  For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest,
  Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest,
  The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

THE Declaration of American Independence has become the Declaration of the Rights of Men. The seal of patriotic blood is upon it. A century has consecrated it. For seven years it rested upon the character of a single man; and when we contemplate the long period when it hung trembling in the balance, who will be bold enough to assert that, had it not been for the fortitude and heroism of Washington, it would have been set down amid the records of human action as the audacious instrument of unsuccessful rebellion. But the sublime devotion of Washington saved from defeat during the long, dark hours of thickening gloom, the vital principle of our national life and the abiding foundation of our national existence.

It is, then, eminently fitting that we celebrate the birth of earth's grandest hero. We honor ourselves in honoring the day. As we stand here in the living memory of the man, all the vivid scenes of that trying time from Lexington to Yorktown rush upon us, banishing that forgetfulness of gratitude into which we are prone, and reminding us anew of the duty we owe as patriots and citizens of the greatest commonwealth under heaven. And we would fain call to our aid in this becoming observation, all that genius, eloquence, poetry, music and art can provide, to commemorate the worth and glory of "one of the few immortal names that were not born to die."

Amid the darkest days of the Revolution, when despair and fear and horror brooded in every soul—when hope was gone—when all seemed lost in the unequal chances of war—we behold him. gifted with apostolic

power for the liberty of man, kneeling alone upon the furrowed field, surrounded by havoc and by blood, while the sulphurous atmosphere of battle still lingers over its destruction, with the weight of States upon his arm and the destiny of government in his consecrated soul. Under the military cloak which is drawn across his shoulder we behold the soldier, but as his head sinks heavily upon his breast and his whole form bows under the cross of his devotion, and his hands are clasped in agony of prayer, "that prayer the full heart may not, cannot speak," we behold the noblest elements and the brightest virtues that constitute the citizen and the man.

How feeble are words to recognize the merit of one that is above titles, whose fame cannot be increased by adjectives, and before whom the loftiest flights of panegyric and eulogy must fall, like shaftless arrows, far short of the distant object. Thought even, sovereign mistress of man's supreme dominion, turns upon herself in dumb ecstacy and astonishment. By what standard can we measure such a man? In what balance poised by human hands can he be weighed? How can our powers be magnified to encompass the majestic proportions of his character and his influence? One devoted age writes the name of Washington, "*First in the hearts of his countrymen,*" but time, like the sun, puts the star to flight, and casts over the broad expanse, "FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF MEN."

Let the vision sweep the horizon, penetrating into the profoundest depths of human action, and no equal arrests the flight. Count off the mighty characters who have carved eras out of oblivion, and you will find none to surpass the exalted province of this. Pass in review all the great captains and ministers of human destiny,

and we search in vain for the grand combination of self-denying attributes that marked a Washington. The heroic carnivals of an Alexander, the trembling earth beneath the feet of Cæsar, and the red fields of a Napoleon spread mourning like a pall over the children of men, and made the sword the curse of human destiny; but Washington transformed the mission of battle, and wrote upon the dreaded instrument of war, "Peace on earth, good will to men." That sword never knew what it was to slaughter, and returned to its scabbard when the rush of war was passed, with the blessing of mankind upon its virgin steel.

Call again into existence all the bright galaxy of men who have formed and moulded States. Let the just Aristides, the brilliant Augustus, the kingly Alfred, and the thundering Peter arise to speak for themselves, and their words are as vain as their deeds are perishable, when ranked by the side of the immortal accomplishment of the great citizen, George Washington. He created a State, and nobly resigned the labor of his life to a devoted people. The civic crown which he won was no incentive to the perpetuation of his power. He laid aside the sceptre when it rested most securely in his hand, and became the very embodiment of free institutions and the living spirit of their promulgation. No shadow falls across his sublime career; no stain darkens his untarnished character, and no evil mingles in his abounding influence. Enthusiasm can add nothing to his worth, nor can art adorn the perfect beauty of his life.

Col. J. A. Price.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

I.

LONG back in the far off ages, when low lay the
might of Rome,
When the Crescent had not yet risen, and Mohammed
had not yet come,
A knight crossed the desert of Egypt, riding slowly at
close of day,
His good horse drooping and weary, as he toiled his
trackless way.

Just then, far over the sand-hills—for daylight was al-
most done—
He saw three palm trees standing dark on the rim of
the setting sun.
Under those trees lived a hermit, who, many a year
ago,
Had shaken off the dust of his feet on a world of evil
and woe;
And into this haunted desert, where no servant of Christ
had trod,
Had come to pray for the world he had left, and to dwell
alone with his God.

Kindly the hermit received them—cool water and dates
and corn
He set before weary man and beast, and he bade them
rest till morn;
But himself all night kept vigil—kept vigil and wept
and prayed;
All night Sir George heard him crying, "Dear Lord,
help my Christian maid—

The only creature that loves me! Ah, God! so pleasant and good!
When late she was here to see me, I made her a cross of wood,
Two poor little sticks together, just tied by a sackcloth thread;
But she knows the blessed story of Him who lives and was dead.
My Sabra! My Sabra! My princess! That thou art dead or distrest,
I know, my love, for thy little white dove came flying into my breast.
I know that the dear Lord sent it as a sign I must wrestle in prayer;
Oh, God! make the cross or temptation no more than the child can bear!"

All night he prayed; and when early dawn began to redden the sky,
The knight, at the moment of parting, besought him to tell him why,
And who was the Christian princess, so fair and so good, in distress,
And how she came to honor the name of our Lord in Heathenesse.

'She is the king's own daughter; she dwells in yon city of On,
Whose porphyry columns and golden gates are lit by the rising sun;
Nine weeks ago a dreadful curse on the king and his people fell;
I know not whether 't was sent from God, or whether it came from hell.

A raving dragon, with blood-shot eyes and a mouth that vomited flame,
With gaping jaws and sharp-curved claws, from the slime of the river came.
He raged and ravaged the growing crops, the barley, the rye, and the wheat,
Tore the grazing kine, uprooted the vine—for he spoiled what he could not eat.
The people fled, destruction spread, the king, from his royal city,
Sent nobles great, in splendor and state, to implore the dragon's pity,
And the way to show (if he would but go) to the lands of some other king—
To Goshen fair, or Nubia, where soft rains make the valleys sing.

'Not so, my lords,' growled the dragon, 'in these reeds I mean to abide;
I like my lair, and I like my fare, by our ancient river's side;
But if you will bring me a maiden each day—rosy, and tender, and good,
And tie her fast where the lightning blast has struck yon oak in the wood,
I will take your maid, as tribute paid, and refrain from other spoil,
And your land may be at peace for me, and your peasants resume their toil.'
So every day a virgin is torn from her mother's embrace,
Each noon a fresh, fair victim they lead to the fatal place.

II.

How came the little white pigeon to fly to the hermit's breast,
And bear him a sign, from the Lord divine, that his Christian maid was distrest?

That eve there had risen a wailing from every house in the city,
The mothers flocked to the palace gates and implored the king for pity.
The king on his throne sat weeping. "O women!" at last cried he,
"Do you believe I have hardened my heart till your grief is nothing to me?
All know how I love my Sabra. But what other thing can be done?
Must we let the monster ravage and waste till he levels the walls of On?"

No woman made him an answer; only more wailing and woe;
Then a loved voice sent a thrill to his heart; a child's voice, tender and low:
"I offer myself to the dragon," she said, "in the name of my Lord who died,
That these may be absolved through me, and the curse be satisfied.
O father, dear! if all now here will pray to Christ in glory,
And you let me do as He prompts me to when I think of His wondrous story,
I seem to see, by an inward light, how blessèd my death may be:
O father, spare those shrinking hearts, and visit the curse on me!"

"No!" cried her father, "Never!" But the Chief
Priest's voice arose:
"Fling a nestling pigeon into the air, and watch which
way she goes;
If she fly North, or South, or West, this thing may not
be done,
But it shall if the dove fly straight to the East, in a
line from the setting sun."

They brought a brooding dove from her nest. The tumult
and wailing ceased:
She soared; she circled thrice in the air; then winged
her flight to the East.

III.

Who pricks so fast through the golden gates? Who
seeks the ivory throne
Where, in sackcloth—mourning his daughter's fate—now
groans the king of On?
Who humbly craves permission to lay his lance in
rest
And go to the ground where she stands fast bound, with
her hands clasped on her breast?

All dread to anger the dragon; but they bid the knight
good speed;
And swift from the ground he springs with a bound to
the back of his steel-clad steed.
Not yet to the wood he rideth, but down by the flowing
tide,
Where dwells a caulker, cunning in boats, in a hut by
the river side:

"Am I obeyed?" the good knight said, as he galloped along the shore
And rapped with the point of his lancet on the caulker's humble door.

The lance they passed through a pitchy mass that looked like a human fist,
Ugly and black, like a giant's hand lopped short from a giant's wrist;
Then high his spear did the knight uprear, and fast he rode to the wood,
Where, under the blasted oak, close bound, the martyr princess stood.

She heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs; she deemed the dragon drew near;
She pressed her cross to her beating heart, but she showed no signs of fear.
"In the name of our Holy Saviour, who died for thy sins and mine,"
Cried the voice of the knight, as he came in sight, "I bear thee help divine;
For I know, sweet fellow-Christian, by the wonders wrought to-day,
That I bring thee good deliverance, and shall the dragon slay."

She heard his words; her heart beat fast; she gazed on his lion crest,
And joy and surprise came into her eyes, as she saw the Cross on his breast.
But loud through the wood came a roaring, before they could utter more,

And fiercely out of the brushwood the furious dragon tore:
"Presumptuous knight! Out of my sight! Dare trouble no prey of mine!
Get hence! For know, on no pretence may mortal see me dine!"

"I challenge thee; my gauntlet see! Vile reptile, take thy stand?"
The thing he bore from his lance he tore, and poised it in his hand,
And, as the monster gaped his jaws, he, with good aim and true,
Into their midst the sticky mass of pitch and oakum threw.
The furious dragon leaped with rage. His teeth stuck fast together.
He lost the power to use his fangs. Sir George! Sir George forever!

Then, ere the curved and cruel claws or man or steed could harm,
The knight uprose, and dealt three blows, with the strength of his good right arm.
One spot there is in a dragon's throat—one spot, and only one—
Where a deadly thrust may do its worst. The dragon dropped like a stone.
And Sabra sank at the foot of the oak, all faint at the reptile's blood,
But the champion raised her swift to his horse, and rode from the darkening wood.

IV.

"Watchman! Who comes!" cried the king of On; and his voice his anguish showed.
"No man, my lord," was the watchman's word; "all's quiet along the road."
"Watchman! What comes?" "A rising dust I see in the distance now;
A little dust—and I see a horse....." "His master is slain, I trow."
"I see a knight on the steel-clad horse....." "He has 'scaped the wood in fear;
Ho, porters! look to the city gates, for the dragon will soon be here!"

"I see the knight, and he waves his sword; a maiden lies on his arm....."
"I'll follow the faith of the Christian knight if he bring her safe from harm."
"I see her now; but her robe of snow is draggled and red with blood....."
"Alas! alas! For he rode too late—too late he entered the wood."
"Nay—nay my liege, for she waves her arm! I see a cross in her hand."
"Now, God be praised—the Christian's God—and this be a Christian land!"

V.

He bore her in through the golden gates. Too happy to to speak she lies
Close to the breast of her father pressed, and gazes into his eyes.
Now thousands out of the city flocked to look at the monster dead,

And the burghers buried the dragon, lest a plague should arise and spread.
St. George became patron of England, the master of English knights;
There the queen bears his cross on her bosom; there brave men wear it in fights;
No honor more great in that Christian State can be paid to a hero this day
Than to give him the right to the cross of the knight who did the dragon slay.

MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

THE YORKSHIRE COBBLER.

I.

WAÄIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights to tell.
Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.
'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon!'
Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon:
'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt but Adam's wine:
What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line?

II.

'What's i' tha bottle a-stannin theer?' I'll tell tha; Gin.
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down to the hinn.

I be maäin-glad to see tha, but thaw tha was iver sa dry,
Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

III.

Meä an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back end o' June,
Ten year sin', and wa' 'greed as well as a fiddle i' tune:
I could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.
We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think,
An' then the babby wur burn, and then I taäkes to the drink.

IV.

Then Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger, an' raäted ma: 'Sottin' thy braäins,
Guzzlin', an' soäkin', and smoäkin', an' loungin' about i' the laänes,
Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire;'
An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin' o' fire;
But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an' hallus as droonk as a king,
Foälks' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken string.

V.

An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' cloäths to keep the wolf fro' the door;
Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink the moor,
Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd, wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur 'id,
An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and I toak it fur liquor, I did.

VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull gotten loose at a faäir,
An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin' an' teärin' 'er 'aäir,
An' I tummled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd I'd breäk ivry stick
O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick,
An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beäl'd,
Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went laämed
Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed;
An' Sally wur sloomy an' draggle-taäil'd in an owd turn gown,
An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hup-side down.

VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,
Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät :
An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn ;
Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best, of a Sunday at murn,
Couldn't see 'im, 'eärd 'im a-mountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.
'Doesn't tha see im',' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?' an' I
Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye ;
An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,'
But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, and Sally says 'doänt!'

IX.

An' when we coom'd into meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither, like birds on a beugh ;
An' Muggins 'e preäched o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
An' then, upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

X.

Heer wur a fall, fro' a kiss to a kick, like Saätan as fell
Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell ;
Me fur to kick our Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,
All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the bed—
'Weant niver do it naw moor;' an' Sally looökt up an' she said:
'I'll upowd it tha weant; thou'rt like the rest o' the men,
Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap till tha does it agëan.
Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws, as knaws tha sa well,
That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im tha'll foller 'im slick into Hell.'

XII.

'Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniffin about the tap.'
'Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.'
'Noä:' an' I started awaäy like a shot, an' down to the hinn,
An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin' theer, yon big black bottle o' gin.

XIII.

'That caps owt,' says Sally, an' saw she begins to cry,
But I puts it into 'er 'ands an' I says to 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
'Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord an' the power ov 'is Graäce,
Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looök my hennemy sträit i' the faäce,
Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma looök at 'im then,
'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Divil's oan sen.'

XIV.

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do naw work, an' all
Nasty, an' snaggy an' shaäky, an' poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfit, an' sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coäxed an' coodled me oop till ageän I feel'd mysen free.

XV.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk stood a-gawmin in,
As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead of a quart o' gin;
An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an' I wur chousin' the wife,
Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, were it nobbut to saäve my life;
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an, 'e shaws it to me,
'Feëal thou this! thou can't graw this upo' watter!' says he.
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit,
'Thou moänt do it,' he says, 'tha mun breäk 'im off bit by bit."
'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha fur that;'
An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down from the 'All to see,

An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,'
says 'e;
An' coostom ageän draw'd in like the wind, fro' far an'
wide,
An' browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the
coontryside.

XVI.

An' theer'e stans an' theer'e shall stan to my dying
daäy;
I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a
waäy,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän an'
bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im
back i' the light.

XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw
doubt:
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi', an' fowt it out.
Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,
But I moänt, my lad, an' I weänt, fur I'd feäl mysen
cleän disgraäced.

XVIII.

Coom thou 'eer—yon laädy a-steppin' along the streeät,
Doesn't tha knaw 'er—sa pratty, and feät, an' neät, an'
sweät?
Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost spick-
spannew,
An' Tommy's faäce is as fresh as a codlin 'at's weshe'd
'i the dew.

XIX.

'Ere's our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin' to dine,
Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-puddin' an' Adam's wine;
But if tha wants any grog tha mun goä fur it down to the hinn,
Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, noä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

SAM'S LETTER.

From the American Cousin.

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten it upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who do I know in Amewiea? I am glad he hath g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham's handwiting when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. "My dear bwother—" Tham alwayths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vwery good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect anything that I can't we-wemember. Iths—it iths the early bir-bird—iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths

own father. What non-nonthenths that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe —iths a withe child—iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that's not wite. What non-nonthenths that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea— What non-nonthense! for fish don't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather —b-birds of a—of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly side-withse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie; he d-didn't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of course, he didn't post it, and then he didn't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwoin' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there biths a f-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thom-thing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths—that

m-my mother ith not my m-mother; that a—the old nurse iths my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha-that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who ith he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ithn't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-somewhere—" Dothn't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueths ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaid. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting th-things he didn't want, and hadn't any use for. Thpeaking of mother-in lawths, I had a fwiend who had a mother-in law, and he didn't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up—thardinths, itheweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up—himthelf or hith mother-in law. A-a—the mother-in-law lotht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.

1. When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in proportion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious trust as Providence is obscure; hoping in the ultimate triumphs of virtue more surely in proportion to its present afflictions; cherishing philanthropy amid the discouraging experience of men's unkindness and unthankfulness; extending to others a sympathy which his own sufferings need but cannot obtain; growing milder and gentler amid what tends to exasperate and harden, and, through inward principle, converting the very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue, I see an explanation, and a noble explanation, of the present state.

2. I see a good produced, so transcendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suffering under which it grows up. I should think the formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus of the present world. I should say that this earth, with its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and its successive generations, was a work worthy of God, even were it to accomplish no other end than the training and manifestation of the illustrious characters which are scattered through history.

3. When I consider how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by history; how superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the unnoticed, unhonored saints and heroes of domestic and humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state which more than reconciles me to all its evils.

CHANNING.

SCHOOL BEGINS TO-DAY.

I'M glad vacation's over, and school is called again!
For thirteen weeks my romping boys have crazed their mother's brain;
For thirteen weeks I've counted the sultry days away—
I'm glad vacation's over and school begins to-day.

They say that teachers cannot teach, that scholars cannot learn,
Thro' all the days of summer—the days that fairly burn;
I wonder if they ever ask how mothers get along
With romping boys who find their joys in doing something wrong.

There's John, and Joe, and Jimmy—their clothes were nearly new
When they come home from school that day, and said the term was through;
Now John, and Joe, and Jimmy, with sun-brown hands and feet,
Come in at night about the plight of beggars on the street.

There is no order in the house; I cannot find a thing;
The drawers are tumbled upside down with six hands hunting string;
The chairs are always in a row; the whole house fairly jars
With Jimmy jumping off and on, to run his train of cars.

My bran-new carving knife, I found out in the grass, here Joe
Had used it making arrows for Jimmy's little bow;
And John came home from fishing—came whistling through the gate—
With father's best tobacco box filled up with worms for bait.

The hens have had a frightful time the whole vacation through;
They could not hide a nest away, the best that they could do;
I heard the rooster crow this morn; to me it seemed to say
"I'm glad vacation's over and school begins to day!"

"All work," they say, "without some play, makes Jack a stupid boy."
Well, that's a good old adage, and gives the urchin joy;
But if the man who wrote it lived now and owned a son,
He'd sit up late and scratch his pate, to write a different one.

There, there, I'm not complaining! Tho' weary of the noise,
I love, as mothers only can, my rattling, romping boys;
And I shall watch for four o'clock through every coming day,
When I can see my darlings out in the yard at play.

I've one dear boy now sleeping beneath the summer sod:
He took a long vacation when he went home to God.

When life's rough school is over, I'll meet him, by and by,
Where graves ne'er hide our treasures—where dear ones never die.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE TRUTH OF TRUTHS.

TRUTH is to be discovered, and Pardon to be won for every man by himself. This is evident from innumerable texts of Scripture, but chiefly from those which exhort every man to seek after Truth, and which connect knowing with doing. We are to seek after knowledge as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures; therefore, from every man she must be naturally hid, and the discovery of her is to be the reward only of personal search. The kingdom of God is as treasure hid in a field; and of those who profess to help us to seek for it, we are not to put confidence in those who say—Here is the treasure, we have found it, and have it, and will give you some of it; but to those who say—We think that is a good place to dig, and you will dig most easily in such and such a way.

Further, it has been promised that if such earnest search be made, Truth shall be discovered; as much truth, that is, as is necessary for the person seeking. These, therefore, I hold, for two fundamental principles of religion—that, without seeking, truth cannot be known at all; and that, by seeking, it may be discovered by the simplest. I say, without seeking it cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from

pulpits, nor set down in articles, nor in any wise "prepared and sold" in packages, ready for use. Truth must be ground for every man by himself, out of its husk, with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own. In what science is knowledge to be had cheap? or truth to be told over a velvet cushion, in half an hour's talk every seventh day? Can you learn chemistry so?—zoölogy?—anatomy? and do you expect to penetrate the secret of all secrets, and to know that whose price is above rubies; and of which the depth saith, It is not in me, in so easy fashion? There are doubts in this matter which evil spirits darken with their wings, and that is true of all such doubts which we were told, long ago, they can "be ended by action alone."

As surely as we live, this truth of truths can only so be discerned; to those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed; and thus, if any man will do His will, he shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God. Any man—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at His word, and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset, and the night come, when no man can work. Beside such a man, God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils, and teaches him that which no preacher can teach, no earthly authority gainsay. By such a man the preacher must himself be judged.

RUSKIN.

TERPSICHORE IN THE FLAT CREEK QUARTERS.

LISTEN when I call de figgers! Watch de music as you go!
"Chassay forrard!" (Now look at 'em! some too fas' an' some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up eben wid de line!
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin'!
All go forrard to de centre! Balance rown' and den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides and min' de music; listen when you hear me speak!
(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers! how dey's buckin' gin de Creek!)
Dat's de proper action, Sambo! Den you done de bizness right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin' t'udder night.
Try to do your lebel best, an' stomp it like you use to do!
Jes come down on de "Flat Creek step," an' show de Ridge a thing or two!
Now look at dat limber Jonah, trying to tech de fancy fling!
(Whe ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de "pidgin-wing!")
Try dat lick again, dar, Moses; tell you what, dat's hard to beat!

How kin such a little nigger handle such a pile of feet?)
Swing your corners! Turn your partners! (Pears de motion's gettin' slow.
What's de matter wid de music? Put some rosgum on dat bow!)
Moobe up Tom! don't be so sleepy. Let 'em see what you kin do!
Light off on de "gra'-vine-twis'" an' knock de "double-shuffle" too!
Gosh! dat double-jinted Steben flings a hifalutin hoof!
He kicks de dust clean out de planks, and jars de shingles on de roof!
Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let de fiddle stop de chune!
I smell de possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you soon.
De white folks come it mighty handy, walzin' roun' so nice an' fine,
But when you come to reg'lar dancin' niggers leabes dem way behin'!

Scribner's, Jan., 1881.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

Pittie olde age, within whose siver haires
Honor and reverence evermore have raign'd.
MARLOWE'S *Tamburlaine.*

During my residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its moldering monuments, its dark oaken paneling, all

reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman rose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still,

sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating upon the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin, of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased, the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard

at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased, "George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm and endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, nay, nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any

harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears; I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ

when he was entrapped by a press gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy, George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a

meeting, where sorrow and joy were so completely blended; still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and

utter poverty; a black ribbon or so—a faded black hankerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known and friends are never parted.

IRVING.

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl

began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the

crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace—"

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but

the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean." And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IT was the holy twilight hour, and clouds, in crimson pride,
Sailed through the golden firmament, in the calm evening-tide,
The peasant's cheerful song was hushed by every hill and glen,
The city's voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men:
And as night's sombre shades came down o'er day's resplendent eye,
A faded face, from a prison cell, gazed out upon the sky;
For to that face the glad, bright sun of earth for aye had set,
And the last time had come to mark eve's starry coronet.

Oh, who can paint the bitter thoughts that o'er her spirit stole,
As her pale lips gave utterance to feeling's deep control;

While shadowed from life's vista back, thronged mid her falling tears
The fantasies of early hope—dreams of departed years,
Where pleasure's light was sprinkled, and silver voices flung
Their rich and echoing cadences her virgin hours among,
When there came no shadow on her brow, no tear to dim her eye,
Where there frown'd no cloud of sorrow in her being's festal sky.

And thus, as star came after star, into the boundless heaven,
Were her deep thoughts, and eloquent, in pensive numbers given ;
They were the offerings of a heart where grief had long held sway,
And now the night, the hour had come to give her feelings way .
It was the last dim night of life, the sun had sunk to rest,
And the blue twilight haze had crept on the far mountain's breast ;
And thus, as in her saddened heart the tide of love grew strong,
Pour'd her meek, quiet spirit forth, this flood of mournful song :—

"The shades of evening gather now, o'er the mysterious earth—
The viewless winds are whispering, in wild, capricious mirth ;

The gentle moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round,
That, through this soft and still repose, sleeps richly on the ground:
And in the free, sweet gales that sweep along my prison bar,
Seem borne the pure, deep harmonies of every kindling star;
I see the blue streams glancing in the mild and chastened light,
And the gem-lit, fleecy clouds that steal along the brow of night.

"Oh, must I leave existence now, while life should be like spring,
While joy should cheer my pilgrimage with sunbeams from his wing?
Are the songs of hope forever flown? The syren voice which flung
The chant of youth's warm happiness from the beguiler's tongue?
Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling stream or bird,
Or the scented gales of summer, as the leaves of June are stirred?
Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink from death,
As the bud-like thoughts that lit my heart fade in its chilly breath?

"I have passed the dreams of childhood, and my loves and hopes are gone,
And I turn to Thee, Redeemer! Oh, thou blest and Holy One!

Though the rose of health has vanished, though the mandate hath been spoken,
And one by one the golden links of life's fond chain are broken—
Yet can my spirit turn to Thee, Thou chastener! and can bend,
In humble suppliance, at Thy throne, my father and my friend!
Thou, who hast crowned my youth with hope, my early days in glee—
Give me the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's—to mount to Thee!

"I lose my foolish hold on life—its passions and its tears:
How brief the yearning ecstasies of its young, careless years!
I give my heart to earth no more—the grave may clasp me now—
The winds, whose tone I loved, may play in the dark cypress bough;
The birds, the streams are eloquent; yet I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay;
I shall join the host, the loved of earth, and meet each kindred breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE FIRST PARTY.

MISS Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party:
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hours when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"'Twill be the swatest party
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night."

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing;
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash, so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or that—'twould be absurd!"
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty did'nt hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,

As if fairyland and floral band were holding jubilee;
There was laughing, there was pouting;
There was singing, there was shouting,
And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest at the party,
And every one remarked that she was beautifully dressed;
Like a doll she sat demurely
On the sofa, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
And then without a warning,
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed: "I want my supper and I want to go to bed!"

Now big folks, who are older,
Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
To leave the ball or party,
As did Annabel McCarty,
But we had'nt half the courage, and we could'nt speak our mind.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

ACT III, SCENE IV.

[*Enter* HAMLET.]

HAMLET—Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen—Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet—Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen—Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet—Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen—Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet—What's the matter now?

Queen—Have you forgot me?

Hamlet—No, by the rood, not so.

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen—Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Hamlet—Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen—What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?

Help, help, ho!

Polonius—[*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet—[*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Polonius—[*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen—O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet—Nay, I know not;
Is it the king?

Queen—O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet—A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen—As kill a king!

Hamlet—Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better:
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen—What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet—Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow,

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen—Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
Hamlet—Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush?
Queen—O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Hamlet—A murtherer and a villain:

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen—No more!

Hamlet—A king of shreds and patches,—

[*Enter* GHOST.]

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen—Alas! he 's mad!

Hamlet—Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost—Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Speak to her Hamlet.

Hamlet—How is it with you, lady?

Queen—Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet—On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.
Queen—To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet—Do you see nothing there?
Queen—Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet—Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen—No, nothing but ourselves.
Hamlet—Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*]
Queen—This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Hamlet—Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.
Queen—O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet—O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
For this same lord, [*Pointing to Polonius.*]
I do repent;

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him—So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

SHAKSPEARE.

QUEEN MARY.

ACT V. SCENE V.

London. A room in the palace. Mary. Lady Clarence. Lady Magdalen Dacres. Alice. Queen pacing the gallery. A writing-table in front. Queen comes to the table and writes, and goes again, still pacing the gallery.

Lady Clarence—Mine eyes are dim; what hath she written? Read.

Alice—"I am dying, Philip. Come to me."

Lady Magdalen—There, up and down, poor lady, up and down.

Alice—And how her shadow crosses, one by one,
The moonlight easements pattern'd on the wall,
Following her like her sorrow. She turns again.

[*Queen sits and writes and goes again.*]

Lady Clarence—What hath she written now?

Alice—Nothing but "Come, come, come," and all awry,
And blotted by her tears. This cannot last.

[*Queen returns.*]

Mary—I whistle to the bird has broken cage,
And all in vain. [*Sitting down.*]
Calais gone. Guisnes gone, too—and Philip's gone!

Lady Clarence—Dear madam, Philip is but at the wars;
I cannot doubt but that he comes again;
And he is with you in a measure still.
I never looked upon so fair a likeness
As your great king in armor there,
His hand upon his helmet.
[*Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall.*]
Mary—Doth he not look noble?
I had heard of him in battle over seas,
And I would have my warrior all in arms.
He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted
Before the Queen. He had his gracious moments,
Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles,
As if he loved me yet!
Lady Clarence—And so he does.
Mary—He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.
It was his father's policy against France.
I am eleven years older than he, poor boy. [*Weeps.*]
Alice [*aside*]—That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven
Poor enough in God's grace!
Mary—And all in vain!
The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,
And Charles the lord of this low world is gone,
And all his wars and wisdom pass'd away,
And in a moment I shall follow him.
Lady Clarence—Nay, dearest lady, see your good physician.
Mary—Drugs—but he knows they do not help me—says
That rest is all—tells me I must not think—
That I must rest. I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wildcat, cage him, and when he
Springs and maims himself against the bars, say "rest!"
Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest.
Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

Lady Clarence—Your majesty has lived so pure a life,
And done such mighty things by Holy Church,
I trust that God will make you happy yet.

Mary—What is this strange thing, happiness?
Sit down here;
Tell me thine happiest hour.

Lady Clarence—I will, if that
Will make your grace forget yourself a little.
There runs a shallow brook across our field
For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
And doth so bound and babble all the way
As if itself were happy. It was May-time,
And I was walking with the man I loved.
I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.
And both were silent, letting the wild brook
Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd me
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Looked hard and sweet at me, and gave it me.
I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
And put it in my bosom, and all at once
I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

Mary—O! God, I have been too slack, too slack.
There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—
Nobles we dare not touch. We have but burnt
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children
Wet, famine, ague, fever, storms, wreck, wrath,
We have so played the coward; but by God's grace
We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up

The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
Burn! Fire, what a savor! Tell the cooks to close
The doors of all the offices below. Latimer!
Sir, we are private with our women here—
Ever a rough, blunt and uncourtly fellow—
Thou light'st a torch that will never go out.
'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father
Has ta'en the legateship from our Cousin Pole.
Was that well done? And poor Pole pines for it,
As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,
I have no power. Ah, weak and meek old man,
Seven-fold dishonor'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon:
Why, that was false! There is the right hand still
Beckons me hence.
Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
Remember that! 'Twas I and Bonner did it,
And Pole. We are three to one. Have you found
merey there,
Grant it me here; and see he smiles and goes,
Gentle as in life.

Alice—Madam, who goes? King Philip?

Mary—No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.
Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you'll find written
Two names, Philip and Calais. Open his—
So that he have one—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me!
Foul maggots crawling in a festered vice!
Adulterous to the very heart of hell!
Hast thou a knife?

Alice—Ay, madam, but o' God's mercy-
Mary—Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,
Unendurable. Thy knife!
Alice—Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.
Mary—This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness,
Old, miserable, diseased—
Come thou down!
[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*]
Lie there! [*Wails.*] O God, I have killed my Philip!
Alice—No, madam; you have but cut the canvas out.
We can replace it.
Mary—All is well, then; rest,
I will to rest; he said I must have rest.
[*Cries of "Elizabeth" in the street.*]
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? Revolt?
A new Northumberland? Another Wyatt?
I'll fight it out on the threshold of the grave.
Lady Clarence—Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.
Mary—I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?
I will see none except the priest.
Your arm. [*To Lady Clarence.*]
O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles—
Help me hence. [*Exeunt.*]

TENNYSON.

SCENE FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.

CHARACTERS. { CLAUDE MELNOTTE, WIDOW MELNOTTE, PAULINE.

Widow—So, I think that looks very neat. He sent me a line, so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well, indeed, to have forgotten his birth; for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honorable not to have revealed to her the artifice; which her love only could forgive. Well, I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. (*Knock at the door in* F.) Ah! here they are.

Enter MELNOTTE *and* PAULINE.

Widow—Oh, my boy; the pride of my heart! welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, ma'am, but I do love him so!

Pauline—Good woman, I really—why, Prince, what is this? Does the old lady know you? Oh, I guess, you have done her some service. Another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

Mel—Of my kind heart, ay!

Pauline—So you know the Prince?

Widow—Know him, madam? Ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not!

Pauline—Can we stay here, my lord? I think there's something very wild about her.

Mel—Madam, I—no, I cannot tell her; what a coward is a man who has lost his honor! Speak to her—

speak to her (*to his mother*)—tell her that—O Heaven, that I were dead!

Pauline—How confused he looks!—this strange place!—this woman—what can it mean? I half suspect—Who are you madam! who are you? can't you speak? are you struck dumb?

Widow—Claude, you have not deceived her? Ah! shame upon you! I thought that before you went to the altar she was to have known all.

Pauline—All! what! my blood freezes in my veins!

Widow—Poor lady! dare I tell her, Claude? Know you not, then, madam, that this young man is of poor though honest parents? Know you not that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte?

Pauline—Your son! hold—hold! do not speak to me. Is this a jest? is it? I know it is, only speak—one word—one look—one smile. I cannot believe—I, who love thee so—I cannot believe that thou art such a —No, I will not wrong thee by a harsh word—speak!

Mel—Leave us. Have pity on her, on me; leave us.

Widow—Oh, Claude, that I should live to see thee bowed by shame! thee, of whom I was so proud! [*Exit.*]

Pauline—Her son, her son!

Mel—Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline—Hear thee!

Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? Speak,
That thou may'st silence curses—speak!

Mel—No, curse me;
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline—"This is thy palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs

Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?
This is my bridal home, and *thou* my bridegroom.
O fool! O dupe! O wretch! I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—
It cannot be; this is some horrid dream;
I shall wake soon. Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadows seen in sleep? It is too real.
What have I done to thee? How sinn'd against thee,
That thou should'st crush me thus?
Mel—Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen, ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee;
I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape.
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
And from that hour I grew—what, to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that, by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how love, like death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.
My father died; and I, the peasant born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate:
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages:
For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
And every muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvass grew the life
Of beauty! Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee?

Pauline—Why do I cease to hate him?

Mel—At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name appended by the burning heart
That long'd to shew its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn;
That very hour, when passion, turn'd to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool

For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned and stung thee!
Pauline—Love, sir, hath no sting.
What was the slight of a poor powerless girl
To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man! a serf, a slave!
Mel—Hold, lady! No, not a slave! Despair is free!
I will not tell thee of the throes, the struggles,
The anguish, the remorse: no, let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline!——
Pauline—No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant,
And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work,
Toil, drudge, do what thou wilt—but touch me not;
Let my wrongs make me sacred!
Mel—Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, madam; at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble saint
Niched in cathedral aisles is hallowed more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;
Here at thy feet I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.

And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think, at least,
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature.

[*Enter* WIDOW.]

Conduct this lady—she is not my wife;
She is our guest—our honored guest—my mother—
To the poor chamber where the sleep of virtue
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
Ev'n villains dare to mar! Now, lady, now,
I think thou wilt believe me.

Go, my mother.

Widow—She is not thy wife!

Mel—Hush, hush! for mercy's sake.
Speak not, but go.

[*Exit* WIDOW. PAULINE *follows, turns to look back.*]

Mel—All angels bless and guard her!

HENRY THE FIFTH'S WOOING.

K. HEN—Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath—Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen—O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath—Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen—An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath—Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice—Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen—I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath—O les langues hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen—What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice—Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen—The princess is the better English woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me further than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath—Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen—Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one I have neither words nor measures, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could

lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath—Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it

all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath—I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen—No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French; I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath—Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen—No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thinc, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath—I cannot tell.

K. Hen—Can any of your neighbors tell Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath—Your majestee ave faussee French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is in France.

K. Hen—Now, fie upon my false French! By mine

honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and, therefore, tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine;' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath—Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen—Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath—Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen—Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath—Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez.

K. Hen—Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath—Il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen—Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice—Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen—To kiss.

Alice—Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen—It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice—Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen—O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate? there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

SHAKSPEARE.

COMBAT BETWEEN FITZ JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

SCENE I.

Enter FITZ-JAMES (*Kneeling, with a braid of hair in his hand, which he fixes on his breast as he speaks*).

Fitz-James—Poor Blanche! no more by Devon-side
Thou'lt search for him who bravely died
Defending thee, his new-made bride.

Thy blood poured out for me demands
A signal vengeance at my hands.
And though Red Murdock low does lie,
His rebel chieftain too must die.
By Him whose word is truth! I swear
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
Like bloodhounds now they seek me out;
I hear the whistle and the shout.
Well, I can perish sword in hand!
Roderick—Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!
Fitz—A stranger.
Rod— ——What dost thou require?
Fitz—Rest and a guide, and food and fire;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.
Rod—Art thou a friend to Roderick?
Fitz—No.
Rod—Thou darest not call thyself his foe?
Fitz—I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand!
Rod—Bold words, brave youth; they surely lie
Who said thou camest a secret spy!
Fitz—"They do, indeed! Come, Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."—
Rod—Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;

Yet more, upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.
Fitz—I take thy courtesy as 'tis given!
And, though thy foe, will proudly share
Thy soldier's couch, thy soldier's fare.

SCENE II.

Enter RODERICK *and* FITZ-JAMES.

Rod—Now, stranger, say, why wandered you
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.
Fitz—My safest pass, in danger tried,
Hangs on my belt here, by my side.
Perhaps I sought a greyhound strayed;
Perhaps I sought a Highland maid.
Rod—But, stranger, if in peace you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game.

Whence the bold boast by which you show
Sir Roderick's vowed and mortal foe?
Fitz—Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed, ruthless man,
The head of a rebellious clan.
But now, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand and bow
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!
Rod—Have, then, thy wish! Thy rashness rue!
(*Blows a whistle, when warriors appear on all sides.*)
Those are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!
Fitz—(*Drawing his sword.*)
Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.
Rod—(*Waves his hand and the soldiers disappear.*)
Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant

To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

(*They walk around the platform until Roderick suddenly stops, and, facing Fitz-James, says:—*)

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through wateh and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

Fitz—Sir Roderick, I have ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved.
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?

Rod—No, stranger, none!
And here—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel:
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."

Fitz—Then, by my word, the riddle's read;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff;
There lies Red Murdoek, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her propheey;
Then yield to Fate and not to me.

Rod—Soars thy presumption, then, so high?
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? Ah, then, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.

Fitz—I thank thee, Roderick, for that word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief, can courtesy be shown:
Though not from eopse or heath or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee east.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt;
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.

(*As the speakers assume the attitude of combat the curtain should fall.*)

ARRANGED AS A DIALOGUE BY J. HUGHES.

TABLEAUX.

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

In the centre of the stage place a wigwam or tent, made of poles and covered with dark blankets or other material suitable for the purpose. Within the tent a general air of desolation. An iron pot should be hung by a chain, from one of the poles, over the smouldering embers of a fire. A few half burnt logs placed upon a piece of sheet iron will produce the effect. Be careful, however, that the sheet iron is entirely covered. Upon a pile of skins (buffalo robes or almost any kind of carriage robes will answer), half reclining, is the form of Minnehaha, as though she had just expired. She should be dressed in full Indian costume, or, if more convenient, a blanket or other covering may be thrown over her. Her long black hair is tossed about and streaming to the ground. Crouching by her side is the figure of Nokonis. Let the face be painted to represent a very withered and wrinkled effect. Her dress must be far less rich than that of Minnehaha, and her attitude expressive of the most abject despair. Let her hands clasp her knees as though rocking back and forth and moaning. At the entrance of the wigwam stands Hiawatha, transfixed with horror, his hands stretched toward Minnehaha with an imploring gesture. He has just returned from his fruitless hunt, with bow and arrows, snow shoes, and full hunting costume. If the stage be large enough the effect of the whole may be greatly enhanced by placing a number of evergreen trees at irregular intervals, and scattering over them a quantity of picked cotton, to represent snow. A number of broken, leafless boughs should also be scattered over the ground, and the stage covered with a white cloth to produce the effect of snow.

THE GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

IN THREE SCENES.

(*Each scene may be used as a separate Tableau, if desired.*)

SCENE I.

A gypsy tent. It may be made of poles and covered with almost any material, white or dark Within there should be a fire. A real one may be made on sheet iron, or a very good imitation is produced by piling up a number of logs and placing lighted candles in the crevices, so that only the blaze is visible. Over the fire, suspended by a chain, is an iron pot and spoon. Just before the curtain rises a quantity of boiling water should be poured into the pot, so that the steam will be plainly visible. Stand two broken, backless chairs or stools at the entrance of the tent, and within there may be more chairs or stools, a heap of blankets, or anything giving a natural look of habitation.

Crouching over the fire, in the act of stirring the pot, is an aged crone. Near her is an old cane or stick. Seated at the door of the tent is a young and very pretty gypsy girl. Her hair should be very long and dark, and worn over her shoulders. Her dress is very gay and fantastic. The old gypsy, on the contrary, is in a rather dilapidated condition, low shoes, very much worn, her dress somewhat ragged, and her hair covered with a red handkerchief.

SCENE II.

Same as before. Enter to the left a young soldier in full uniform. With a start he seems suddenly to discover the girl, and exclaims:—

A gypsy girl! Well I do vow,
The Fates for once are kind.

(*To her.*) My pretty girl can you tell me now,
Shall I go home to find
That my love is true and waiting for me?

(*She.*) With silver cross my hand,
And then in the lines of your palm I'll see
The future you command.

Sybil, leave us (to the crone).

He crosses her hand with silver, and seats himself in the chair opposite her. She reads from his hand the following poem of Mrs. Hemans. (*Adapted for the purpose.*)

(*Making sign upon his hand.*)

I bind thee with a spell;
I sign thee with a sign;

(*Reads from his palm.*)

No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.

And trust me, 'tis not that thy cheek
Is colorless and cold,
Nor that thine eye is slow to speak
What only eyes have told;
For many a check of paler white
Hath blushed with passion's kiss,
And many an eye of lesser ligh
Hath caught its fire from bliss;
Yet, while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.

And 'tis not that thy spirit, awed
  By beauty's numbing spell,
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud
  Which beauty loves so well;
For thou hast learned to watch and wake,
  And swear by earth and sky,
And thou art very bold to take
  What we must still deny;
I cannot tell; the charm was wrought
  By other threads than mine;
The lips are lightly begged or bought,
  The heart may not be thine!

Yet thine the brightest smile shall be
  That ever beauty wore,
And confidence from two or three,
  And compliments from more;
And one shall give, perchance hath given,
  What only is not love—
Friendship, O, such as saints in heaven
  Rain on us from above.
If she shall meet thee in the bower,
  Or name thee in the shrine,
O, wear the ring, and guard the flower—
  Her heart may not be thine.

[*Both rise.*]

Go set thy boat before the blast,
  Thy breast before the gun,
The haven shall be reached at last,
  The battle shall be won;
Or muse upon thy country's laws,
  Or strike thy country's lute,
And patriot hands shall sound applause

And lovely lips be mute;
Go, dig the diamond from the wave,
The treasure from the mine,
Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,
No woman's heart is thine!

I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign;
From anger and from jealousy,
From doubt and from disdain;
I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth:
While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine,
Be thou from woman's love as free
As woman is from thine.

SCENE III.

A room rudely furnished. To the right of the stage is seated an old fisherman with his nets on the floor beside him. To his left is seated his wife in plain dress, with large white cap and apron. She has sewing in her lap, and he is in the act of threading her needle. To the left of the old lady, but somewhat out of the direct line, is a small divan or sofa. A young lady and gentleman are seated upon it, the lady considerably in front, so as to hide him as much as possible. The gentleman is in the act of kissing her hand. She holds it toward him, but points warningly to the old couple. While the old lady is seemingly as intent upon the threading of the needle as her husband, she is looking slyly over

at the pair on the sofa. Great care should be taken to get the expression correctly.

Coming in at the door is the same young soldier, with a look of dark jealousy upon his face.

It is well to vary the complexions of the gentlemen. Let the soldier be a very dark brunette.

MAUD MULLER.

Let the stage be covered with loose hay, and stand several stacks at irregular intervals. Maud Muller should be represented by a young lady of petite stature and blonde complexion. Let her dress be of chintz, very simply made. A large shade hat is set jauntily upon her head and tied under the chin. A rake is in her hand, and a far off, dreamy look in her eyes.

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